



DELPHIAN TEXT



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THE DELPHIAN SOCIETY

for

**THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF ITS MEMBERS IN THEIR
CHAPTER PROGRAMS**

PART ONE

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DELPHIAN TEXT

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PART I

NATIONS OF TODAY

	PAGE
Foreword	ix
What We Owe to England . by Dr. Edward M. Hulme	1
Tudor England	18
I. Political Development	
1. Henry VII	22
2. Henry VIII	25
3. Edward and Mary	31
4. Elizabethan England	33
5. Tudor Achievements	42
II. Foundations of Naval Supremacy	
1. Early Activities	45
2. Elizabethan Seamen	48
III. Two Queens	
1. Elizabeth, Queen of England	53
2. Mary, Queen of Scots	58
IV. Social Life	66
V. Elizabethan Literature	76
1. Francis Bacon	78
a. Selections from the Essays	81
2. Edmund Spenser	95
a. The Shepherd's Calendar	100
b. The Faerie Queene	114
3. Minor Elizabethan Poets,	
by Prof. E. H. C. Oliphant	135
a. Citations from Elizabethan Verse	152
Stuart England	
I. Political Events	
1. Parliament or Kings?	168
2. Civil War	173

	PAGE
3. To the Revolution of 1688	181
4. The Last Stuarts	186
II. The Navy	190
III. Social Life	193
I. English Literature of the Seventeenth Century	203
1. Milton: His Life and Short Poems, by Prof. E. H. C. Oliphant	203
a. Paradise Lost	216
b. Illustrative Citations	220
2. Characteristics of the Period	243
3. John Bunyan	244
a. Pilgrim's Progress	247
4. The Diarists	262
a. John Evelyn	267
b. Samuel Pepys	286
II. Hanoverian England	
1. Foreign Relations	307
2. Affairs at Home	310
3. The Industrial Situation	316
4. Social Changes	321
5. Rise of Empire	329
a. Loss of American Colonies	333
b. Burke's <i>Reconciliation</i>	334
III. Eighteenth Century Literature	
1. The Age of Pope	341
a. Essay on Criticism	345
2. Prose Writings	358
a. Two Historians	358
b. Addison and Steele	361
c. The Spectator	362
3. Samuel Johnson	381
Citations from Boswell	387
4. Prose Satire	404
Citations from Dean Swift	407

FOREWORD

IT is doubtful if any subject can be more fascinating to the average citizen of these United States than an analysis of present-day culture. Delphians who have followed the first series of studies, tracing the Mediterranean origins of our civilization, are aware of our debt to antiquity—to Egypt, Mesopotamia; to the ancient Hebrews; to Greece and Rome. The forces at work through the thousand years that separated the fall of Rome and the collapse of Constantinople have also been traced, and the first indications of new nationalities noted. We come now to the crowning centuries wherein the great world-powers have developed as we know them.

The civilized nations of today make up a great world family. What has each member of this vast concourse to share with the rest? During the two or three centuries or more which constitute what we term *modern history*, what contributions have each people made to the sum total of culture as we know it? We are handicapped without such knowledge, not only as we try to take our part as citizens of a great Commonwealth but as members of a vaster social body, the brotherhood of mankind.

For several decades European countries have poured their surplus populations upon our shores; even yet, despite recent erection of immigration barriers, deemed necessary for the preservation of our Republic, large foreign population is annually received in the United States. Seldom do we stop to consider what these strangers might bring to us in exchange for what we share with them. Jane Addams, out of her wide experience, has repeatedly pointed out the benefits that may result from closer contact with the strangers within our gates. It needs no argument to prove that some knowledge of the numerous home-lands represented in our commonwealth is imperative for a correct estimate of the problems confronting the great melting-pot of humanity.

In the preparation of this course, a new note has been sounded. Our theme being: *Our present civilization and its development in modern times*, instead of having the contributions of the several nations set forth by Americans, however competent to elucidate the matter, recourse has been made to those who are native or of immediate extraction from native-born parents, so that the special gifts of various countries may be explained by persons who see their own country as foreigners rarely can.

Only two years being allotted to a survey of Great Britain and European nations, it is impossible to take more than a cursory view of the trend of affairs in each during the last few centuries.

Beyond a doubt our debt to England is greater than to other lands; for this reason the major part of the first year is devoted to British expansion, literature and social progress; nevertheless the average reader will be astonished to find how much has been contributed by Sweden, Norway, Scotland and other states which have had a less conspicuous place in world events.

Dr. Edward Hulme acceded to the request to place before us the rôle of Great Britain in modern times. Born in England, educated there as a youth, he is now lecturing on English history at Stanford University, his historical volumes being well known to college students. His stimulating article on *What We Owe to England* is bound to thrill all those in whose veins English blood still flows.

The parents of A. A. Stomberg, who presents Sweden, were among the earliest Swedish settlers in Minnesota. He writes: "All my life I have been interested in Sweden's history and culture—to me fascinating." He continues: "I am much interested in this plan for I think it a splendid idea that the different racial groups in this country shall thus become better known and understood." Concerning his treatise on the bequests of Sweden, he explains: "I have tried to bring out especially the great age of Swedish culture, the existence of free institutions among the people since the very dawn of their history, a universal interest among them in education and the consequent establishment of a great educational system; the creation of a great litera-

ture, the development of science, and a disposition to peace based on high moral grounds." Comment regarding the Swedish element in the United States is included in this article.

Agreeing to present the cause of Scotland, Dr. A. T. Murray says: "It is true that I am of Scotch extraction and the preparation of a paper on the influence the Scotch have exerted in shaping America and on the world in general will be an interesting task."

To an invitation to represent Belgium, Professor Ernst of the New York University replied: "I shall be delighted to attempt the writing of such an article for your organization. I am both much interested in the subject and in the worthy purpose of this educational enterprise."

Dr. Kaun has dedicated his admirable treatment of Russia to the better understanding of his native land in the land of his adoption.

Professor Angelo Lipari of Yale, in accepting the call to write for Italy, replies: "I love Italy and never tire of singing her praises, for I know in a general way what the world owes to her."

The representatives of European lands who come to make their home in the United States are often designated vaguely and *en masse*, "our foreign population"; "those of alien birth," and by similar phrases. The late World War showed great numbers of them to be already American in thought and spirit. Those who remained unabsorbed in the new country were found, upon investigation, to have been either left isolated, even though in cities, or lost in settlements of others as ill-informed regarding America as they were themselves. Latterly the great work of Americanization has been undertaken. However, the other side of the matter must never be forgotten, that we have much to learn from these newcomers. A grimy street digger, unpromising, to judge by appearance alone, may treasure some secret of mosaic or other handicraft that would make him the subject of deep interest were it realized. We travel far to behold the art of foreign lands, little knowing that folk in our very midst have rich memories to share with us.

We need the glimpses of old world life which the foreigners bring. We need a more sympathetic insight into the ideals developed in them through long centuries. With a closer touch, a more definite knowledge of the various nations which have supplied and are still supplying elements of population, we may become better prepared to aid them in their effort to become citizens of our great Republic.

A new light was flashed upon our relation to these European children within our gates some years since when Hull House undertook to present a Greek tragedy, employing persons from the Greek settlement of ten or more thousand in Chicago to present the various parts. A fruit vender, approached on the subject, exclaimed in amazement: "I was born and lived until coming here within sight of the Acropolis, in Athens. I have been here ten years and this is the first time anyone has ever spoken to me about my country!"

So steadily has been the tide of immigration from Scandinavia to America that its languages and literatures are taught in certain universities of the northwestern states as regularly as those of France and Germany. It is safe to say that comparatively few know how much this northern portion of Europe has contributed to modern culture.

In the case of Russia, that vast portion of the earth's surface wherein our own country might be set two or three times and still leave room to spare, we know that it has profoundly influenced music and art in recent times. How much more do we know? And there is so much to be told!

Two dominating hopes have actuated those directing the preparation of this study: first, that a better understanding of other countries may bring light to citizens of our Republic on the international questions which will be forced upon us to a far greater extent in the coming years than in the past. Secondly, realizing what every nation has to share with the rest that we shall become more devoted to maintaining the peace, unwilling that even the least be spared from the world family. Besides all this, there remain the foreign-born to deal with and the wider our

knowledge of their inheritances, ideals and characteristics, the wiser we may grow in our relations to them.

It is believed that the awakening of enthusiasm for the culture of Europe, and the opening of a way to closer acquaintance with other peoples will stimulate individuals to continued study and travel.

WHAT WE OWE TO ENGLAND

THE first gift of the English to us was the gift of themselves. From them we derive our racial inheritance. It is true that we are a mixed lot, that our country is correctly described as a melting pot of peoples, but even the latest poll that was taken shows that those of us who are descendants of Englishmen are by far a greater company than all the rest. We are the longest planted here, and surely not the least powerful or the least worthy. The backbone of the United States is made up of precisely the same materials as the backbone of England, Canada, Australia and New Zealand. All through our colonial days, and all through the formative period of our national life, this was still more true. For this gift of themselves, for all that we acquire by inheritance, is no slight thing. The English were a specially selected people who came from the continent, who crossed the sea in their shallow boats, to settle in England. The weak and crippled and cowardly could migrate from place to place on the mainland. There was always shelter for them by the way, on the edge of the forest or by the bank of some stream, and when danger threatened they could delay, or turn aside, or retreat. But not so with those who went oversea. They were compelled to sail and row straight for their destination and to meet at the outset the desperate resistance of Celt and Roman. Thus our English ancestors were rigorously selected. And then, as the centuries went by, the qualities they brought with them were deepened and confirmed. Islanders are obliged to be sailors, traders, citizens of the world. They live by commerce, by venturing abroad. They go, as individuals or in groups, far beyond the protection of their home government, and thus learn self-dependence and self-control. The English have carried with them the secret of character and temperament that has enabled them to establish an empire larger, more enduring, and more progressive than any other the world has ever known. Not that they were a pure race, single in blood, and simple in character. There

is no such thing in the world as a pure race, unless it be the Esquimaux or the Fuegians. Purity of race is now a myth. All peoples are mixed and mingled. But all the additions received by the English were men essentially like themselves, hardy and enterprising—Normans, Walloons and Huguenots. And they became thoroughly incorporated with the English, so that one seldom pauses to think that Thomas à Becket was in part of Norman blood, or that some of Romilly's ancestors were Huguenots. A distinct biological group was formed, having the same physical and social characteristics. From that group we are descended. We are like them. Minds, like seeds, produce fruit after their own kind. What are the characteristics we have inherited with our English blood? They are qualities of leadership and progress. The Mayflower carried a cargo far more precious than any galleon that sailed the seas from Spain to America. It brought to our shores men of superabundant energy, masculine, virile, practical, knowing the advantage of compromise and habituated to it. They were of the mighty race of which Alfred may be said to be the founder and which culminated with the colonial period in Washington. They had the deliberate reticence and the impassivity that have led others to think them cold, whereas they are only self-controlled. They were accustomed to think and act for themselves; they were truthful and generous. Their word could be depended upon. Of all the nations who borrowed money from us in the time of the Great War, the first to make any serious effort to repay us was the English. We have changed in the course of our separate life. We have received men from many a foreign land. In the rich tapestry of our national life is many a strangely colored thread. But in the depths of our being we keep our real character, our ancestral inclinations, our old moods, our real yearnings. We are deep down, under all disguises, the most combative and competitive race in the world, we are essentially practical, we are the leaders in organization, we are the supreme pragmatists. Under all differences we retain a deep and mysterious kinship with the English. We are the only peoples who refuse to tolerate a conscript army.

From the same ancestors we have inherited the courage, self-confidence, and resiliency that have made each of us a conquering race unconquered. There is an unseen bond between us and the people of our ancestral island. It is a bond that holds the majority of white Americans. It is unseen, yet it is a powerful reality. Nature is not to be balked by mere politics. Race is race, though seas divide and interests conflict. Despite all jealousies and rivalries, the ties have grown closer between us. We are born to a similar faith, born to the duty of keeping liberty alive in the world. This kinship may slumber when peace prevails, but it always means a common way of looking at life, and in time of danger it rises to assert itself irresistibly. Our inheritance, our special racial characteristics, the things born in us and developed by the natural conditions of our own country, have made us a people of initiative, of activity, of forethought, of self-control, and the effect of these deeply rooted tendencies cannot be quickly lost or overcome. Social sympathy, mutual consideration, the love of order and decorum, even the passion for amusement and public festivity, all these things, or the inclination toward them, are given to us at our birth and they are the essence of our civilization. From them comes our desire for the establishment of peace for the world, rest for the world, amity for the world, and their establishment on a foundation of rock. Whenever the time comes for all the peoples with the same inheritance to be inspired with a common purpose and to make up their minds to work together we shall have a lever that will move the world. Yes, despite every discoverable difference, the essential character and instincts of the two peoples are alike. "The American," said Emerson, "is only the continuation of the English genius into new conditions." We have developed the qualities we have inherited in common with the impetuosity of a young and virile people contending, in field and forest, against the forces of nature. Yet we remain essentially the same. Most of us feel for that little island in the misty sea the affection that an old home inspires. It is hallowed by associations sacred to the race. That is what sent Bret Harte to live in London. The racial solidarity of the majority of those

who speak our language is a well established fact. It cannot be argued away; and it is something to be reckoned with. Even when we have been foes our common blood has made our deeds of heroism soften the bitterness of war. Perry's victory on Lake Erie thrills the English boy as much as the recital of Broke's capture of the Chesapeake does the American. Yes, there is such a thing as patriotism for race as well as for country. We are united by the deepest ties to the people with whom we share a common ancestry, and like them we look back to the adventurous people who gave us themselves, their blood and their character, with a deep sense of gratitude. The fact that recently we have restricted our immigration, in a drastic manner, so as to favor the incoming of men with the same racial inheritance as ourselves proves that we recognize the further dilution of that inheritance to be a danger fraught with the gravest consequences. It is a bold expression of our deep-seated preference, a policy altogether without precedent in the history of the world.

But heredity is not everything. From England we have received the gift of language. And language, far more than race, binds or keeps apart. People who speak the same tongue can understand one another. England is our mother country in part because Englishmen settled Jamestown and Plymouth, but in greater part because today all of us speak the language of Shakespeare. English is a composite language. Its framework is Teutonic; but it has borrowed, in varying extent, from a score of dead and living tongues, chiefly from Latin and French. No other language is so readily eclectic and assimilative. It has greater flexibility and power of accommodation than any other, responding, as it does, without undue stress or strain, to all the varied needs of modern life. It is unrivalled "in compact adjustment of parts and in pure intelligence." It has rid itself of the many grammatical intricacies it found it could do without. Only in one respect is it inferior to its chief competitors. Its spelling remains barbarously complex and illogical. Its grammar is easier than that of any other modern language, but its spelling is the most irregular and therefore the most difficult. It is the easiest language to

learn by word of mouth, but the most difficult to acquire from the printed page. The greatest need of the world today is a common language. It is not so much because there are so many different races in Europe that the history of that continent has been one of almost continuous war as because there are so many languages spoken within its boundaries. Yes, the world needs a universal language. Invaluable time is lost. Misunderstandings arise. Hate is engendered. English is quite well qualified to serve as a general tongue. It lacks certain of the special advantages of Latin and French, but it has greater ones of its own. And constantly it grows in power. The scattering of the men who speak it on all the shores of the seven seas brings to it new and expressive words, terse vernacular phrases, and continually calls upon it to meet new and unexpected needs. Year by year it develops in subtlety and vitality. English is now in a favorable position to become the world language. No longer is it possible for other languages to meet on equal terms with it. It is spoken today by more than 170,000,000 human beings; and over 500,000,000 people live under governments of which it is the official tongue. Its use is even more extended. Since the Great War its prestige has increased. It is now the second language in almost every country in Europe and Latin America. The speech of our ancestors, slowly developed in the cottages, courts, cloisters, castles, and towns of their little island in the northern seas, has become the living speech of half the world. Whenever a foreign-speaking alien comes to live in our land we expect him to learn English. Whatever language he spoke in the land from which he came, he owes it to his new country to make its speech his own, to speak it, to think in it, to dream in it, to saturate his being with it. Well may we be proud of this gift. English is unmatched as a commercial tongue; and, far better, it is unsurpassed in poetic power. The heart of all literature is poetry. And English prose has poetry in it. When you say a prayer, or seek to revive a waning hope, or to put into words any emotion that rises from the deepest life, let your speech be English. Then shall those who hear your words feel emotional elevation, then shall their hearts be lifted up

within them. It is this power of poetic appeal that makes our speech so noble, the speech with the most varied gifts, the speech crowned by Shakespeare.

A third gift we owe to England is our literature. No other literature is so glorious, not that of Greece, or Rome, or Italy, or France, nor, indeed, all of them combined. The earliest poems of our English forefathers that have come down to us are the narratives of seafarers filled with a passion of joy in the struggle of man with the sea and its storms, and a love of its rock-bound shores, its majestic sweep, its melancholy moods. Chief of these early poems that have come down to our own time is *Beowulf*, a tale of brave deeds nobly done, filled with the spirit of daring adventure, of restless passion, of the mist exhalations of the northern moorlands and the mysterious voices of wind and sea. In Chaucer's poems we may see mediæval life from the serf to the seigneur, human nature, then as now, in that infinite variety that custom cannot stale. But how shall we catalog in a few lines the richest literature in the world? All we can do is to repeat some of the leading names,—Edmund Spenser, who keeps for us all that is exalted, serious, and tender in chivalry, in his lines of langorous and liquid melody; Marlowe, in whose brief and tragic life, as well as in whose surging and sonorous lines, we see the intoxication with life that men experienced at the dawning of the modern world; Shakespeare, the dramatist of boundless, cloudless view; Milton, whose varied music is like a river of enchanting sound; Pope, true embodiment of the exclusive reliance upon reason and the almost exclusive concern with urban life of the artificial time in which he lived; Fielding, vigorous, manly, sanguine, sympathetic, in whose novels we find a true expression of English character; Goldsmith, whose meager verse is warm with the infusion of a new humanity; Walter Scott, whose novels, revealing the mediæval past and the misty highlands of his own country and his own time, took the world by storm; Wordsworth, who saw the significance of the human soul under the garb of the peasant as well as that of the prince, and who felt the spiritual influence of nature; Byron, of tempestuous mirth and tempestuous

anger, scorner of conventionality, ardent advocate of freedom, whose poems were quickly translated into all the leading languages and profoundly influenced the whole western world; Shelley, who, like his own skylark, sang with unapproachable lyrical splendor; Keats, whose triple flame of genius, passion and disease quickly burned away his life; De Quincey, who composed prose as though it were music for an orchestra; Tennyson, master of original cadences, poet of the law of evolution, who, in his later years, gave voice to the deep questions of human destiny; Browning, subtle psychologist, master of the dramatic monologue, concerned always with the incidents in the development of a soul; Dickens, champion of the poor and oppressed; Thackeray, novelist of manners, satirist of social hypocrisy and servile obsequiousness, and revealer of souls filled with a warm humanity; George Eliot, painter of village life untouched by modern industry and teacher of the new thought of her time; Matthew Arnold, whose verse is penetrated with the deepest thought of the time and whose prose always points the way to beauty, refinement, and intelligence; Swinburne, passionate lover of the sea and of liberty, whose bold thought and impetuous lyrical power stimulate and enthrall. Through all its changing forms this stream of literature remains essentially the same. Continually it reveals the traits of character that have shaped the destinies of our ancestors and that are silently and irresistibly moulding our own lives today. Everywhere we find an indomitable will and courage to act, a passionate devotion to freedom controlled by persistent respect for law, a deep regard for uprightness of character and for human worth even in the lowest rank of society, a love of nature in all her aspects, from the quiet garden to the majesty of the mountains and the splendor of the sea. English literature is a continual national expression. It reveals us to ourselves and to others.

For our delight in outdoor games and our love of fair play we owe much to England. Of all the national habits and characteristics of the English this is the most pronounced and pervasive, and by no means the least important. Every year they spend on sport more than they spend

on their army and navy put together; and also, alas, two and a half times as much as they spend on education. Their intense love for sport is founded on their virile temperament. It is no idle thing with them. It is a bulwark against effeminacy and decay, a preparation for a governing race, a philosophy of life. Wherever sports flourish in the world, they do so by the example and imitation of the English. Those islanders have always had an overmastering love for adventure, for the deep sea and the open air, and this we share with them. Both of us have the same rude energy and the same fierce joy in rivalry; and we are united with each other in good-fellowship for the far from trivial reason that we find nowhere else the same standards of sport and fair play. It is an English tradition to play games hard, and to keep the rules of them even when your blood is hot and you are tempted to disregard them. "Play the game" is a phrase which may be taken as a statement of the Englishman's creed of honor. It imparts an admirable and enviable incorruptibility to English public life. We hear far less of political corruption in that country than elsewhere. There is a fine old tradition contained in the word "fair-play," a word untranslatable into any other language. And "play the game" is a phrase also untranslatable. No other accusation so rankles with the average Englishman as that of "unsportsmanlike" behavior. The love of fair play is one of the finest English traits. It leads to "the square deal," one of the noblest of our own ideals, in politics. The one and only end of sport is not to win, but to play the game. Sport should be a thing of gaiety and good temper; not a business, but a light-hearted recreation.

Law is a fifth gift we have received from England. From her we have received the common law which is the substratum of the legal aspect of our life. We shall not find it in a written code printed on vellum and bound with brass. It has not come down to us in that way. It is made up of the sayings and decisions of judges running back for a thousand years. It is judge-made law, the result of the habitual decisions hardening into rule and modified, from time to time, to meet new conditions. All the original states adopted it, together with the notions of freedom, justice,

and equity to which it gives embodiment. They knew no other system of law, and they could practice no other. It was intimately connected with their history, their habits and their institutions. It prevails in every state of the Union except Louisiana; and even there it is steadily gaining ground. Its primary doctrines, its fundamental and distinctive dogmas, are the supremacy of the law, that no act and no person is beyond the reach of the law, the inviolability of property and person, the local character of criminal jurisdiction, conviction only by due process of law, a phrase that goes back at least to the fourteenth century, and the right of trial by jury. These doctrines have become incorporated in our state and federal constitutions. They are firmly rooted in our polity. Naturally so ancient an heritage has some defects. Time changes the conditions of human society. The chief blemish of the common law is that it knows only individuals. It does not know organized society. It grew up before the industrial revolution brought corporations and labor unions into existence. Today we look for liberty less through the individual and more through society than formerly. We are now concerned with the welfare of the whole. No doubt the common law will gradually progress from its present concern with individual rights to concern with social righteousness. Long ago it expanded with the increase of the country and the development of life, yielding to new exigencies as they arose, and adapting itself to them, refining and improving itself with the advance of society. And what it has done before it will do again. Its present extreme individualism will be tempered to meet the ideas and needs of the modern world. Still we must not lose this point of view altogether. It will always be wholesome to insist that every man must do his duty.

For much of our statute law, and for the spirit, and many of the specific provisions, of our state and federal constitutions, we are indebted to England. Politically speaking, England is by far the oldest settled country in Europe. For more than eight hundred and fifty years she has known no invasion of a foreign foe; and for more than one hundred and fifty years she has known no serious

domestic political turmoil. This is due in part to her geographical isolation, in part to the just and practical character of her political constitution, and in part to the fortunate habit of her sons looking before they leap. Centuries of political stability have given a quiet and orderly home life to those island people. They have enabled them to adapt themselves to facts, to increase political elasticity, to develop a genius for practical government. English law offers the greatest protection to the individual man and the widest possibility of individual freedom the world has ever known. We are able to boast that our land is "the home of the free" very largely because of the scrupulous administration of justice according to the laws handed down to us by our English ancestors. These laws have come down to us from Alfred, from Magna Charta, from the Bill of Rights, from Cromwell. Even specific statutes bear the hall-mark of their origin. Our federal constitution is largely English. Who exercised greater influence in drawing up that document than James Madison? His gift of wise counsel was of the sort so fortunately imparted to us with our blood at the first planting of the colonies that afterwards formed the Union. He was a grave and prudent man, yet brave to meet the new conditions of the time. The slow and thoughtful genius for affairs which he displayed in his young manhood as he led the constitutional convention is thoroughly English. His reasonable spirit, his pleading for compromise, which runs through all the debates of those summer days, and which permeates the noble instrument of government under which we live, is typically English. Then turn to the document itself. Whence comes its spirit of compromise, of concessions made and accepted, its provisions for free speech, free assembly, for habeas corpus, its ideals of justice? All our governmental institutions, from township organization up to the federal legislature, are permeated with the English spirit of equality before the law and the English practice of government by elected representatives.

From England we have received a great gift of science. Roger Bacon, the first great exponent of the experimental method, was an Englishman. And Francis Bacon was the

first man to attempt to reorganize the sciences and formulate a method of scientific investigation. He summed up and exposed the defects of mediæval thought and called the attention of men to the necessity of organizing the processes of modern thought. Sir Isaac Newton invented the fluxional calculus, a new and powerful method of scientific analysis, an invention that remains the last stage in the work of measuring the vast distances of space; and then, with this instrument, he discovered the law of gravitation. As a result of his thought and labor we now have a better idea of the immensity of the universe and of the power and majesty of the law that holds it in order. But no discovery in the field of science has had a more profound influence upon the thought of men than the gradual unfolding of the theory of evolution, given to the world in 1858 by Charles Darwin. What is this theory that has caused so much discussion and has exerted so deep and widespread an influence? Every species of plant and animal produces far more seeds and young than will arrive at maturity and become, in their turn, the parents of another generation. If all the young of any species of animal were to survive and go on producing descendants during a normal life-time the world would soon become filled with that species, and every other species would be crowded off the planet. The vast majority of animals, as well as seeds, do not live to maturity. They are eliminated in the severe struggle for existence. Those that survive are, on the whole, better fitted to survive than those annihilated. They have survived because of better adaptation to their environment, because they were more fitted to meet the circumstances that surrounded them. They were better protected from their enemies than those that died, or they had a greater power to gain food, or they were more prolific in reproducing their kind. Their superior fitness was, perhaps, in some cases slight; but it was sufficient to insure their survival. Their greater fitness, however slight, was inherited by their young; and so the next generation started where its predecessors left off. As this selective process goes on, as, in by far the greater number of cases, only the fittest of any generation survives and leaves descendants, a greater and

greater adaptation to the environment results. All environments are not alike. The seeds of a plant sown in, say, a dry climate will find an environment of a certain kind. They and their progeny must increasingly adapt themselves to the condition of that dry climate if they are to survive in it. And other seeds of the same plant sown in a wet climate will find quite another environment. They and their progeny must adapt themselves to the circumstances of this wet environment. As these plants become better and better adapted to their respective environments, some to the dry environment and others to the wet, they will grow more and more unlike each other. Their environments, being different from each other, make different demands upon plants and animals, call forth different qualities, and develop different capacities. Thus if we were able to trace back far enough plants that differ from each other as, say, the cactus of the desert and the cedar of the swamp, we might find they had originated from the same ancestor. They have become so widely different because, through uncounted centuries of time, they have adapted themselves more and more to their respective environments. Thus different environments, favoring those plants and animals that conform to them and eliminating those that fail to conform to them, produce different species. This theory of natural selection has been subjected to vigorous and prolonged criticism; but it remains the best supported theory of the origin of species. It is the cause of change. It is the "unerring power" that results in evolution. No other theory since the discovery of the law of gravitation has so profoundly influenced human thought as has evolution. Its effect is felt far outside the region of biology. Everywhere today men think and talk in terms of development. In its broadest aspects evolution has become a commonplace of ordinary thought. In every detail, we now realize, the present is built upon the past. And so our study of the past has become more fruitful and significant than ever it was before.

The greatest of all changes that have come upon human society, the most extensive in scope and the most varied in results, is the industrial revolution. When, in 1726, Daniel

Defoe wrote his *Tour through Great Britain* the domestic system of manufacture prevailed everywhere. We find it described with graphic power and realistic detail in that book. The system can best be illustrated by the woolen industry, the most complete and characteristic of all the industries of that bygone age. It was to be found in every part of the island, near London and in the most distant part of the Scottish Highlands. This leading industry was carried on, to a greater or less extent, in every farmhouse. If the family was large the operations were divided among the different members. The boys carded or combed the wool, the wife and daughters spun the yarn, and the husband plied the loom. Every farmhouse had a loom, an instrument which had changed very little since the days of antiquity. Conditions, however, were not always so simple. A loom could give employment to five or six spinners. So the weaver who did not include that number of spinners in his own household had to seek for yarn elsewhere. Then, too, there were houses in which there were several looms, and where the owner, without ceasing himself to be a worker, employed several assistants. Such a condition was very unlike our modern factory system. An equality existed then between employer and employee that has long since vanished and become forgotten. Capital and labor were combined. They were almost indistinguishable. But many mechanical inventions were made in England, among the first being the flying shuttle in 1733, a spinning machine in 1738, and a power loom in 1787. In 1735 iron was reduced from its crude condition by coal. Hitherto only charcoal had been used for that purpose. Coal had not been found suitable for smelting iron ore. The sulphurous compounds which it gives off in burning made the cast iron too impure and too brittle. So the furnaces continued to burn charcoal, the forests continued to disappear, and the price of iron remained too high. Things could not stay thus. The pressing need for a cheaper and more abundant fuel was a powerful stimulus to experimentation. At last the idea was conceived of mixing quicklime and other substances with the ore in order to prevent its impairment during the fusion. It was at this moment that the real age of iron began, an

age filled with grave evils in its earlier stages, but one that was to witness a vast improvement in the conditions of human society. The commonest metal was now to perform miracles of social service, to provide the most delicate instruments, to bridge the widest rivers, to serve as the framework of the tallest buildings, to cover every continent with a network of roads, and to launch upon the seas ships with the populations of towns. Its usefulness is due in part to its abundance, but still more to its remarkable qualities. It is unexcelled in strength, magnetism, and the property of being made at will extremely hard or extremely pliable. No other metal can boast one-half its protean qualities. Then in 1765 the first practical steam engine was put to work pumping water out of mines, while in 1781 one was devised that could be applied to all kinds of machinery. Thus was the factory system ushered in with startling and tragic swiftness. England led the way in this great change. Her genius for practical affairs, and her large stores of coal and iron, the basic necessities of modern industry, gave her the lead over all other countries. To this revolution we owe all our machinery, our steam engines, transcontinental railways, and transoceanic steamships. To its spirit and knowledge and methods we owe its more recent developments, the telegraph, telephone, electric power, automobiles, wireless telegraphy, the submarine, and the airplane.

It was necessary to lessen the sufferings caused by the sudden dislocations of the industrial revolution. This was done by the modern spirit of social idealism. And for this idealism we are deeply indebted to England. For more than a generation the sufferings and degradation of the workers in the factories, especially the children, had from time to time been called to the attention of the public. In 1796 a parliamentary report, after describing the grave evils in the factories, ended with the following significant sentence: "We shall propose, if it is thought the end cannot be attained by other means, to make application to Parliament to pass laws which will set up a reasonable and humane system in these factories." But still the terrible conditions prevailing in the factories and mines were not widely known, and little was done to improve them. Then came

pioneers of social reform. One of the first was Michael Sadler, to whom was due very largely the prohibition of child labor under nine years of age and the limitation of the working day to twelve hours. Another was the Earl of Shaftsbury, who carried on a long struggle in behalf of children in factories and mines. Even the aristocratic Disraeli called attention to the evils of the time. "There are two nations," he said in his novel *Sybil*, "between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are ignorant of each others' habits, thoughts, and feelings, as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by a different breeding, are fed by a different food, and ordered by different manners, and are not governed by the same laws. I mean the rich and the poor. Between the poor man and the rich there never was any connection, and that is the vital mischief of this country." Charles Kingsley wrote poems, pamphlets, and novels filled with the pathos and passion of reforming zeal. Charles Dickens attacked the evils of his time, while John Ruskin poured forth his ideas of social reform in many pamphlets and books, protesting against a merely mechanical and utilitarian civilization with contagious humanitarian passion. And then, in a different sphere of humanitarian activity, Florence Nightingale set an example for Clara Barton and our own Red Cross. She was the first woman to take up professional nursing, the first to follow an army into action, to nurse the sick, and to bind the wounds of the fallen. We all know the story of her work in the Crimean War. When she and a staff of trained nurses arrived at the hospitals at Scutari, across the narrow waters from Constantinople, thousands of wounded and diseased soldiers were lying on the ground in a condition of unparalleled hideousness. With a daring few men would have shown, she ordered warehouses broken open by force and confiscated supplies needed by her patients; and by her knowledge, her zeal, and her courage she succeeded in a few weeks in putting the hospitals into good condition. Then she went to the scene of battle, and there established hospitals, reading tents, and recreation huts, sent home for books and newspapers, opened school rooms, started lecture

courses, and upon her own responsibility founded a bank in which the soldiers could deposit their pay and get money orders for transmission home. "She would speak to one and nod and smile to a many more," said a soldier in a letter written home, "but she could not do it to all, you know. We lay there in hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow, content." And a newspaper correspondent wrote that "when all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds." Social idealism! It was a great gift. It is a gift we needed. Progress will not come about automatically. The two things, abundance of free land and freedom from foreign foes, which above all others have permitted us in the past to rely upon automatic melioration have both disappeared. Yet we are still too much inclined to think of progress as a certainty, to regard it as the infallible operation of our social destiny. It is a splendid superstition. But, after all, it is only a superstition. And it is a superstition that very easily deepens into fatalism, into a radiant fatalism, infinitely hopeful, but also, alas, infinitely perilous.

For our political ideals, as well as for our social ideals, we owe much to England. The American Revolution was brought to this country by the English colonists. Those who emigrate from their native country are always the dissenters and the radicals at home, the energetic, adventurous, and progressive element. The men who made the first settlements along our eastern shores were dissatisfied with the existing political, economic, and social conditions at home in the seventeenth century. And the circumstances of their life in the new environment tended to make them and their descendants still more radical, still more and more divergent from the kinsmen they had left behind. The ideas and ideals that finally delivered them from the rule of George III and his advisors were not new. They were not originated on this side of the Atlantic. They arose out of the ancient traditions of the English race. They were already embodied in the English constitution. And even at

the time of Bunker Hill many men over there stood on the side of liberty, on our side, men like Burke, and Pitt, and Fox. The only difference between the two countries was that in America, in the new land where life was less tram-melled, the principles of liberty had developed more rapidly and more perceptibly than in the old. The Declaration of Independence is a rich storehouse of our political inheritance. With his fine literary power, a power that few of our countrymen have been able to equal, Jefferson gave eloquent expression to political principles long before embodied in the writings of John Locke. In its doctrinal aspect that document is not an original product of colonial thought. It is an effective, dramatic statement of liberal political theory already in existence in England.

England and America have one history, one tradition, one national ideal. They have largely the same blood. They have similar laws and forms of government. Both hold, and are alone in holding, the same ideas of morality and honor. They have the same devotion to the cause of human liberty, the same concern with human welfare. We are bound by ties we did not forge and cannot break. We are joint ministers of the same sacred mission of liberty and progress, charged, by the imposition of irresistible hands, with duties we cannot evade. Harmony between the two countries doubles the force of each. We have infinitely more in common with one another than either of us has with any other nation. From our kinsmen across the sea we have received a rich and varied inheritance, an inheritance which it is our purpose to cherish and develop, and one that no intelligent and patriotic American will disclaim.

TUDOR ENGLAND

FIFTEEN years before the dawn of the sixteenth century the Tudor dynasty was established upon the English throne, and it lasted three years longer. No period of equal length has witnessed such transformations in Europe. In the first place, when Henry Tudor came into possession of the English crown, the Mediterranean was still the center of commercial activity. Europe, western Asia and northern Africa made up the known world. To be sure, Marco Polo and other adventurers had penetrated to the far East, but as yet their reports had gained slight credence.

It has lately been argued with apparent probability that Columbus was by no means the first European, after the days of Leif Erickson, to sight lands in the western hemisphere. It is believed that many mariners may have known of the existence of the strange shores, whither their light craft were driven first by storms, they afterwards returning for such wares as were found—a sort of intermittent trade having been carried on between Africa and the West Indies.* However true this may have been, certain it is that only with the voyages of Columbus did Europe generally awaken to the knowledge of a New World. Only as a result of his discoveries did the Atlantic become a commercial highway instead of a boundary.

It is difficult to believe that any other geographical discovery has ever compared in magnitude with this one. The very earth was changed, with enormous consequences. A race for territory was soon to begin in the newly found continents, long considered to be islands which barred the approach to the enchanted Spice Islands of the East or, perhaps, an extension of Cathay itself. Explorations made by the Portuguese around Africa led to threatened hostilities with Spain, which were averted only by the naïve division of the world by Pope Alexander VI, whereby recently discovered lands lying east of an imaginary line were declared the property of Portugal; to the west of it, they were granted to Spain. Yet, despite papal decrees,



WARWICK CASTLE

The best example of England's medieval fortress-homes; present residence of the Grevilles.

these two countries were not destined long to remain in undisputed possession. Doubts as to their unrestricted rights prompted Francis I to address the Spanish ruler thus: "Your Majesty and the King of Portugal have divided the world between you, offering no part of it to me. Show me, I beseech you, the will of our father Adam, that I may judge whether he has really constituted you his universal heirs." Not only did France and Holland soon become rivals for portions of the newly discovered lands, but England slowly awakened to her possibilities on the seas and the foundations of her maritime supremacy and future empire were presently established.

Not alone the earth beneath but the heavens above assumed new aspects in the minds of men, for Copernicus set forth his amazing conviction that the sun does not move around the earth, as the Ptolemaic theory had assumed. Rather, the earth and other planets move around the sun. Death removed him before he could be called to answer for opinions so heretical but his follower Galileo was afterwards imprisoned for supporting them. Dante, one of the profoundest thinkers of his age, had accepted the Ptolemaic theory of the universe without question; this assumed the earth to be its center.

The old mediæval conception of one Empire, one Church, had collapsed so far as the first was concerned before the sixteenth century. The weakening of empire and the beginnings of nationality had caused this idea to recede from view; however, the Church remained with its province unlimited, its authority unimpaired. Before the expiration of the sixteenth century a great cleavage had taken place, following in the main racial divisions: with the Church stood the Latin peoples of southern Europe; parting from its sway were the Teutonic nations. Such a sweeping statement is subject to qualifications but holds true in general.

The revival of learning loosed the fetters that had held mind bound. Subservience to authority gave way before the study of Greek writings, for the Greeks had displayed a lively curiosity regarding all aspects of the natural world around them. Bernard's precept characterized the mediæval attitude: "Do not question; only believe." Abelard

had been persecuted as a heretic, his favorite slogan being: "By doubting we are led to inquire; by inquiry we perceive the truth."

Nor were the limitations placed upon the Church in the sixteenth century wholly territorial. Learning became emancipated from religious control. John Colet employed his private fortune in the establishment of St. Paul's Free Grammar School, leaving its management at his death to a company of London mercers.

New impulses were at work, new motives born; man and the world about him became the most absorbing subjects for study. No longer could humanity be held in the leading strings of the Church. Since it had been proved wrong in its conception of the earth and the cosmos, how could one be wholly sure it was entirely right in other directions?

So it is evident that not only was the Tudor period important for England, *not only must any study of modern England begin with it*, but it was likewise momentous for the civilized world. It is impossible to understand aright the founding of Jamestown, the sailing of the Mayflower, or those colonial wars which were mere echoes of European conflicts, reverberating to the shores of the New World, without a knowledge of sixteenth century Europe.

When the first Tudor ascended the throne, England had recently failed to establish an empire on the continent. In the reigns of Edward III and Henry V, not only had ambition prompted to such an attempt but it had seemed as though the very safety of the island demanded possessions across the Channel. This theory survived the Hundred Years' War and probably lurked in the mind of Henry VIII when he led English forces into France. A British Empire was presently to arise, not in Europe but in lately discovered lands beyond the seas as they became settled by English subjects.

To Americans, a large number of whom trace their ancestry to England, it must always be a matter of profound interest to follow the slow growth of constitutional government in the mother country. The laborious steps by which the people won political freedom from the time of the Magna Charta, wrested from the reluctant John, the estab-

lismment of Parliament, also in the thirteenth century, Habeas Corpus and other fundamental privileges gained in the seventeenth century from the autocratic Stuarts—these must ever bring a thrill in the hearts of true Americans, since every triumph of British democracy paved the way for our own.

* America not discovered by Columbus—See *World's Work*, June, 1925.

POLITICAL PROGRESS IN TUDOR ENGLAND

1. HENRY VII

UPON the death of Edward IV his eldest son, known as Edward V, stood in direct succession. However, a brother of the dead king "waded through slaughter to a throne," causing his little nephews, Edward and Richard, to be murdered in the Tower, while he usurped the crown. Repellant in appearance, the traditional reputation of Richard III is equally sinister. Henry Tudor challenged his right to rule and the armies of the two men met on the field of Bosworth in 1485. Due in part to treachery of Richard's followers, Henry was victorious. The crown which fell from the head of the dying usurper was snatched up by an adherent of Henry and placed upon his head.

As a matter of fact, there were several descendants of Edward III whose hereditary rights were as good if not better than those of Henry Tudor. But the country was thoroughly tired of civil war. No other possible claimant gave such promise of restoring peace and order, for which the people longed. Consequently, at his request, Parliament passed an act bestowing the crown upon Henry and his heirs. He was the last male representative of the House of Lancaster. When he married Elizabeth of York, the two warring lines were at last united and their issue must prove acceptable to both sides. Nevertheless, pretenders arose time after time, only to be harshly put down. The truth was that Henry owed his position in the first instance to his strong right arm and what one had done, another might do. During the entire Tudor period fear of other claimants disturbed each succeeding ruler with the possible exception of Henry VIII. This must be remembered in order wholly to explain the severity with which rivals to the throne were almost invariably treated.

As a result of the Wars of the Roses, lands to the amount of about one-fifth of all England had been confiscated. The strength of the old nobility was gone. These

confiscated estates were bestowed by the king upon new families and a lesser nobility thus created became one of the main supports of the sovereign. The charge of treason could readily be brought against those who had taken arms against the king and royal coffers were replenished by spoils of which the nobles were divested. So it came about that the crown was less dependent than usual upon subsidies granted by Parliament. The thrifty burgher class had materially increased as a result of extended trade. The curtailment of personal liberties seemed, in comparison with further strife and devastations of war, to be of lesser importance. The people generally wanted order and were disposed to obey a strong ruler who could insure it to them.

Although the backbone of the old nobility was broken, a long period of confusion had made it possible for arrogant lords to usurp authority. Many of them had large armed retinues. Soldiers and adventurers donned their livery and supplied forces ready at hand to espouse their rights on any provocation. Such nobles intimidated local courts, might making right in their eyes. The *Livery and Maintenance Act*, passed some time before, was now vigorously enforced to rid the land of this disturbing element. This provided that only those actually in a noble's service should be permitted to wear his livery. Since local courts were powerless against armed forces, a special court was created to hear such cases, its judges being chosen largely from the king's Council. Because of the starred ceiling in the room used by this judicial body, it became known as the Court of Star Chamber. In the beginning its activities were salutary and much needed. Under the Stuarts it became an instrument of tyranny.

For a considerable time an industrial change had been under way in England. Whereas in earlier years small farmers had dotted the country, now, due to rich profits found in wool growing, great landholders bought or leased large areas for sheep pasturage. Two or three herdsmen sufficed on areas from which once hundreds of small farmers had wrested a living. Rentals for little plots soared higher and higher; the peasants were no longer able to pay

them and evictions continually took place. Turned away from lands cultivated for generations by their ancestors, men of an industrious, dependable class were set adrift with their families to become beggars. What had once been the brawn of the country formed an idle population; theft and other crimes followed as a natural consequence. Penal laws were enforced with terrible severity and hangmen were always busy.

Henry VII gave himself over to the details of government to a degree unusual among kings. He was frugal and thrifty—which characteristics, among others, his granddaughter Elizabeth inherited from him.

During the last thirteen years of his reign Parliament was convened but once. Various expedients had been found for raising money. Morton, his minister, asked for benevolences: so-called loans to the king, which there was slight chance of recovering. To those who lived ostentatiously, he would say that such a style of maintenance implied ample means; to others who were frugal, he would say that their economies must have permitted them to have amassed a considerable reserve. This convenient rule that worked both ways became known as “Morton’s fork.”

By marriage alliances Henry cemented peace with his neighbors. Scotland had long been a thorn in the flesh; now Margaret, his eldest daughter, was given to James IV, the Scottish King. They became the grandparents of Mary Queen of Scots. Henry’s eldest son, Arthur, at the age of fifteen was wedded to the Spanish Infanta, Katherine of Aragon. When the boy died a few months later, the rich dowry of 200,000 golden crowns had been paid only in half. Too thrifty to see the remainder disappear from an ever-needy treasury, the king, now a widower, threatened to marry the princess himself. A special dispensation was asked from the Pope that she might wed Arthur’s brother, who became Henry VIII. The entire matter was to become historical years later when Henry tried to obtain a divorce so that he might marry Anne Boleyn. Mary Tudor, youngest daughter of Henry VII, was given to Louis XII of France by her brother five years after her father’s death.

When Henry VII died in 1509 he left a full treasury, an orderly kingdom and a throne to which general recognition had long since established a firm claim.

His more brilliant son impressed himself upon his own and subsequent ages far more indelibly than Henry VII. Yet the later achievements of the Tudors in so far as they worked for the commercial advance of England, the efficient organization of the country at home, naval expansion and exploration, owed their success to beginnings made by the founder of the line. At no period of his life did Henry VII exert the magnetic influence of his more famous son and in his later years, after the death of his beloved son Arthur and his wife, Elizabeth of York, he grew even more sordid and unkingly than before. To appreciate his reign it is necessary to contrast the disorder of the country at home and its lack of importance abroad at his accession in 1485 with the efficient administration of government and the strong foreign alliances at his death. With the exception of the three year reign of Edward VI, who died when sixteen, and the five year reign of Mary, the Tudor sovereigns adhered in the main to policies laid down by Henry VII.

2. HENRY VIII

The succession of the Crown Prince in 1509 was hailed with enthusiasm. Eighteen years of age, athletic of form and amiable of manner, it was expected that he would inaugurate a new era. He had received a broad education and was known to favor the new learning. His father had become penurious, crabbed and unpopular during his later life, while rollicking Prince Hal held the heart of the nation.

For the first two years Henry VIII seemed to give little heed to affairs of state, which were left largely to the royal Council. Instinctively a keen judge of men, he chose ministers of ability and undaunted loyalty. It could not be known in advance that he would prove utterly unscrupulous in sacrificing them to retain the popularity which he valued above all else.

Presently it came about that he was attracted by the promising qualities of Wolsey, whose statecraft dominated his early reign. Wolsey had risen rapidly from humble

parentage; having been educated at Oxford, his versatility and nimble wits won the attention of the young king, who advanced him to the archbishopric of York, the Pope bestowing upon him a cardinal's hat. As Lord Chancellor of England he practically administered the realm. His policy was to preserve the peace at home and make England a mediator in European affairs. Henry VIII, having in mind the examples of Edward III and Henry V, was disposed to forge his way to the front by means of war. It required all Wolsey's tact to lead him to pursue the wiser policy of peace and, even then, he was not successful in some instances.

A study of diplomacy must begin with the sixteenth century for, although one country had long bargained with another, cementing its agreements with marriages, not until then did the *balance of power* become the first concern of leading nations. At first France and later Spain acquired such far reaching control that the welfare of lesser states was jeopardized. England had advanced considerably under the reign of Henry VII; Wolsey was to raise it to the position thenceforth held: one of the important states of Europe.

The early sixteenth century was an age of young rulers. Henry VIII became king of England in 1509; in 1515 Francis I was crowned in France and, four years later, Charles V. was made Emperor. The French monarch sued for Henry's friendship at the celebrated meeting on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, so known because of the gorgeous array of the two sovereigns. The splendor of mediæval tournaments was revived for twenty days in which the two monarchs strived to outdo each other in their lavish display of wealth. However, an antipathy for the French, stimulated in the English by the Hundred Years' War, made close relationship between the nations unpopular and Henry inclined toward an alliance with Charles V, who secured an interview with him before his meeting with Francis. Presently Henry found that both these rulers were making secret treaties and it was no doubt the realization of the slight faith to be placed upon the avowals of potentates that led him to see how necessary it was to become independent of

them both. Thus he gave more and more attention to matters of government.

Wolsey had assumed an arrogance which the old nobility felt accorded ill with his humble origin. During his fourteen years of public ministry Parliament was summoned but once, other means being found to raise necessary revenues. This indifference to the people, the pomp and arrogance of the Cardinal to the nobles and the stern measures he used for maintaining order all counted against him when he finally lost the king's favor. His downfall was really due to his inability to secure papal sanction to Henry's separation from Katherine of Aragon, although there is no doubt whatever but that this lay wholly beyond his possibilities.

In the preceding century disputed succession to the throne had led to the Wars of the Roses, which extended over a half century, with the loss of life and property, the disorder and confusion, which civil war must of necessity bring in its wake. Henry VIII had but one heir, the Princess Mary, whose health was frail. No queen had yet ruled England in her own right and there was reason to believe that, in absence of regular succession, the country might again be precipitated into strife. So, despite his eighteen years of wedded life with Katherine, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, Henry VIII regarded it as imperative that he obtain a divorce and negotiate a new marriage. Such a plan had been considered by him before when difficulties had arisen with Spain; a fresh impetus to do so was given when Henry became infatuated with Anne Boleyn, a maid-in-waiting to the queen.

When, long years before, he had married the widow of his brother, a special dispensation from the Pope had been necessary, such marriages being forbidden by canon law. Katherine having proven a faithful wife and refusing now to further his scheme by entering a convent, it became necessary to show that his marriage with her had been from the first unlawful and that the papal dispensation had been granted in error. Thus it was really not a divorce that was desired but an annulment of an illegal marriage.

Clement VII occupied the Chair of St. Peter. At this time the army of Charles V held him practically a prisoner

in Rome. Katherine was the Emperor's aunt and while he had no particular affection for her, in the event of a new marriage, the Princess Mary would be set aside in her hereditary right while a French alliance might bring about a totally new situation at the Court of St. James. In the very nature of the case Charles V was bound to oppose the divorce and the Pope was not situated to antagonize the powerful monarch who held him in restraint, even had he been disposed to cast reflection upon an act of a predecessor. Notwithstanding, Henry VIII chose to interpret Wolsey's failure to secure the coveted papal sanction as attributable to some lack in his minister, whereupon his fall was imminent. Wolsey was dispossessed of the properties with which the king had endowed him. When later he entered into correspondence with the French king, he was charged with treason and only an illness, which overtook him on his way to London, resulting in his death, spared him execution.

Thomas Cromwell had served under Wolsey; after a brief period wherein Thomas More was Chancellor, Cromwell filled the position for some time. A man of considerable early adventure, wholly unscrupulous and conscienceless, he served the purposes of the English sovereign during a critical period of his reign, only to be ultimately discarded with as little consideration as had been shown to Wolsey.

Under Cromwell the policy regarding Parliament was reversed. Instead of getting along without it, it was convened in 1529 and remained in session for several years. Care had been taken to pack the lower House, so that acquiescence in the king's plans was certain. Having been made subservient to his wishes, it became the instrument by which they were accomplished.

When it became plain that no hope was longer to be expected from Rome, Henry VIII listened to the suggestion of Cranmer that the Universities be consulted as to the validity of his first marriage. Such pressure was brought to bear upon them that it is idle to consider their answers, which were usually favorable to him. By an act of Parliament, the king was declared head of the Church as well as state. Subsequent acts forbade the payment of moneys to

Rome, the appealing of cases to the Pope and in other ways severed the relationship between England and Rome. Having wed Anne Boleyn, Henry VIII soon wearied of her; when she failed to give birth to a son but presented him with another daughter—the future Queen Elizabeth—reasons were soon found or fabricated for declaring her inconstant and by Parliamentary decree, she was put to death.

Need of money always being paramount, the wealth of the monasteries fell under the watchful eye of Cromwell. It was true that they no longer filled their original place in the social system and beyond doubt many of them had become lax and corrupt. Moreover, unlike the clergy, they were not dependent in any way upon the state but were organized under the direct authority of the Pope. Their dissolution was therefore needed if complete severance were to be secured from Rome. Nearly four hundred of the lesser institutions were confiscated, their properties reverting to the crown. Later the remaining monasteries were likewise closed and their wealth appropriated. Some provision was made for the older inmates of these institutions but as a rule they were set adrift to find a place in a world which they had long forsworn. The poor, who had been helped by their charity, resented this bitterly and two uprisings were caused by this action and by the separation from the Holy See. However, these were promptly suppressed.

A son was born to Henry VIII by his marriage with Jane Seymour, who died directly after. Known as Edward VI, he succeeded his father in 1547.

Desiring to cement a union between England and the Protestants of Germany, Cromwell negotiated a marriage of the king with Anne of Cleves, whose charms he caused to be exaggerated to the monarch. She proved to be so unattractive and so dull withal that, although plans had proceeded to a point where they could not be abandoned, she was immediately set aside and pensioned, while, in his resentment toward Cromwell, the king permitted charges to be made against him that resulted in his execution.

Probably too much has been made of Henry VIII and his numerous matrimonial ventures. To what extent his desire for an heir prompted his separation from Queen

Katherine is a question still argued by historians and it will doubtless continue to be discussed for years to come.

The remarkable achievement of his reign was the cleavage with Rome and the creation of a national Church. Of this Hulme significantly says: "The abolition of the papal authority would not have been possible had it not been supported to a considerable extent by popular approval. All through the later mediæval centuries, in every country of western Europe the belief had been widespread that because of its wealth and worldliness, the Church had departed from the simple and democratic character of early Christian society, that beneath the papal system the spirit of the lowly carpenter's son was no longer visible. The stately ritual of the Church, its sacraments, the adoration of the saints, and to a considerable extent its more abstract dogmas, still had the approval of the great mass of the English people. But the financial exactions of the Papacy and its secular activity ran counter to the newly created national spirit that would brook the interference in domestic affairs of no foreign power. So, at first, it was only the governmental authority of the Papacy that was ended in England; it was merely the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome that was denied. . . .The severance of the papal bonds did not mean that England was at last to enjoy religious freedom. It meant nothing more than that for the former dual authority of Pope and King there had been substituted the undivided despotism of the latter."¹

So far as the personal character of Henry VIII is concerned, there was little to sustain the admiration which his youth had evoked. His father had been a man of greater intrinsic worth; his daughter Elizabeth evinced a more consuming love for her people. Henry was never lacking in courage, one of the estimable qualities bequeathed by him to the daughter of Anne Boleyn. No power on earth could ever turn him from a purpose once determined upon. Ruthless in dispatching those who stood in his way, his reign presents repulsive aspects.

As a member of the house of Tudor, he had a part in the establishment of English nationality, and that part an important one. As time goes on it is probable that less

space will be accorded to his six wives and more to his efforts to strengthen the royal navy. Without the impetus given to ship building by Henry VII and the extensive operations of his son in this direction, it is certain that the mariners of Elizabeth's period would not have been prepared to rise so triumphantly on the occasion of Spain's attempted invasion.

3. EDWARD AND MARY

The order of succession willed by Henry VIII and legalized by an act of Parliament made his son Edward direct heir; should he die without issue, Mary was to be next in order, Elizabeth following her. None of his children providing successors, the issue of Henry's younger sister, Mary Tudor, who upon the death of Louis XII had wedded Charles Brandon, Earl of Suffolk, was to be given preference over Margaret's descendents.

Edward VI was proclaimed king upon the death of his father. He was in his ninth year and the administration of government had been entrusted by Henry VIII to a special Council carefully selected so that neither extreme reformists nor reactionaries should predominate but one side would neutralize the other. The Duke of Somerset was made Protector by these trustees. While he appears to have been actuated by worthy motives, he was visionary and in the end his undertaking proved ill advised. He attempted to negotiate a marriage alliance between Mary Stuart and the boy king, but succeeded only in so embittering the Scotch that she was sent secretly to France and wedded to the Dauphin, later Francis II. After Somerset had made enemies on every side, the Protectorate was abandoned and the regular Council discharged duties during the minority of the king.

Edward VI died in his sixteenth year. Having grown up under Protestant influences he was actuated by a desire to reform the church. Mass was abolished and a Book of Common Prayer substituted. Extreme Protestantism gained the ascendancy and images, vestments, the cross, the ring in marriage and other symbols were abandoned. It was with difficulty that Princess Mary obtained permis-

sion to hear mass privately. Edward was even induced to set aside the succession sanctioned by Parliament and named Lady Jane Grey, granddaughter of Mary Tudor, his successor, she being a Protestant. This beautiful young girl became an unwilling victim to misguided advisors and occupied the throne for a few brief days. However, Northumberland, who advocated her cause, was so universally disliked that not even the pathetic spectacle of the demure Lady Jane Grey won for her a following among those whose faith she shared. All knew that a Parliamentary Act could not thus be set aside and as quickly as Mary appeared at the head of an armed force, the capital opened its gates to her.

In direct contrast to Edward, Mary had been trained by Katherine, a devout Catholic. Her consuming desire upon gaining the throne was to undo the work of Henry VIII. and restore England to the Papacy. At first, she proceeded cautiously. The Mass was restored, the Book of Common Prayer set aside. Images were seen again in the churches and ceremonies and symbols reestablished. When it became known that she inclined to a marriage with Philip II of Spain, even the Catholics of England opposed it, for Spanish interference in affairs of state was not desired by any faction. Philip, self-seeking as ever, saw only hope of English support for certain of his schemes, particularly his projected war with France. He came reluctantly to England to wed a wife older than himself and for whom he never had warmth of feeling. The fears of the English as to his possible participation in public affairs proved ungrounded, although it was assumed that Mary had his support for the persecutions which darkened the last years of her short reign. In a vain attempt to crush out "heresy," prominent Protestants were burned at the stake, to the number of perhaps three hundred. The heir that the Queen sorely hoped for did not appear; the more steadily the fires of martyrs burned, the more rapidly the new faith spread. Nothing that Mary undertook prospered. Even the Pope remained cold as the sentiment of "England for the English" grew stronger in the land. Philip II went away, returning only to seek help for his war. Neglected by her royal husband, whom she fondly loved, hated by those of

the reformed religion, disliked even by those of her own faith for her cruel persecutions, Mary's frail health resulted in her early death in 1558. No more pathetic figure is to be found among English sovereigns.

The expression *Marian exiles*, found in discussions of the period, refers to those who were driven to seek safety beyond the reach of a Queen so set upon exterminating Protestantism in her realm. *Marian supporters* were Catholic extremists like herself, who felt the need of crushing those who would not return to the fold,

It is always to be remembered that both Protestants and Catholics believed in crushing out heresy; the only difference between them was: what constituted heresy? That it deserved to be wiped out few denied.

The temper of the people was subjected to a severe strain during these eleven years. Only the prospect of relief under the Princess Elizabeth sustained those who felt the shame of intense religious persecution. Yet the law-abiding Britons preferred the fires of fanaticism to civil war, which seemed to be the only alternative.

4. ENGLAND UNDER ELIZABETH

Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, was twenty-five years of age when the death of Queen Mary brought her to the English throne. Youthful, possessed of the bluff amiability of her father in his early life and having her mother's love of adoration, she immediately awakened a certain chivalrous devotion in men which her sterner half-sister had never aroused. Like the founder of her line, she had been forced in tender years to learn caution. Her very life had hung in the balance at least twice during the preceding reign. The gates of the Tower had closed behind her once. Expediency had led her to dissemble and, while a Protestant at heart, she had found it expedient to attend Mass during the five years of restored Catholicism. This discipline in self-control was to stand her in good stead all her life. In accusing her of duplicity and double-dealing, her critics forget that such qualities not only won her crown in the first place but enabled her to keep it under the most dubious conditions.

The foremost questions of the day centered around religion and it was characteristic of the Queen that she attempted no abrupt changes. Rather, she continued to attend the services that had been reinstated by Mary. Until Parliament convened nothing was done to give any indication of the policy of the new sovereign, whose attitude on religion was eagerly awaited by all parties.

A Parliamentary act made the English sovereign head of Church as well as state. With some modification, the Book of Common Prayer was restored.

The views of extremists, whether Catholic or Protestant, were alike distasteful to Elizabeth. Since a pope had declared her of illegitimate birth, it was a foregone conclusion that the relationship with Rome which Mary had reëstablished would terminate. However, she was not a religious enthusiast. Order was her first concern and to her this implied uniformity. An Act of Uniformity passed by Parliament standardized the services for the realm and clergymen were required to take an oath to observe it or retire. Due to several deaths, but fourteen bishops remained. These were summoned before the queen to receive the oath in her presence. Only one accepted it. The rest were consequently deprived of their benefices and others appointed in their places. Of the common clergy, only about two hundred out of nine thousand priests refused the oath. Preaching being controlled in this way, little disturbance accompanied the reinstating of a national Church.

The majority of English subjects were content with this arrangement, which in the main restored conditions to those obtaining in the late years of Henry VIII. Devout Catholics on one hand and extreme Protestants on the other were antagonized. The former resented the break with Rome, the others wished to depart more completely from ceremonies and observances of the Middle Ages. For generations these two extremes were to be reckoned with, one or the other continually agitating modifications of the *status quo* for their anticipated benefit.

It was natural that a woman on the throne should fervently wish for peace. Elizabeth's inability to follow her father's example and ride at the head of troops would

explain that sufficiently. Yet there were numerous other reasons why any prospect of war would be disturbing. First of all, the treasury was empty; troops were comparatively few and poorly equipped; further, the fortifications of the realm were mostly in decay. Notwithstanding so many factors compelling to peace, the situation abroad was dubious. Spain, presumably the strongest European power, was dissatisfied to have the close relations existing during the reign of Queen Mary severed. Philip II regarded with dismay the establishment of Protestantism so near his Dutch provinces. Opposed to any close alliance between France and England, he had prevailed upon Mary to abstain from any persecution of her half-sister for, in the event of Elizabeth's death, Mary Queen of Scots, niece of the Guises, would in all probability ascend the English throne and such a consolidation of French and English interests would be dangerous to Spain. So the semblance of friendship was long continued between Philip and the young Queen although it is plain that, despite their fair utterances, neither trusted the other.

In the eyes of all who accepted the papal decree which held invalid the divorce of Henry VIII from Katherine, the Scotch queen's eligibility to the throne of England was indisputable. Her grandmother, Margaret Tudor, had been the eldest daughter of Henry VII. While some Catholics regarded religion with growing indifference, many merely awaited the time when a vacant throne would pass to Mary Stuart, whereupon the old religion would be once more restored.

Spain and France were generally in conflict and an alliance of England with one meant trouble with the other. Philip regarded himself as the protector of the Roman Church in western Europe and the papacy was unreservedly opposed to Elizabeth.

For all these reasons, the young sovereign found it necessary to bring all her tact and diplomacy into play in order to steer the ship of state past the dangerous shoals threatening on every hand. Much criticism has been meted out to her because of her propensity to drawn-out negotiations regarding marriages that she had no intention of ful-

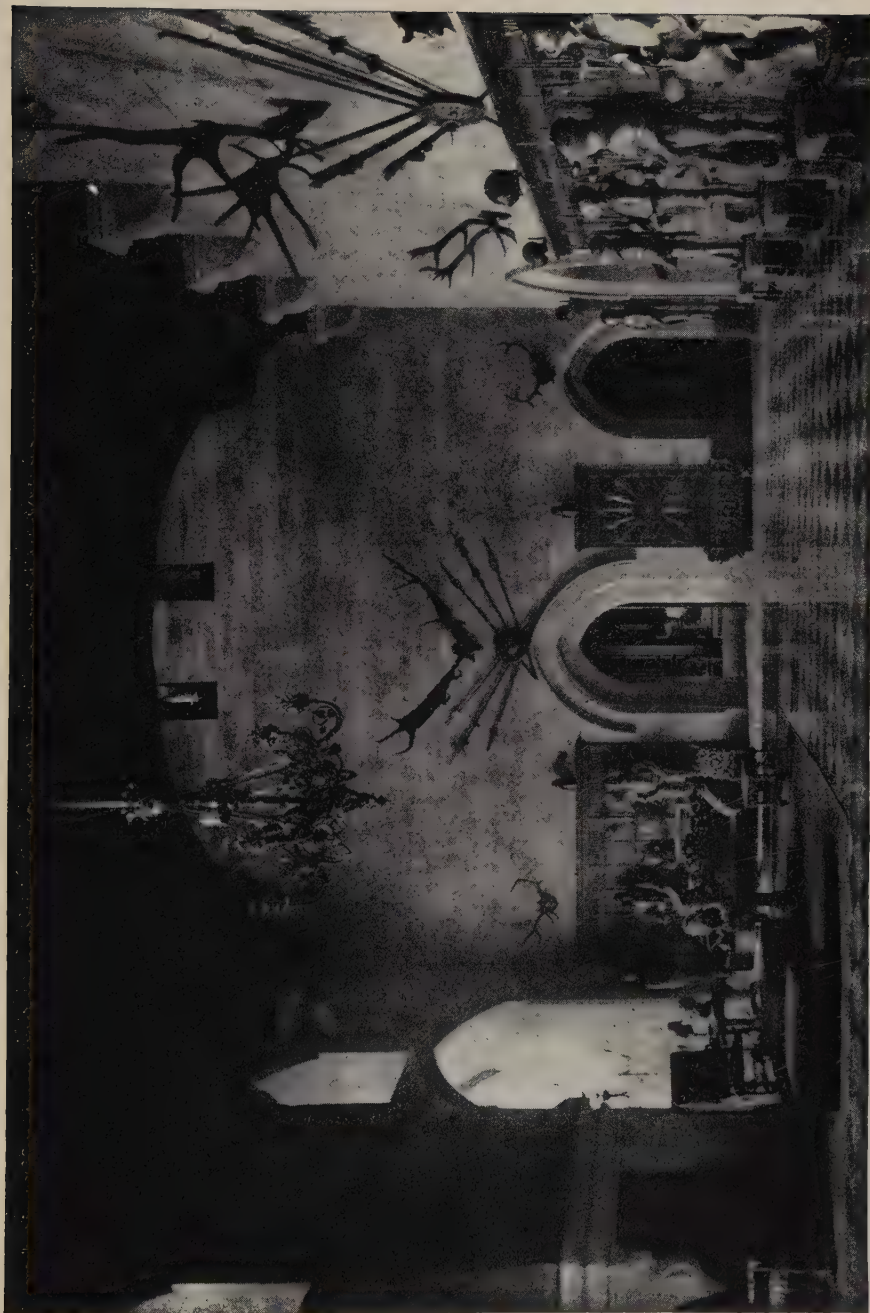
filling; of encouraging first one monarch and then another to expect her aid. International affairs had been settled in the past either by war or diplomacy. War being out of the question, diplomacy alone remained, and while Elizabeth's craftiness and double-dealing do not seem very exalted as one follows them through wellnigh half a century, it must not be forgotten that patience and astuteness alone saved the country from the havoc of strife until it had gained sufficient strength and prosperity to be able to hold its own among nations of greater resource.

One of the first undertakings was to call in the debased coinage of the kingdom and replace it with standard money. The value of coins had steadily depreciated, due to their repeated debasement as a means of raising revenues. Finally they had become so demoralized that they contained but one-fourth silver to three-fourths alloy. The new coins were ninety-eight per cent silver. Notification was given that after a specified date the old coins would no longer be accepted as legal tender. Although fewer pure ones were given in exchange, all were obliged to present old money for new; the old coins were reminted and never again has the coinage of England been debased.

Religious persecutions in other lands had driven many refugees into England and with them came the secrets of weaving silk and woolen cloth. Huguenot weavers from France brought the art of silk manufacture, and Dutch workmen skill in the preparation of cloth. Wool ceased to be exported to any extent and was manufactured at home. The middle class increased in number and by increasing trade the townspeople prospered.

The situation in rural districts was wholly different. Two centuries before, the Black Death had wiped out about half the laboring population. To protect themselves against rising wages, the nobles had obtained the passage of statutes prohibiting the peasants from asking a larger wage. Even though the nobles might often have preferred to pay more and secure willing labor, this was forbidden. For years it had been no longer possible to enforce these laws but common labor suffered from inadequate wages.

The inclosing of large tracts of land for sheep ranges



THE GREAT HALL, WARWICK CASTLE
Center of the life of the house in medieval times.

and the steady eviction of the small farmer who was unable longer to pay the soaring rents for little plots contributed to the deplorable condition of the poor, many of whom roamed as beggars through the country. Laws had been enacted to restrict the further inclosing of land but these proved ineffectual.

Early in Queen Elizabeth's reign measures were taken to alleviate the situation, one enactment after another being directed to the correction of abuses. In 1601 a Poor Law was passed which remained in force until 1834. It was however little more than a summary and recapitulation of various earlier enactments. It provided for the erection and maintenance of almshouses for the most destitute; for houses of correction for those physically able to work but indisposed to do so. It made each parish responsible for the care of its poor and required all who were financially able to contribute to the needy. It compelled the shiftless and indigent to remain where known, forbidding them to roam about without a license from a local officer. . The mere enumeration of those embraced by this law is illuminating, since it enables us to understand how numerous had been those gaining sustenance of life from the bounty of the substantial. With the substitution of a few modern words, the list reads as follows: "All idle persons using subtle, crafty, and unlawful games or plays and some of them feigning themselves to have knowledge in physiognomy and palmistry; all persons being whole and mighty in body and able to labor, yet not using any lawful merchandise, craft or mystery; all fencers, bearwards, common players in interludes and minstrels, unless they belong to the company of some baron of the realm; all jugglers, peddlers, trickers and petty chapmen; all common laborers able in body loitering and refusing to work for reasonable wages; all scholars of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge that go about begging, not being authorized under the seal of those universities; all shipmen pretending losses by sea; and all prisoners lately released from jail." Any and all included in this comprehensive classification were no longer permitted to wander about at will. Punishments of increasing severity were to be visited upon violators.

Like her father and grandfather, Elizabeth kept close touch with the middle classes throughout her reign. There were not wanting nobles who looked askance upon the daughter of Anne Boleyn. Although highly educated, broad minded, high spirited, tolerant and withal possessed of a saving grace of humor, yet the most ardent admirer of Elizabeth can scarcely contend that she evinced fine feeling, truthfulness or delicacy. She was a product of her age, which tolerated many crudities that would not now be suffered. Yet few people, taking the country through, knew how easily their ruler would sacrifice her ministers to save her own popularity or how slight was her gratitude for faithful service. For the vast majority it sufficed that she kept the peace and did not shock the sensibilities of her subjects with such atrocities as had stained the years of Mary.

The deepest blot on the life of Elizabeth was her sanction of the execution of her cousin, Mary Stuart. This cannot be understood without taking into account the position of the Tudors, who had been obliged to maintain themselves upon the throne against others whose claims to it were often as great, sometimes even greater than their own. Parliament had legalized the accession of Henry VII, not because his hereditary right transcended all others but because he was best suited to give England relief from civil war. Pretenders had appeared again and again, to be put down with severity.

Because of her personal charm, few characters of history have elicited so much discussion as the beautiful Queen of Scotland. As a little girl she had been taken to the French court, where she was educated and grew up with the children of Catherine de Medici. She was wedded in early girlhood to Francis, whose frail constitution led to an early death in the second year of his reign. Beyond any question the young girl, widowed before her nineteenth year, imbibed deceit, craft, dissembling and double dealing with her French training. It could not have been otherwise. Kings as she had observed them invariably considered themselves first and their subjects second, if at all. After the gaiety of Paris, after the extravagance of the French court, the

young Catholic queen returned to the land of her birth. Scotland was poor and even the life of the nobles was rude and simple. Worse still, as it seemed to her, Protestantism in its austere form had here gained a firm hold. The situation was so disconsolate and cheerless that she began directly to maneuver for the English throne, to which she unquestionably had claim. A marriage with her cousin, Lord Darnley, was made with a hope of advancing her purpose. A child was born to them, destined to be James I of England. Mary found this marriage alliance repulsive to her and became infatuated with Bothwell, an earl having the force of character which her husband lacked. Darnley was murdered, probably with her connivance, and she married Bothwell. This so alienated her from her subjects that she was forced to flee, taking refuge in England where she was held a prisoner for many years. Mary being unscrupulous in making use of any means that gave promise of success, so long as she lived one plot followed another. The plight of the beautiful woman, so full of fire and charm, won her much sympathy. Men were impelled by her magnetism to serve her. From the standpoint of England's welfare nothing could have been more unfortunate than her succession to the throne, for it would have inevitably renewed the religious struggle. Beyond question Elizabeth lived in constant danger of assassination so long as Mary remained to plan new schemes for her own release. Philip II of Spain agreed to come to Mary's help the moment Elizabeth should fall by the assassin's stroke. Finally the story wore to a weary end. Pressure was brought to bear upon the Queen to sign the death warrant. Although Elizabeth later repudiated the execution and visited penalties upon her hapless minister, the fact remains that she was responsible for the deed. Nevertheless, despite the fascination the murdered queen of unhappy memory still exerts over the reader, impelling him to lament her tragic end, it is difficult to see how peace could have been assured while she lived. Mary was lovable in spite of her faults; not so Elizabeth. Yet Mary ignored the welfare of her subjects in furthering personal interests, while Elizabeth placed her people before all else. Elizabeth invariably

saw things as they were; Mary saw them as she wished them to be.

Finally the storm that had long hovered on the horizon drew near. England had become a refuge for Protestants of other lands, and Philip of Spain realized the impossibility of crushing what was called "heresy" in the Netherlands with Protestantism on either side. Mary Stuart had bequeathed to him her rights to the English throne. Yet, beyond all this, two reasons of far greater importance urged him to attempt an invasion of England. In the first place, Spanish vessels between Spain and the Low Countries were plundered until communication was longer scarcely possible. Also English privateers lay in wait for galleons loaded with silver from the mines of Peru, robbing them openly and appropriating their precious cargoes. Philip had no alternative but to endeavor to prove his mastery of the seas.

A Spanish armada—or fleet—was constructed for the long-planned invasion. Drake appeared suddenly at the naval base of Cadiz and wrought such destruction that another year was necessary before the fleet was ready to sail. It was planned to have the Duke of Parma bring his troops from the Netherlands to join the expedition and together to invade England. Hundreds of priests and Inquisitors were carried on board the Spanish ships, "so that the work of conversion might begin at once."

England had fewer vessels in the royal fleet but they were modern and well supplied with guns, whereas the Spanish ships were antiquated in type and their guns were of such short range that in the naval encounters much of their ammunition was wasted in the water. Every private craft rallied to the defense of the Queen, and a generation of privateering had produced stalwart mariners who were more at home on the sea than on the land. Catholics as well as Protestants flocked to the call, for, regardless of religious differences, none wished to be ruled by Spain. The fame of the Inquisition had come before.

Many an account of the Spanish Armada reads as though the elements conspired to insure an English victory. As a matter of fact, the encounter between the fleets

extended over several days. The Armada carried 20,000 soldiers and it had been expected that ship would grapple ship and the soldiers would do the fighting. On the contrary, England's long range guns sent their broadsides into the unwieldy Spanish galleons and the distance between was too great to permit hand-to-hand attacks. When at night the Armada lay at anchor, the English sent fire ships bearing down upon them and in a panic cables were cut and the galleons set out for the ocean, only to need desperately the anchors they had relinquished. They were carried by adverse winds upon the rocky shores or dangerous shoals to the north, and of the noble array that set out from Spain, comparatively few ships returned. Never again did Spain attempt an invasion, although the ability of her troops remained unimpaired.

The possibility of a Spanish invasion had hung like a pall over England for many years. Threats had been made that Phillip would come to the rescue of the Roman Church. His resources being unlimited, the dread of such a calamity had been dire. Suddenly the English awoke from the nightmare that had haunted them for a quarter of a century. Their joy and exultation compare with that experienced by the Greeks when they found themselves set free from the anxiety that had clutched at their hearts when it was known that the Persian King had determined upon their subjection. In England, as two thousand years before in Athens, a new era was born of triumph. Everything now seemed possible; nothing became too extravagant for credence. The genius of a people awoke.

The death of the great Queen in 1603 found the country prosperous. A new generation had arisen that had never known the old order and was satisfied in the main with existing affairs. A growing sense of importance made the people restive under the Tudor absolutism as the long reign drew to an end. Elizabeth's popularity had been at its height when the blow was struck to Spanish pride and thereafter a keener desire to participate in the affairs of the nation was evinced by the House of Commons. One serious subject of debate which led to differences with the crown was the granting of monopolies. Salt, starch, sugar, any

and every commodity might be given as a monopoly to a favorite or used to reward loyal service. The commodities being thus "cornered," to use modern parlance, inflated prices put the very necessities of life beyond the reach of many. Finally the courts ruled that monopolies on articles of trade were illegal, but this decision came at the very close of the Queen's life.

Elizabeth possessed her father's power to judge men and gathered around her those of experience and ability. Many of her successes were beyond doubt due to the wise counsel of her associates; many of her blunders resulted when she refused to accept the good advice they gave her. Take it all in all, it is enough to know that no subsequent period has eclipsed the brilliancy of the Elizabethan age. Much being left to the ruler—the chief executive in the sixteenth century—it is evident that the glory and renown that have reverted to this distinguished queen have been largely deserved.

5. TUDOR ACHIEVEMENTS

Henry Tudor's claim to the throne had been so much in question that for some time foreign nations hesitated to recognize him as England's rightful king. Yet before his death, his dynasty had been strengthened by marriages with Spain and Scotland, while European countries as a rule sought his friendship, although England had previously been regarded as of little importance in continental affairs. By laborious effort to benefit trade, commercial advantages were won in Flanders, Denmark and Italy.

In some ways the attitude of the Tudors toward constitutional government might be compared to that of Augustus Cæsar fifteen hundred years before. The Roman Prince and the Tudor sovereigns gave deference to form and precedent. Just as Augustus made a demonstration of deferring to the Roman Senate, similarly Henry VII, on some occasions, his son and granddaughter continually, took particular pains to seek the approbation of Parliament for their measures. Yet Innes says: "Henry VIII was never more absolute than when his parliaments were in almost continual session." More and more power became concentrated in royal hands. Because Henry VII, Henry VIII and Eliz-

abeth kept close to the popular pulse, friction was usually avoided. It was later, when tactless rulers attempted to ignore the people ruthlessly and dominate them without respect to either precedent or constitutional rights that civil war ensued.

Henry VII foresaw the possibilities of England's seapower and the present English navy must regard him as its remote patron. Not until the reign of Elizabeth did the call of the sea burst in full force upon the islanders. The buccaneering spirit, so characteristic of her era, resulted in part from the sheer joy felt in the freedom of ocean. Even the reign of Queen Mary proved beneficial since, as a result of the Spanish marriage, Englishmen were allowed to go to New Spain until travel and adventure aroused in them a consuming desire for a part in New World exploration. The exigencies of trade were such that search for a passage to India—that mirage that was to blind men for a century to actualities, while they sought a creation of their fancy—enlisted the energies of a Frobisher and, though destined to prove futile, yet paved the way for more practical undertakings.

The East India Company was chartered in 1600, on the last day of the year. Of all the mercantile companies to whom monopolies were granted, none had a longer or more successful history. However, the activities of trading corporations of this character belong to the seventeenth rather than the sixteenth century.

The pernicious result of deliberately debasing a country's coinage as a means of obtaining revenues had been so thoroughly demonstrated during the reigns of Henry VIII and his two successors that, after its restoration under Elizabeth, it was never again demoralized. A pure coinage has had its important part in the establishment and maintenance of England's credit.

The solution of the religious question, so prominent at the beginning of each successive reign, accorded with the temperament of conservative Anglo-Saxons. At first sight it might easily seem as though the reigns of Edward VI and Queen Mary served little purpose but to develop patience in a long-suffering people. Yet it is reasonable to believe

that the operation of two extreme policies led to the compromising attitude of Elizabethan times. The establishment of a national Church under the control of the State was more satisfactory to the majority of subjects than continued foreign interference. While persecutions took place under Elizabeth as well as under Mary, they were launched for a different reason. Mary continued to try men for heresy. That is, their personal opinions led to their undoing. Elizabeth gave men free right of opinion but punished those whose acts failed to accord with the form of worship ordained by the State.

The Renaissance came late to England—due in part to the Hundred Years' War. It appeared during the Tudor period and its first result was to bring about educational changes and reforms. Not until the Elizabethan era did literary genius produce one of those remarkable epochs of which the world has witnessed only a few. However, only indirectly can this be attributed to the Renaissance. Expanding trade, the capture of old trade routes by Mahomedans and consequent search for new ones, led to geographical discovery. The thrill of newly discovered continents quickened the pulse and whetted the imagination. Moreover, the naval defeat imposed upon the foremost nation of the world by Englishmen, hitherto uncertain of their strength, went to their heads like wine. Being of a practical temperament, not all could burst into song, otherwise the occasion had been sufficient to invite it. The majority sought expression for their exultant feelings in sober ways: in explorations, commercial enterprises, mercantile pursuits and other work-a-day undertakings, all of which took on new impetus. Those gifted with the art of song or endowed with other literary talent were now heard, and the Elizabethan age is synonymous with literary excellence, paralleled only by ancient Athens, thirteenth century Florence, and a few rare epochs of literary distinction.

¹Hulme: *Hist. of British People*, p. 204.

FOUNDATIONS OF NAVAL SUPREMACY

1. EARLY ACTIVITIES

IT is needless to say that to islanders the sea must ever be important. Throughout the early history of Britain, enemies came again and again in boats. In remote times, to be sure, the Phœnicians, indifferent to territorial greatness, came thither to obtain tin and to "import those things which tend to effeminating the mind." These peaceful carriers were found in every promising haven, undreaded by the natives. Not to trace all sea-farers who devastated the island, it is enough to remember that Angles and Saxons and Jutes steered their fierce prows into ports and rivers and in turn put the inhabitants to the sword or forced them into the less accessible mountains. Ships brought thither William the Conqueror and his Norman lords in 1066. The relationship established in that year with Normandy was to work a material change, turning men from the possibilities of the sea to those of the continent.

By inheritance and marriage, Henry II came into possession of nearly one-half of all France, a territory much larger than that ruled at the time by the French king. Under John the larger portion of this was lost, in part to be later regained. The alluring prospect of winning an empire on the continent of Europe embroiled England in wars with France which antedated the Hundred Years' War and extended beyond it. Under such circumstances, the land became more inviting than the sea. Only transports for crossing the Channel were needed except for such craft as fisherfolk used.

Henry VII—then Duke of Richmond—came back to his native land, like previous conquerors, by sea. Being a possible claimant for the throne, life had not been safe for him in England and he had been taken when a boy to France, where latterly many of his countrymen, repelled by the tyranny of Richard III, had joined him. It is likely that as he set sail from Paris to meet the usurper in battle,

the possibilities of the sea for future English trade may have appealed to him. In any event, he soon transformed trade conditions which had borne heavily upon the merchants.

For generations wool had been sent out of England to be manufactured in Flanders. Although needing the raw material, nevertheless a substantial import tax had been placed upon it by the Flemish. Henry VII stopped all exportation of wool until a commercial treaty could be exacted from Flanders advantageous to both countries.

England had been predominantly an agricultural country and trade was in the hands of foreigners. The Hanseatic League with their great warehouses at the steelyards in London had controlled trade in the Baltic and other northern waters. Venice was in possession of the southern trade and Englishmen in the main were restricted to the coastwise carrying.

The king was instrumental in having a navigation act passed by Parliament which ruled that French wines could be brought to England only in English bottoms. These wines were contained in large wooden *tuns* or hogsheads. Thenceforth it became customary to reckon the capacity of ships by the number of these casks they could carry in the hold: a vessel had such *tunnage*, or *tonnage*, as the word soon became in common parlance.

Being crowned king did not change Henry VII in many ways. Circumstances had compelled him to become shrewd and capable. He saw the insignificant shipping equipment of his country and set a worthy example himself by becoming a ship builder on a large scale. To stimulate merchants to extend their commercial activities, he had a number of ships constructed at his own expense, thriftily storing up the sums paid him when they were leased for a trip or chartered indefinitely by trading companies. The four vessels which held his pride were the *Sweepstakes* and *Mary Fortune*, the *Sovereign* and the *Regent*. The last was his crowning achievement. The docks at Southampton were not suited to so large a ship and he transferred the naval base to Portsmouth, where it has since remained, and

built dry docks for the accommodation of the Regent when under repairs.

It was to Henry VII that Columbus' brother had been sent to seek coöperation for his adventure; but falling among pirates, he was delayed until it was too late; meanwhile the queen of Spain had come to the aid of the Genoese. A Venetian later sought him out, Giovanni Cabota, who sailed under patronage of the English king. Instead of spices and the riches of the East, he returned to tell of the unnumbered cod seen off the shores of a new-found-land. John Cabot, as he is ordinarily called, and his son Sebastian sailed again to make further discoveries but presently the pressure of needs at home prevented Henry VII from giving continued aid to the enterprise.

Henry VIII came honestly by his love of ships and far exceeded anything his father had done in construction of them; yet he built upon a solid foundation already laid. He is said to have constructed eighty-five ships in all but the exact number is less important than the innovation which he made in having heavy guns set up within them. To be sure, every ship that sailed carried weapons of warfare, for pirates infested the seas to despoil cargoes. The Regent had carried 225 guns. However, new devices had made it possible to build guns of longer range. Only merchant ships thus far had been built, battle ships being still in the future. In time of war it had been customary to erect wooden towers fore and aft on merchant carriers for the placing of armament, but the new guns were too heavy for the flimsy "castles" as these were called.

Never permitting anything to elude him when he had once determined upon it, Henry VIII gave his ship builders to understand that into his ships the heavy guns must go and for a while these were placed in the hold and discharged through apertures. Then came the idea of building ships for warfare rather than trade and the whole construction of vessels underwent a change.

Callender, who has recently written the history of the naval side of England's growth, attributes many otherwise astonishing events during Henry VIII's reign to the security he felt with his newly created warships. He says:

“With his legs astride, his thumbs in his belt, his figure gross, and his face cruel and bloated, Henry VIII, as Holbein painted him, would appear to have been selfish, sensual, intemperate, not the man to change a nation’s destiny. Yet Henry dictated to cardinals and princes, pulled Wolsey down from his pinnacle of power, divorced the daughters of foreign kings, sent to the block his wives and ministers, butchered and mutilated bishops and abbots, broke the bonds that bound England to Rome, and swept away the monastic system; and neither Pope nor emperor, temporal alliances nor spiritual prohibitions, could alter the trend of his policy by the breadth of a hair. . . .

“As soon as he was seated on the throne Henry laid down the keel of the Mary Rose, and from the time of her launch the provision of new ships built, as she was, exclusively for war, was ever his first care, his dear delight, his chief concern.

“That and that alone is the secret of his strength. Colossally selfish he may have been, but selfish folk often know how to look after themselves; and while men of greater intellect still suppose that England’s walls are made of water, Henry VIII saw the truth, constructed them of wood, and armed them, for the salvation of his realm and himself, with the biggest guns that money could buy.”¹¹

It was this innovation that later gave English seamen such an advantage over the Spanish Armada; a few vessels of the new type could put a whole fleet of ancient craft at disadvantage.

2. ELIZABETHAN SEAMEN

England was slow to enter into the contest for newly discovered lands. However, conditions at home were not favorable to participation in the work of exploration for a considerable time after Columbus’ memorable voyage. As a matter of fact, wellnigh half a century was to elapse before the wealth of the New World was well understood. The very term *New World* applied to that first period is misleading, for it was not known for years that a continent and an ocean, greater still than the Atlantic, separated Eu-

rope from Asia. Instead, it was imagined that eastern Asia had been touched and that some bay or inlet, so far undiscovered, would ultimately lead to the storied East, with its fabulous riches, its spices and coveted wares. It is necessary to keep this in mind throughout all study of the period of exploration that followed the first discoveries. For a century men threaded every river and stream, searching vainly for waters that would give access to the East.

Since Spain held the southern territory, the English presently turned to the north, Cabot's discovery of Newfoundland directing their attention thither. Two passages to India were sought: one to the northeast, the other to the northwest. In their endeavor to find the northeastern passage, the first expeditions led only to ice and snow and lives were lost. One explorer arrived at Moscow in Russia and returned with trade privileges obtained for the English. This led to the formation of the Muscovy Company, operative for a long time for the purpose of importing and exporting from Russia to England.

English exploration began in privateering adventure. Spain's claims to the New World were not accepted at full value elsewhere and tales of enormous quantities of gold and silver transported from Peru served only to arouse the cupidity of other nations. The French began to prey upon homebound Spanish vessels. A single cargo of precious metal captured by them was distributed so that even cabin boys received an astonishing share.

When Philip II came to London to wed Queen Mary, the amount of gold and silver brought along to buy favor astonished the English. "He brought with him twenty-seven chests, each forty inches long, filled with bullion, and ninety-nine horse-loads and two car loads of gold and silver. The contents of that Rich Treasury called *Perularia** were actually on their way to the Tower of London! This was only the beginning. . . . On October 2, there arrived at the Tower of London 50,000 pounds of silver in ninety-seven boxes; this substantial sum was destined to form the nucleus of Philip's "English Treasury." . . . Truly had Peter Martyr prophesied to Charles that the Indies were a

weapon wherewith he should reduce the whole world to obedience!"²

In the latter years of Henry VIII's reign, complaints of the depredations of English privateers came frequently from Spain. Due to the Spanish marriage, favorable opportunity was given during Queen Mary's life for Englishmen to visit the newly found lands, interest in them being thereby greatly increased. After the accession of Elizabeth and the reestablishment of a national church, Philip forbade all trade between England and the Spanish territories, determined that "heresy" should not reach them; determined also to preserve the dominions granted him by the Bull of 1493. Such an attitude made the doughty mariners of the latter sixteenth century eager to contest his claims. Being at peace with Spain, Elizabeth could not sanction such trespassing, yet not only the Queen but members of the Council secretly encouraged what publicly they must needs condemn.

In 1562 John Hawkins coasted along Guinea, bought or stole a cargo of negroes, went to Hayti—then known as Hispaniola—where the Spanish were glad to purchase them, although forbidden to traffic with Englishmen. On his next expedition Hawkins took along his cousin Francis Drake, and the Queen herself was a sharer in their enterprise. In 1567 she permitted two vessels of the royal fleet to sail in his company. Having put into port for repairs at what is now Vera Cruz—then San Juan d'Ulloa—a Spanish fleet appeared. Dissembling, the officers welcomed Hawkins and entertained him. Then suddenly they turned upon him, massacring many of his followers. Hawkins himself barely escaped, so incensed that he sped homeward to ask revenge. This the government promptly denied him but Drake determined to mete out punishment for such a display of treachery.

In 1576 appeared the writing of Sir Humphrey Gilbert entitled: *Discourse to Prove the Northwest Passage*. In it Gilbert pointed out the desirability of founding a colony in the New World for the needy of England, where those who now wasted their energies and time in idleness and crime might find an opportunity to make an honest living. Accord-

ingly, in 1578 he was granted a charter to settle any lands not in the actual possession of other nations. He lost his life a few years later in an attempt to accomplish it.

John Davis sailed in 1585 to find the elusive route to the East, discovering the bay that bears his name.

It was Drake who demonstrated beyond a doubt that the Spanish were not situated to protect the vast territories to which they laid claim by right of discovery and papal award. He sailed in 1577 with five ships. His own, the *Pelican*, was the largest and had a capacity of 100 tons! He captured prize after prize, securing instructive maps as well as treasure and, as it has been said, returned home with "silver for ballast." Fortunately for him, the attention of men in England was riveted upon the aid Philip was lending to Ireland in her rebellion against English rule; so, despite the protestation of the Spanish ambassador, Elizabeth knighted him and his daring deeds made his name a household word.

After experiences such as these, it was becoming apparent that the pretense of peace, which had already survived many a gloomy outlook, must eventually draw to an end. So far as Philip was concerned, he never knew whether the galleon that sailed with treasure from Peru each year would arrive in port or become a prize for buccaneers. This, together with the frequent interception of his cargoes to the Netherlands, would have been sufficient cause for war had he not been actuated by religious motives and disposed to avenge the execution of the Queen of Scots. On the other hand, their triumphs had but whetted the appetite of the English mariners. Their countrymen might look with alarm at the threatening invasion; the officers appear to have expected victory. As they had proved their ability to compete with Spanish seamen and confident in the superiority of the royal fleet, their confidence never faltered. Spain still clung to tactics that had long been employed in the Mediterranean, marshalling a naval force after the manner of an army. Vessels merely served to transport men who expected to board ships and engage in hand-to-hand skirmishes. There is not the slightest doubt that in such fighting Spain would have been the victor.

Hawkins, Frobisher and Drake; Gilbert, Raleigh and Cavendish were the men who forged the way to empire for the British. Viewed from our standards, Hawkins and Drake were little more than pirates. Viewed from their own, they acted from high motives. If result can justify the means, then time has vindicated them.

“To break the maritime power of the most formidable prince in Europe, and to throw open to the English people that New World which he arrogantly claimed as his own, was the end to which they devoted their thoughts, their energies, and their fortunes. Amidst perils of every description, among the ice of the Arctic seas and the tornadoes and pestilences of the tropics, through battle and treachery worse than battle, one and all carried their lives in their hands, year after year, in pursuit of it. One and all laid their lives down for it. Gilbert, the first to drop off, perished with his Lilliputian bark while returning from the first English colonizing expedition. Cavendish, heart-broken at failure which contrasted so painfully with his previous brilliant success, sickened and died between Brazil and England. The corpses of Hawkins and Drake sank in the West Indian seas amidst the thunder of funeral guns. Two only ended their lives on land. Frobisher crossed the Channel to die of a wound received in active service. Raleigh, the last survivor, was sacrificed to pamper the offended pride of Spain, and finished his career on the scaffold.”³

¹ Callender: *Naval Side of British Hist.*, p. 40.

² Payne: *Intro. Voyages of Elizabethan Seamen*, xxv.

³ Payne: *Intro. Voyages of Elizabethan Seamen*, ix.

* A Spanish bullion warehouse.

TWO QUEENS

1. ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND

ELIZABETH is universally conceded to have been one of the greatest women who ever occupied a throne. None has excelled her in understanding the thoughts, feelings and ideals of her subjects; in the fullest sense she was an exponent of the times.

The first twenty-five years of her life were far from happy ones. Her very birth was a sore disappointment to her parents, who had hoped for a son and heir. The unfortunate end of Anne Boleyn resulted in depriving her, in the eyes of many, of legitimacy. Strange to say, it was his last wife who brought order and kindliness into the household of Henry VIII, she treating his children with more consideration than had her predecessors and insisting upon conditions being made more tolerable for them, although, to be sure, they had all received excellent educational training.

Grief at her father's death was mingled with sorrow at losing the companionship of her half-brother, Edward, now called to the throne. His brief life ended, her half-sister Mary, sixteen years her elder, was crowned. While received at court for a time, as quickly as the unpopularity of the Spanish marriage made itself felt, Elizabeth was in continual danger, for it followed as a matter of course that the discontented element looked to her as the natural successor, not only in the event of Mary's death but in case she should be set aside. On two or three occasions the charge of treason became threatening, but the circumstances attending her infancy had moulded the Princess to depend upon herself, to make no confidants and to govern her action in a manner calculated to allay suspicion. As a matter of fact, she had a high conception of loyalty and, regardless of rumors often circulated and evidence fabricated to involve her, she steadfastly adhered to respectful obedience to Mary's commands, unjust though they frequently appeared to her. When she had been imprisoned in the Tower and was

admonished by Mary's minister to "confess her fault and throw herself upon the Queen's mercy," she calmly replied that neither in thought, deed or action had she offended against the Queen and hence needed no mercy.

"The king is dead—long live the king!" Many a time has the brief span of human life and the unimportance of the individual been attested by that cry. The Spanish ambassador wrote to Philip that the demonstrations of joy at the coronation of Elizabeth were unseemly and undignified. However, he was hardly an impartial spectator nor could he understand what intense relief the death of Mary Tudor brought to a people, shocked by the martyrdom that had marked her last years. It is the irony of fate that the ruler who fervently desired to reclaim England for Catholicism, by her extreme cruelty to adherents of the new faith turned away even the sympathy of pious Catholics.

One who had not been disciplined by dangers and personal inconvenience might have gone to the other extreme and immediately swung the pendulum in the opposite direction; but Elizabeth was always conservative. Extremes were in contradiction to stability of government. Well has it been observed that above all else, Elizabeth loved order and could never understand why this should not be the first concern of all sovereigns. Gradually, almost before they were aware, the Anglican Church was brought back again to the people, but not until plots within plots indicated the dangers that would arise from extreme Romanists should they suffer under the new régime.

The disasters that could attend an undetermined succession were thoroughly known in England; consequently it was thought highly desirable that the Queen should marry and provide an heir for the throne. Yet as many objections could be argued against such a procedure as in favor of it. Mary's marriage to Philip of Spain had failed to provide an heir. In the absence of direct succession, new claims to the throne would be likely to arise, and the English had no desire for foreign rule. Again, there was no suitable prince for the Queen's hand. Philip offered himself provided Elizabeth would espouse Catholicism—an unlikely condition in view of the prevailing sentiment in England.

Catherine de Medici offered three sons in turn. Other alliances were suggested. Although Elizabeth dallied with each, to let successive proposals die natural deaths rather than cause offense, there is no substantial reason to believe that she seriously entertained any of them. Robert Dudley, whom she made Earl of Leicester, probably held her heart as far as it was given to any man, but the death of his wife, under conditions at least of a nature to arouse suspicion, made such an alliance out of the question, although it is extremely doubtful if it could have been really considered favorably by the nation in any event. Certain it is that as long as he lived Dudley guarded her life with his own, as indeed became a subject. In spite of having won her censure for having overstepped authority in the Netherlands, he was immediately summoned home when an alarming plot against the Queen was discovered.

Like her grandfather, Elizabeth was not only thrifty but parsimonious. The fact that her wardrobe contained three thousand dresses at her death is often cited as evidence that she did not hesitate to spend for personal adornment. It is rarely explained that many of these costumes had been handed down by her predecessors for generations and that the royal wardrobe was drawn upon for the players who appeared before her, those enacting the parts of earlier rulers often being arrayed in the apparel of the ones they represented.

Before all else the Queen placed the love of her subjects and she knew very well that a sure way of antagonizing them was to ask for large subsidies. Often her dislike of arousing popular resentment led her into needless economies and made her appear niggardly in the eyes of those who failed to understand the situation. Then too there is no question but that she was instinctively averse to parting with what belonged to her, as proved when Mary Stuart besought her to accommodate her with a wardrobe when, having eluded her guards in Scotland, she suddenly appeared across the border. The few miserable garments which Elizabeth supplied made her appear mean in the sight of those acquainted with the circumstance.

It is impossible to speak of Elizabeth without harking

back to that sad tragedy of her reign: the death of the Scotch queen. Although there is no doubt that the English sovereign would gladly have been rid of her inconvenient prisoner, it is equally certain that she shrank from taking her life. Even after Mary's conspiracy for her assassination had been proved to the satisfaction of the royal Council, still Elizabeth withheld the signature required for her cousin's execution. This much can at least be said: that the pages of English history afford no illustration of a ruler enduring as much from any rival as did Elizabeth before she yielded to the advice of her ministers.

There was much that was unlovely in the Queen. Something of her father's coarse nature had been transmitted to his daughter. There were lacking those regal qualities so inseparably associated with royalty; yet truth compels one to admit that these have often been found lacking. Ill health and worn nerves often led to loss of self-control and to futile feminine displays of temper. Yet, when all is said and done, whenever it came to a crisis, Elizabeth invariably rose to the occasion. She was never lacking in courage when her country needed her discreet action. Her kingdom was regarded as a trust which she accepted conscientiously.

Royal progresses were frequently made by rulers at this time. Elizabeth regarded them as not only a means of making their sovereign better known to people away from the capital—the usual motive for making a royal progress—but saw in them opportunity for economy in the royal household, which must needs provide for numerous attendants of one rank or another. To be sure, her gain was some noble's loss and towns through which she passed often incurred heavy expenses in providing entertainment fit for a queen. No festivities ever set before her, so far as we know, rivaled those lavish and ingenious diversions instated by Leicester at Kenilworth Castle and the description given of them in Scott's novel adheres to what is elsewhere related of them.

There are many angles from which one may study the life of this capable ruler. Like the age in which she lived, it embraced much that was dramatic. It is possible to

think of her first twenty-five years as one drama, ending favorably with a crown, although skirting dangerously near catastrophe in several instances. There is the Mary Stuart drama, beginning when Henry II of France instructed the Dauphin's wife to add to the arms of Scotland and France those of England. Ambassadors at the French court were entertained at dinner where the table service bore the coats-of-arms of the three nations. This would include the period when, after the death of Darnley, Elizabeth's voice alone was heard protesting against the unproven charges laid to the Scotch queen's account; ending, of course, in profound tragedy. The Dudley episode is not lacking in dramatic qualities and the English tourist is still shown the bed from which it is sometimes said the beautiful Amy Robsart fell to her doom. Surely it was a thrilling moment in her life when, against the advice of her ministers who feared attempts upon her life, Elizabeth rode in armour before the forces ready to meet the Spanish invasion, inspiring them and binding them still closer to her.

There is no doubt that Elizabeth realized her own capacity for acting and that she studied her parts on many occasions with an avowed purpose of achieving her will. However, it is easy to turn from these situations of her own creation to moments when her fidelity to responsibilities of state stood forth unqualified. How could a ruler win a minister's complete surrender to duty better than with the words she addressed to Sir William Cecil upon appointing him chancellor—or chief minister: "This judgment I have of you, that you will not be corrupted with any manner of gifts, and that you will be faithful to the State; and that without respect of my private will, you will give me that counsel that you think best." And again to judges: "Have a care over my people. You have my people—do you that which I ought to do. They are my people. Every man oppresseth and spoileth them without mercy. They cannot avenge their quarrel nor help themselves. See unto them, for they are mine charge. I charge you, even as God hath charged me."

The student of her life is aware of a great loneliness gripping at the heart of the aging queen in her last years.

Those who had made the way easy at her accession were gone; for some of them there was remorse over the ingratitude which had rewarded their fidelity. The compliments once appropriately heaped upon a young, attractive woman just made queen became artificial and often absurd when addressed to one of advanced years. It is their misfortune that rulers have few equals and no friends in the ordinarily accepted sense of that word. In full possession of her keen, penetrating mind, Elizabeth could not fail to be aware that her popularity had long since passed its zenith. It is the way of the world that men look to the future, not the past; and it is not unlikely that she vaguely comprehended some of the dangers that must inevitably come upon her beloved country when a foreign line should succeed her—she being last of her house. It was her advantage to be contrasted with the early Stuarts, whose unconstitutional measures made them most unpopular. Certainly the esteem in which “Good Queen Bess” has continued to be held by her countrymen is as sublime a monument as even her proud spirit could have wished.

2. MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

It is more than three hundred and fifty years since the beautiful Scotch queen met her tragic end; yet perhaps as many volumes concerning her have appeared in the last decade as in any ten years since 1568. It is sometimes the portion of renowned persons to be forever condemned; of others, to be uniformly commended. Rarely has a historical character been so continually the theme of heated discussion; biographers as a rule are either under the spell of her beauty, hence disposed to see events as they seemed to her, or, being sympathizers of the great English queen, her rival and contemporary, they interpret every act after the manner of Knox and his pious but bigoted adherents. Often Mary Stuart has been made the subject of plays and it is to the realm of drama that her narrative rightly belongs.

To discover the origin of the house of Stuart, one must turn back the pages of Scottish annals, to that Fitz-Alan who became the first High Steward of the realm. To serve



WEAVERS' HOUSES, CANTERBURY

Here the Huguenot Refugees found sanctuary in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and enriched England by their knowledge of the weaver's art.

the king in so important a rôle was cause for pride and *Steward* becomes *Stewart*, later *Stuart*. Marjory, daughter of Robert the Bruce, was given in marriage to a fourth-generation descendent of Fitz-Alan and through her right, her son ascended the throne. In 1542 when James V, unable to endure the disgrace of Solway Moss, succumbed to humiliation more than disease, word was brought to him on his death bed that his wife, Margaret of Lorraine, had just given birth to a daughter. The beginnings of his house flashed into his mind and he muttered: "It cam' wi' a lass and it will gang wi' a lass!"

The two hundred years and more that had flown since Marjory had assisted a Stuart to the throne had encompassed many a tragedy. Such ruin as Greek dramatists portrayed as ever suspended over certain families seemed to pursue the Stuarts. Louis XV of France once exclaimed that of the unfortunate Stuarts he never wished to hear again. He doubtless realized that what had overtaken them might engulf another royal line. There must always be something attractive, yet repellant, fascinating yet inexplicable, in a study of this house.

Her father's death led to the coronation of Mary Stuart within a week of her birth. The Queen Mother needed all her courage and determination to control the restless, lawless elements that made up the five hundred thousand Scottish subjects. Belonging to the family of Guise that was making its influence so strongly felt in France, the queen regent had the interests of her brothers even nearer to her heart than the simple folk over whom circumstance had placed her as regent.

The people of Scotland were divided socially by deep and yawning chasms. There were the fierce, warlike Highlanders, clothed in kilts of plaid, in hue like the heather around them; there were the Lowlanders; and least tractable of all were Border men, whose depredations had reached into England intermittently for centuries.

Many an offer of marriage came for the tiny queen. She was taken secretly with the four Marys, daughters of noble families, to the safety of an island where her infancy was happily spent. Henry VIII conceived the idea of unit-

ing England and Scotland by a marriage between the Scotch queen and Edward. Disliking the English and favoring the French, the people preferred to have her given to the Dauphin; consequently, while the bluff English sovereign supposed his proposal was being favorably considered by the queen mother and her council, Mary was spirited away with the other Marys by sea to the land that was to be her home for a dozen years or more. She was brought up with the children of Henry II and Catherine de'Medici and betrothed to the Dauphin, whom she married when sixteen. Regarding her training at the French court it is said:

"The princess was early accustomed to the ceremony of receiving and dismissing visitors, taught to dispense smiles when she had not the privilege to distribute favors, and, almost before she had left the nursery, to enact the pageant of the future queen. In the drawing room, as on the stage, a certain step and carriage were among the chief requisites. A diligent application to etiquette was required to enable the debutante princess always to use the action suited to the speech, to offer such salutation as the person was entitled to expect, graduating from the sisterly embrace to the scarcely perceptible inclination of the head, from the ardent greeting at the very entrance of the hall, or the gracious approach towards the middle of the apartment, to the advance of a few paces from the chair of State. The artificial divisions of rank had introduced at the court a corresponding variety of gradations in ceremony, tediously minute and inelegant, but which, perhaps, in some degree relieved the insignificance and enlivened the monotony of diurnal life."

Those who wonder that the expedience of changing her faith after her return to Scotland did not appeal to Mary lose sight of the fact that during the most impressionable years she had been trained to look with dismay upon the "heretical faith." When the queen mother came to visit her two years after their separation, Mary, now eight, inquired "whether divine worship had been preserved in uncontaminated purity" and whether the priests were "expressing detestation for all who had forsaken the faith of their fathers." One is compelled to think that questions

of such import had been suggested to her by those of mature minds. Steadily and with but one exception, Mary clung to the religion of her childhood—and that exception was but a sacrifice made to an overpowering infatuation.

Francis II lived less than two years after his coronation. He delighted in Mary, and her tact, patience and appealing beauty made his way easier when affairs of state devolved upon him. As a matter of fact, his duties were social rather than political, for Guise and his brother, the Bishop of Lorraine, relieved him of governmental affairs. Catherine de'Medici had little influence at court so long as these powerful nobles were in power. This was why she disliked them so heartily and tried to exclude them from the government later. Her hatred of them was visited to some extent upon the hapless Scotch queen, who was their niece.

Upon the death of her boy-husband, there was no longer reason for her to linger in France, especially as she was obviously not wanted by Catherine. Accordingly, she returned to her native kingdom.

Some maintain that regardless of the guile of the French Court, Mary had been so sheltered that she was not contaminated by its influences to any great extent. Certainly her own life there was so far above reproach as to awaken wide comment. However, no member of the dynasty of Valois weighed seriously his duties to his subjects, but rather considered their duties to him. Someone has said that Mary regarded her kingdom as an estate, and truer words were never written. From start to finish, she never had any conception of a ruler's duty to a realm.

Not yet nineteen, this girl-widow returned to a stern and inhospitable shore—Scotland was poor and retarded in development. Even the nobles were for the most part rough, uncultivated men. Nor was this the worst, from the standpoint of the young, vivacious queen: during her absence the teachings of Calvin as interpreted by Knox had gained a firm foothold. This was Protestantism in its most repelling, arbitrary form. Born in Catholicism, Mary had spent her life thus far within the fold of the Church. The French capital was gay and extravagant. The court

was filled with intrigue, to be sure, but it was also a center of music, spectacles, and other diversions. She came now to a land where the pious were shocked at her love of gaiety. Knox denounced from the pulpit her balls, and when it became known that she heard mass in the palace, only force restrained the people from breaking in to destroy "popery."

Having always viewed life from a personal standpoint, Mary was not able suddenly to evince a wise understanding of statecraft, and nothing else could have aided her at this juncture. Heretofore her part had been to propitiate, captivate by her charm and win friends by her many pleasing ways. Now she was face to face with a critical political and religious situation: Scotland had largely parted with the old and elected the new faith, although there were ardent Romanists in the land. Probably the only safe course for the queen would have been to gather around her the ablest minds of the realm and entrust a royal council to administer affairs. Never perceiving what was imperative from the standpoint of the kingdom, Mary continued to view matters from a personal standpoint.

Eager to reestablish Catholicism in Scotland, she hoped to strengthen her position by an advantageous marriage. Philip's son was mentioned among other possible suitors. Suddenly she married Lord Darnley, who, with the exception of herself, was the nearest heir to the English throne.

Like certain of her later actions, this was ill advised. It would have been easy to have ascertained that this nineteen year old boy lacked every redeeming quality. He had a retarded mentality, was irritable, jealous and ill-bred. When the proud queen yielded to his imperious demands that he be made king immediately, he at once began to treat her with intolerable disrespect. At his command, Riccio, an Italian whom she had made her secretary, was stabbed to death almost before her eyes.

Mary gave birth to a son, to the great joy of the nation. As James I, he became first of the Stuart line in England. However, the problem of this under-developed husband, impressed with his own arrogance, became so impelling that it was generally understood by her nobles that their

sovereign would be thankful to be rid of him. This led to a bungling plot for his murder, of which the queen could scarcely have remained unaware even if she were not, as many contend, an accomplice to it. The Earl of Bothwell had returned to Scotland from France and for him Mary conceived an ardent passion. Her plight was so helpless, surrounded by enemies on every side, that his physical strength and sturdy independence may have seemed the most to be desired of all qualities in a consort. In any event, while Bothwell was associated in the popular mind with the ruthless murder of Darnley, to the amazement of Europe and the shame of Scotland, Mary was married to him. This was more than the outraged Calvinists could endure. To alleviate their wrath, Mary abdicated the throne in favor of her infant son, who was promptly proclaimed king, while she was sent to Loch Leven under guard. Escaping, partisans rallied to her cause. They were defeated by forces of the regent. Bothwell fled and Mary rode without rest over one hundred miles to reach England, where she threw herself upon the generosity of Queen Elizabeth.

One act after another had undermined the loyalty of her subjects. Whether one accepts these as of her own planning or takes the stand that she was the victim of circumstances, the fact remains that, to a people who had lately gained a Bible and church service in their own language and had been pursuing righteousness as interpreted by Knox, the last tie had now been severed between them and their queen, and they transferred their allegiance to the infant king. So far as Scotland was generally concerned, this was the conclusion of the whole matter. For Mary it was but the beginning of new difficulties.

The queen's arrival was perplexing to Elizabeth. Mary stood nearest in line to the English throne. The Catholics would gladly have welcomed her to restore the ancient faith. However, Elizabeth granted her cousin's request that her case be heard. A commission to represent her and the kingdom of Scotland met at York. Nothing being proved one way or the other, Elizabeth endeavored to have Mary received again in her own country under certain

specified conditions. However, this was refused by the government without qualification. One wonders sometimes why, instead of forever arraigning the English queen for her parsimonious habits that led to Mary's retinue being cut down from sixty to thirty servitors, for restrictions placed upon the royal prisoner so that her exercise was necessarily limited and the like, so little is said of her own countrymen who refused to have their erstwhile sovereign returned to them; probably it is easier to accuse an individual than a nation.

The execution of the worst scoundrel in the country is abhorrent. It is appalling to read of the readiness with which life was taken in the past. The spectacle of a beautiful woman who had been crowned queen in two countries being led to the scaffold and beheaded, whether actually witnessed or read in pages that graphically review the repulsive story, is sufficient to explain all the vindications ever written of Mary Stuart. Sovereigns at least know how to die. Her courage and regal bearing made an indelible impression upon those who beheld her and their testimony resounds even unto our own day.

Divested of her striking beauty and physical charm, it is unlikely that the story of this Stuart would have made such a vivid impress upon the world—which is only another way of saying that, captivated by her proud and pleasing appearance, whatever faults had been imputed to her became as naught. Only the pathos of her situation was considered.

Did Mary participate in the scheme to dispatch Darnley? Was she aware of it? Did she write the Casket letters found after Bothwell's flight, and attributed to her? Was she a willing captive when Bothwell abducted her and took her to his estate? Had this little farce been planned between them? Questions such as these keep the life of Mary Stuart ever open for new interpretations.

The world has since learned what the Scotch queen never learned: that to be a successful ruler, one must efface self and become consecrated to duty. Abandonment to an overwhelming passion of love is scarcely to be reconciled with uniform devotion to public concerns. One must choose

whether one will be a woman or a queen; it is difficult to be both. Mary refused to plead before the tribunal summoned to try her for treason because, she said, being a queen, she was not accountable for her acts to men. Such was the attitude of rulers in the sixteenth century and such the claim of the house of Stuart. It required the execution of her grandson to disprove it and even then James II failed later to comprehend it.

It was probably a distinct gain that these misconceptions of royal privilege should have been given prominence in the person of one whose generosity, courage and other fine qualities show forth as in the beautiful Queen of Scots. Having been made most alluring and set forth with incisive appeal, yet they were proved mistaken. To quote the oft-repeated words of Talleyrand, that a certain action was "worse than a crime—it was a blunder," so taking them one by one, Mary heaped blunder upon blunder. This would have been disastrous in anyone. It must eventually lead to catastrophe in a ruler.

SOCIAL LIFE IN TUDOR ENGLAND

IT has been estimated that the population of England in the Elizabethan period was approximately 4,000,000. During the chaotic conditions brought on by the Wars of the Roses, the rural population had tended to gather within walled towns for safety, since, with the abatement of authority and weakening of the central government, sheriffs no longer supplied the usual protection and marauders were abroad in the land; so neither life nor property was safe. Much was said by early writers regarding the falling away of the population within walled towns; however, it is reasonable to suppose that this indicated little more than a natural adjustment of people who had shifted about during years of civil strife.

The principal city of the realm was London, where about two hundred thousand people dwelt. The present city incorporates within its limits areas which then formed suburbs and adjacent towns. Ancient London lay on the north bank of the Thames; it was the center of English commercial activity. The bank of the river was lined with imposing residences throughout the entire distance intervening between London and Westminster, the political center and capital. Westminster was the home of Parliament and of the high courts of England. Both towns were walled. It was possible to walk from one town to the other along the Strand, but the way was muddy in winter, dusty in summer and never pleasant. Consequently passengers were ferried back and forth, from one extremity of the settlements along the river to the other. Flights of stairs at frequent intervals led down to boat-landings, and this mode of transit was conducted as regularly as lines of buses or street cars are today. "Westward Ho!" "Eastward Ho!" resounded along the river banks continually during the day and late into the evening. These cries gave warning to the hundreds of waiting boatmen as to what direction would be taken by their competitors who had been fortunate enough to secure their "fares."

It is safe to say that the average person today gleans his knowledge of Elizabethan England largely from Shakespeare's plays and it would be difficult to suggest a better source. Drama was the popular literary expression of these years and among the playwrights of his age, Shakespeare stands supreme. Allusions to contemporary conditions were continually made by him; facts concerning country and city, manners and customs, follies and foibles may be found in profusion. The human types introduced into his plays are often spoken of as universal, since the master who created them wrought them so true to life that they have been readily understood by men of all lands and ages; yet it is true that into his great company Shakespeare gathered certain characters who belonged essentially to his own day and who could by no means be duplicated now. Were he writing in this twentieth century his discerning eye would discover types unknown to Elizabethan England, while others then familiar have disappeared. More careful attention to phrases often unheeded in his plays would throw into relief much that is illuminating for this colorful, highly absorbing stage of English development. Words and expressions which at first sight appear meaningless or of slight importance, upon investigation prove to be full of meat. Lacking acquaintance with life as it was then lived, many who now peruse his plays or watch their presentation miss much that was instantly grasped by Shakespeare's contemporaries.

Perhaps the first impression now made upon the Shakespearean student is that the age must have been coarse indeed; and so it was. Of all Elizabethan dramatists, Shakespeare wrote the cleanest plays; so this impression conveyed by his writings would only be intensified by a study of his contemporaries. Many subjects which are no longer discussed openly were then treated with the utmost candour. The hearts of the people were warm and sound, but their tastes were unrefined. Immorality was treated as a matter of course. There is much to indicate that the number of women of loose character has seldom been greater in proportion to the population than in Elizabethan London. Their presence in the streets, around the stalls

and even around the courts is continually alluded to in writings of the day.

After the coarseness of the age, the next thing that is likely to strike us is its cruelty. The people exulted in sheer physical strength, health and vigour. Like swaggering, burly youths, many of them delighted in their strong right arms and were as confident with their ever-ready swords as their Good King Hal had been with his *Great Harry*. Insanity was not then understood as a pitiable form of mental disease. The insane, if harmless, afforded endless merriment by their queer antics; if dangerous, they were often cruelly treated.

Even the sports were brutal. Bear baiting was heartily enjoyed. In arranging with letter carriers to take them from place to place, passengers often had it provided that stop-overs should be allowed in towns where cock-fighting was going on. And these were among the least objectionable examples of heartlessness.

It has been well observed that two great changes between that age and our own make it difficult for us now to appreciate certain of the Elizabethan plays: First, as a rule, it often happens that no one in an audience has personally witnessed a violent death; and again, we are not accustomed to seeing men take the administration of justice into their own hands. To run a sword through an opponent was then so ordinary an occurrence as to excite no surprise. Violent deaths were frequent. Not so many years before, during the reign of Queen Mary, at least three hundred persons were burned to death or dispatched in other cruel ways because of their religious convictions. Above the gate-towers of London bridge might be seen the heads of victims executed by order of the sovereign or Parliament. Bodies swung from trees or scaffolds throughout the country and were frequently observed by those who went about from town to town. Moreover, men settled their own differences among themselves quite as often as they referred them to a judiciary.

Another feature of the sixteenth century which astounds us is its lack of sanitation. When Henry VII came to London none of the streets were paved. The highways leading

to different parts of the kingdom were well nigh impassable during rainy season. In London the streets were narrow and irregular. Many of the thoroughfares were overhung by the second stories of the buildings on either side. Through them pigs wallowed in the mire. Into a gutter in the center, waste water and garbage was thrown from the houses, and it behooved passersby to keep a sharp lookout lest they be deluged by refuse thrown out by careless servants.

Within the house rushes were strewn over floors. When these had become withered and crushed, new supplies would be scattered on top. This might be done again and again, the entire deposit being removed only at rare intervals. When the odour of decomposition became unbearable, perfumers were called in to burn sweet-smelling woods or perfumes to overpower the objectionable smell. Instead of wondering at the plagues that swept over the land every few years, we may well marvel that the population survived. Little is heard of baths; dirt was covered up. Beds were curtained so as practically to shut out such air as the room afforded; night air being regarded as dangerous, fresh air was excluded as far as possible.

Chimneys became general in the sixteenth century. Before their use the smoke of the hearth had escaped through a hole in the room or wall as best it might. Oiled paper, translucent horn and other materials employed to close windows gave way to glass, to the benefit of house interiors, where now the sun could penetrate. Pillows were another innovation.

Such changes seemed degenerating to many of the time. William Harrison, a well disposed clergyman, voiced such sentiments. He wrote: "And yet see the change, for when our houses were builded of willow, then had we oken men; but now that our houses are come to be made of oke, our men are become willow. . . . Now have we many chimnies; and yet our tenderlings complain of catarhs and poses.* Then had we none but open hearths and our heads did never ake. For as the smoke in those days was supposed to be a sufficient hardning for the timber of the house, so it was reputed a far better medicine to keep the goodman and his

familie from the quacke or pose, wherewith, as then, very few were oft acquainted."

As a recent writer suggests: "In every age men believe that their new comforts are signs of the nation's approaching decay, and every age is convinced that it suffers more from physical delicacy than the age which preceded. The Elizabethans had further to lament that their windows were made of glass, and not of open lattice-work; that many floors had carpets that lately had rushes; that timber houses were giving way to houses of brick and stone, smoothly plastered inside; and that even inferior artificers and many farmers possessed comfortable beds, hung with tapestry, and used pillows (once thought meet only for women in childbed) instead of a log or at best a sack of chaff."¹

One may be surprised to learn that, due to the great influx of precious metals from the New World, even the simpler people could have silver table utensils. Thereupon, "the gentry, as loathing the metals, silver and gold, because of the plenty, chose generally the Venetian glass."

Such were the conditions of streets and roadways that even royalty rode horses, unless they could make their progress by water. In 1564 coaches were first brought to England. A contemporary relates the strange impression they created. "For indeed a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of it put both horse and man into amazement; some said it was a great crab shell brought out of China, and some imagined it to be one of the Pagan temples, in which cannibals worshipped the devil; but at last these doubts were cleared and coach making became a substantial trade."

What with springless coaches and rough roads, it is no wonder that we read of Queen Elizabeth suffering from having been thrown about by a fast driver. Passengers not only "suffered pains" but frequently sustained worse injuries in these cumbersome affairs.

Regardless of much that seems to us primitive, such as lack of privacy, of sanitation, and of what we consider absolute necessities today, London was a wealthy center. To the citizens of London the king appealed when large

sums were unexpectedly required. Henry VII negotiated a small loan early in his reign and so astonished his creditors by discharging it promptly that henceforth he experienced no difficulty in obtaining assistance. The risk of loaning to rulers may be judged when we learn that fourteen per cent interest was commonly charged them.

An Italian ambassador wrote of the impression made upon him by the English capital in the early years of the sixteenth century. He said: "The most remarkable thing in London is the wonderful quantity of wrought silver. I do not allude to that in private houses, though the landlord of the house in which the Milanese ambassador lived, had plate to the amount of 100 crowns, but to the shops of London. In one single street, named the Strand, leading to St. Paul's, there are fifty-two goldsmith's shops, so rich and full of silver vessels, great and small, that in all the shops in Milan, Rome, Venice and Florence put together, I do not think there would be found so many of the magnificence that are to be seen in London. . . . These great riches of London are not occasioned by its inhabitants being noblemen or gentlemen; being all, on the contrary, persons of low degree, and artificers who have congregated there from every other place."

This was an age that still clung to a belief in ghosts, witches, fairies, magic, all kinds of fortune-telling and delving into the unknown future. The problem of how to handle the ghost in *Hamlet*, so puzzling to our own sophisticated day, was then simplicity itself. The plot of fairies aiding in the exchanging of newly born babies was often employed by dramatists. The gullible person was considered legitimate sport for the satirist, yet the great queen herself, notwithstanding her familiarity with Greek and Latin, sent in haste for the magician or astrologer on more than one occasion. Nash wrote in a highly satirical vein of the imposters who acquired a little smattering of Latin, manufactured some potions out of the first material at hand, and inveigled the simple and credulous into parting with their coins to hear his jargon.

"They begin to get a library of three or four old rusty manuscript books, which they themselves nor any one else

can read; and furnish their shops with a thousand *quid pro quos* that would choke any horse.

“They will ever more talk doubtfully, as if there were more in them than they meant to make public, or was applicable to every common man’s capacity; when God be their rightful judge, they utter all that they know and a great deal more.”

The costumes of both men and women of this era were designed rather to conceal than to reveal the figure. Women donned a framework of wire and whalebone before adding those farthingales, that appear so astonishing in Elizabethan portraits. Ruffs, worn first by men, were soon adopted by women. At first they were so perishable that their cost made them prohibitive. Then, Stubbes relates in his scathing criticisms of prevailing excesses, of the importing of “a certain kind of liquid matter which they called *starch*, wherein the devil hath willed them to wash and die their ruffs well; and this starch they make of divers colours and hues—white, red, blue, purple and the like; which, being dry, will then stand stiff and inflexible about their necks.” It thus being possible to freshen the ruff and use it again and again, it came into general use. Comfortable it certainly was not. The head could only be moved slightly and it is told of a Parisian who wore a very large one, that she was compelled to use a spoon twenty-four inches long in order to partake of soup. However picturesque the masculine apparel may appear in illustrations, men found it necessary to pad too much for comfort. “Wool, hair, rags and often bran,” we are told, “were used to pad out the doublet and hose.” The extravagance in dress of both sexes occasioned ridicule in other lands. Stubbes insisted that “the women when they have all these goodly robes upon them, seem to be the smallest part of themselves, not natural women but artificial women.” Courtiers were as vain as women in their slashed doublets and padded hose.

The growth of trade had given rise to a rapidly increasing middle class in towns that profited by commercial activities, especially in London. However, despite the extravagance that brought forth the condemnation of Puritan and alarmist in London and which led to statutes enacted to

check the lavish sums expended upon dress, life in the country was little affected. Here, as ever, the toiler worked early and late, discharging the duties of recurring seasons. It is illuminating to turn to a manual of Husbandry, written in the sixteenth century, which enumerates, among other things, the tasks to be done by the farmer's wife.

"First sweep the house, dress up the dishboard, and set all things in good order within the house. Milk the kine, suckle the calves, strain the milk, take up and dress the children, provide breakfast, dinner and supper for the family and servants. Arrange for sending corn and malt to the mill for baking and brewing when necessary. Measure it to and from the mill and see that you have full measure returned. Make the butter and cheese when you can. Feed the swine morning and evening, and the poultry in the morning. Look after the hen, duck and goose eggs, and make sittings of them when the fowls are broody; and take care of the chickens. In early March get the garden in order, and then keep it weeded. Sow flax and hemp. The housewife must know all about the treatment of flax and hemp for sheets, board cloths, towels, shirts, smocks, and such other necessities; therefore her distaff should be always at hand for a pastime, it stops an idle gap, though a woman cannot make a living by a distaff alone. She should have part of the wool of the farm for clothes, blankets, and coverlets; while other duties that may fall to her lot are winnowing corn; making malt, washing, haymaking, harvesting, spreading manure, plough driving, loading hay or corn; going to market to sell dairy produce, poultry or corn, and to buy all the household requisites."

Tickner gives some idea of the recompense for those who worked for wage—as of course the farmer's wife did not. Laws stipulated that a chief shepherd was not to be paid more than twenty shillings a year in addition to food and five shillings for clothing. Women who worked in the country received ten shillings per year with food and four shillings for clothing. The domestic drudges in the town households had the sorriest times; their labors never ended. In some cases they were required to rise at three in the

morning. Food was doled out to them by thrifty housewives and their yearly wage was but a trifling amount.

In the seventeenth century there came a fire that wiped out most of the buildings which had been famous in Tudor London. Finer ones arose to take their places, but the medieval character of the town was largely destroyed. English life was gayest at the capital and in those days when explorers and buccaneers were bringing back thrilling accounts of marvelous sights in lands across the sea, there must have been much that was colorful and animated to be seen. Along the river, with its varied craft, outside the walls, in those playhouses at which the Puritans directed so much condemnation, in the streets and meeting places, the old and the new met together and rapid changes were taking place. The following picture brings certain aspects of the age vividly before us:

“Wherever one walked there arose the busy hum and mingled sounds of work: the melodious anvil rang out from a court; the cry of the ’prentices sounded in Chepe; the song of those who retailed wares was heard about the street; the women who sold fish cried aloud; the man who carried water also cried his wares; and so did the baker who took round the loaves. In the broad streets, Chepe and Cornhill and Bishopgate Street, the knights and men-at-arms rode slowly along; perhaps a great noble entered the city with five hundred followers all wearing his livery; broad-wheeled wagons heavily rumbled; the queen was carried along in her cumbrous but richly decorated carriage or her horse litter. The mayor rode down the street accompanied by the sheriffs and the aldermen on the way to a city function; a trumpeter, a drummer, and a piper preceded a little procession, in which the principal figure was a man tied on a hurdle with a whetstone round his neck to show that he was a liar and a cheat; thus was the attention of the people called to the culprit, and they were invited to assist at his pillory, and were admonished of the punishment meted out to offenders. And all the time from every shop and stall and sold the voice of the ’prentice was uplifted, crying: ‘Buy! buy! buy! What d’ye lack? What d’ye lack?’ Above all, and all day long, was heard the ringing of the bells in

the hundred and fifty churches and chapels of the city. They sounded all together for early mass, and all together for angelus; at other times for the various services in the religious houses, even at midnight they sounded, when the monks were summoned from their warm beds to matins. It was a noisy, bustling city, full of life and animation; the people were always ready to fight, always dreading fire, a famine, a plague, yet always hopeful; and the city was always young as befits a city continually at work."

¹ Trail: *Social Eng.* Vol. III, p. 543.

* Colds in the head.

ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE

DURING the reigns of the early Tudors, English literature compared far from favorably with that of Italy and France. The classical revival had stimulated a vital interest in Greek and Latin writings and numerous translations were made for the convenience of those unfamiliar with these tongues. It must be admitted that many of them were rendered in vicious verse, to the sacrifice of meaning as well as expression. English renderings were also made of French and Italian writers, those in prose being fairly acceptable, since the original sense was generally preserved.

Because the labor of literary men was largely directed into channels such as these the early Tudor literature is often classified as educational, much being done to facilitate people to gain an education. The keynote of the Renaissance had been the possibility of the individual and demand for more schools and wider educational opportunities grew in consequence. During the Middle Ages learning had been largely confined to the clergy. It is probable that in Shakespeare's lifetime not half the population of England could read or write; yet the excellent instruction afforded by such famous grammar schools as those of Stratford, Eton, Westminster, and Canterbury testify to the deepening determination that the average boy should receive more than rudimentary training.

Religious agitation provoked a lively production of pamphlets, written by Catholics and Protestants alike. These were often bitter in their condemnations of opponents and merely added fuel to smoldering religious fires.

Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne in 1558; neither during the first half of the century nor for two decades longer was any great achievement forthcoming in the world of letters. Nevertheless it is easy to show that preparation was being made during the first seventy-five years of the sixteenth century for the remarkable accomplishments of the last quarter.

James VI of Scotland became James I of England in



HARVARD HOUSE, STRATFORD (on right) home of the mother of John Harvard,
founder of Harvard University (on left) GARRICK INN.

1603 and his son Charles succeeded him in 1625. For convenience sake it is customary to include the reign of James in what is obviously misnamed the Elizabethan age; many writers go so far as to include all literary production of the seventeenth century before the outbreak of civil war in 1642 in this elastic classification. As a rule the half century intervening between 1575 and 1625 is considered as a whole. To find a parallel in productivity it is necessary to hark back to Athens of the age of Pericles.

The popular literary expression of this fifty years, called for convenience Elizabethan, was beyond any question *drama*. Several reasons account for this, not least among them the fact that, while less than half the people could read with ease, all could listen and observe. The comparison often made between Periclean days and those of Elizabeth, two thousand years later, may include the patience with which audiences in both eras listened to the spoken word, content to have actors enunciate lengthy speeches so long as these were acceptably composed and rendered. Not only did the people gain some conception of their history in the theatre; they acquired a vocabulary, standards of judgment and ethical instruction while they jostled one another in the pit.

Drama being considered elsewhere, it is eliminated entirely from this discussion; but it should not be forgotten that it held a dominating place in the last decades of the sixteenth and early seventeenth century.

After drama, next in importance came poetry, and in this field the greatest name is that of Spenser. He purposed to do what many fancied might be done ere the brilliant period concluded: to compose a great poem which should do for England what Virgil had done for Augustan Rome. Although his work was only well begun—if we credit the tradition that he first planned to compose twenty-four books—many contend that he actually accomplished his end.

Though there were none to stand with Spenser, the age of the great queen produced many lesser songsters.

In considering the lyricists of the period it should be taken into consideration that few if any of these men con-

fined themselves solely to verse-making. Indeed, the best of them were men of action. The controlling thought of the day led every cultivated person to attempt verses; at the same time it visited scorn upon those who employed such a gift as a means of livelihood. Consequently the writing of poetry was an avocation—rarely a vocation. Read the life of Sir Philip Sidney and learn how full it was! Follow Sir Walter Raleigh to the New World, to Ireland—to the Tower! It is doubtful whether it has been sufficiently emphasized that the writers of this age were largely men of action. Herein is to be found the reason why their lines are virile, gripping, more afire, than those composed today by anemics of sedentary habits.

Just as the interests of the period were manifold, so were the types of literature. Exploration in strange lands led to descriptions of them and of the voyages made thither, inscribed by obscure men while their ships rode safe at sea; in temporary camps where they stopped for repairs; as they toiled over monotonous reaches of land in search for gold or a channel to the Indies. Two important series of voyages written in these years survive: those of Hakluyt and the more extensive collection of Purchas.

As a protest against the strong and fettering hold of early classicism, the spirit of romanticism arose, penetrating to England by way of France and Italy. This movement made itself felt in various forms of literary expression: in drama, poetry and in story writing which took the shape of romances or novelettes.

Finally, to mention but a few of the directions in which the new attitude toward life found outlets in literature, the period produced one of the ablest essayists of modern times, Francis Bacon.

Montaigne had created the modern essay and beyond doubt Bacon owed something to him. Yet a study of the two men discloses his debt to have been hardly as great as might at first be supposed.

1. BACON

Francis Bacon was born in London, in 1561. His father was Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal;

Lord Burleigh was his uncle. This is enough to indicate that his life would be led in public places. The bare outline of his personal career is quickly told. He entered Cambridge when but slightly passed twelve years; when fourteen he was received at Gray's Inn, where he studied law for some time. He was aware of his literary gifts at an early age and the practice of law lay open to him; but these fields appeared to him to be too hampering for one of his parts. He looked to the government as his fitting field and was elected to Parliament in 1584.

It is characteristic of the man that, despite the fact that the Earl of Essex had shown him early favors, Bacon was largely instrumental in securing his condemnation for treason. His policy of taking his stand by the sovereign, through whose favor Bacon expected to ascend to the seats of the mighty, is well evidenced by this incident.

Not until the coronation of James did he find himself on the road to royal favor, which he had vainly courted under Elizabeth. It is generally believed that Burleigh was jealous of his brilliant young nephew and studiously labored to hold him away from the Queen. King James knighted him, made him attorney-general in 1613, and in 1618 he became Lord Chancellor—his long coveted goal.

Bacon was unfailing in aiding his royal patron to find support for his theory of divine right of kings—a conception less acceptable to Parliament than to the House of Stuart. The attitude of James, who repeatedly treated the governing body of the realm like a troop of school boys, early caused a coolness to manifest itself toward the king. Bacon became the butt of parliamentary displeasure and his political undoing is explained by this alone. He was accused of taking bribes. The very fact that he lived in a splendor incompatible with the legitimate income of his office gave sufficient proof of the truth of the accusation. However, the taking of bribes was the common practice of men in high position, these being interpreted as bribes only when it pleased a sovereign or Parliament to proffer an excuse against someone out of favor; otherwise gifts were regarded as presents made to someone in the king's favor,

in order that the recipient might aid in gaining the royal ear should necessity require.

As chancellor, Bacon discharged judicial duties and it has long since been agreed that if a judge becomes the recipient of gifts, in whatever spirit offered by those whose contentions he must decide, it is difficult for him to remain impartial. It is reasonable to believe that Bacon's protest was honest: that he had neither given heed nor considered the gifts showered upon him and had invariably given the decision which he believed just. His decisions have been investigated and bear out the statement; further, at the time proof to the contrary was not offered. It was like the man to care little for cavilling; his own high estimate of himself supplied a sufficient prop.

He was compelled to retire from public life, a heavy fine was imposed upon him—largely remitted later; he was imprisoned in the Tower at the king's pleasure—and released after a few days.

Only after these unhappy experiences in 1620 did Bacon turn to literature as his sole concern, although it had previously been pursued as diversion in an active political career.

Without doubt Bacon was endowed with a fertile and creative mind and turned naturally to reflection. Possessed of broad learning, firm mental grasp and logical exactitude he combined with these to a remarkable degree an unfailing sense of practicality. He had found the learning of the schools unsatisfying, even as a boy. His quick comprehension divined that much of the study of Aristotle, for example, was futile; for it led to nothing tangible. This is the secret of all his educational writing. He conceived of writing a sort of compendium of knowledge in such a way that men might understand it without needless travail. Nevertheless, he held with the past to the extent that he intended to make Latin the medium of his great work. *Novum Organum*, published in 1620, was designed as merely a part of this undertaking, which was little more than well begun.

Bacon is remembered today for his essays, ten of which were published in 1597: short, crisp discussions of themes

which he had turned over in his mind. Two later editions of them appeared, one in 1612, another in 1625. While the last contained fifty-eight essays, the original ones expanded to twice, even several times their first length, were still included. Like much of the writing of the time, they are sprinkled with quotations from Latin writers. Bacon never craved the popular ear but that of the cultivated reader.

Bacon's essays have an individual style; he wrote with deliberation, weighing each word; every sentence is full of meat. At a time when euphuism still disfigured the pages of many a book, his pithy paragraphs may have well served as wholesome correctives.

Many profess a fondness for the essay; they joy in the essay writers, whose rambling and intimate way of taking the reader into close confidence seems next desirable to a friendly fireside chat. For them Montaigne, Bacon, and all the long line of essayists, to our own Emerson, afford solace when all else stales. All who respect the exact speaker, so seldom heard today when the vast majority are content to say what they do not mean and to surmise the thought of another or divine it—since rarely is it correctly expressed—can find no more congenial occupation than the daily perusal of one of Bacon's short essays.

BACON'S ESSAYS

OF REVENGE

Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which, the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out: for, as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law, but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office. Certainly, in taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy, but in passing it over he is superior, for it is a prince's part to pardon. And Solomon, I am sure, saith: "It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence." That which is past is gone and irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore they do but trifle with themselves that labor in past matters. There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake, but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honor, or the

like. Therefore, why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong merely out of ill nature, why, yet it is but like the thorn or briar, which prick and scratch because they can do no other. The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy; but then let a man take heed the revenge be such as there is no law to punish, else a man's enemy is still beforehand, and it is two for one. Some, when they take revenge, are desirous the party should know whence it cometh. This is the more generous, for the delight seemeth to be, not so much in doing the hurt as in making the party repent; but base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark. Cosmos, Duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable. "You shall read," saith he, "that we are commanded to forgive our enemies, but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends." But yet the spirit of Job was in a better tune. "Shall we," saith he, "take good at God's hands, and not be content to take evil also?" And so of friends, in a proportion. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well. Public revenges are for the most part, fortunate; as that for the death of Cæsar, for the death of Pertinax, for the death of Henry the Third of France, and many more. But in private revenges it is not so; nay, rather, vindictive persons live the life of witches, who, as they are mischievous, so end they unfortunate.

OF GREAT PLACE

Men in great place are thrice servants: servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business. So as they have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. It is a strange desire, to seek power and to lose liberty, or to seek power over others and to lose power over a man's self. The rising unto place is laborious; and by pains men come to greater pains, and it is sometimes base; and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the

regress is either a downfall or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing: *Cum non sis qui fueris, non esse cur velis vivere.* Nay, retire men cannot when they would, neither will they when it were reason; but are impatient of privateness, even in age and sickness, which require the shadow; like old townsmen, that will be still sitting at their street door, though thereby they offer age to scorn. Certainly, great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy; for if they judge by their own feeling they cannot find it; but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy, as it were by report; when, perhaps, they find contrary within. For they are the first that find their own griefs, though they be the last that find their own faults. Certainly, men in great fortunes are strangers to themselves, and while they are in the puzzle of business they have no time to tend their health, either of body or mind: *Illi mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi.* In place there is license to do good and evil, whereof the latter is a curse; for in evil the best condition is not to will, the second not to can. But power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring; for good thoughts (though God accept them) yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground. Merit and good works is the end of man's motion, and conscience of the same is the accomplishment of man's rest; for if a man can be partaker of God's theater, he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest. In the discharge of thy place set before thee the best examples, for imitation is a globe of precepts; and after a time set before thee thine own example; and examine thyself strictly, whether thou didst not best at first. Neglect not also the examples of those that have carried themselves ill in the same place; not to set off thyself by taxing their memory, but to direct thyself what to avoid. Reform, therefore, without bravery or scandal of former times and persons; but yet set it down to thyself as well to create good precedents as to follow them. Reduce things to the first institution, and observe wherein

and how they degenerate; but yet ask counsel of both times; of the ancient time what is best, and of the latter time what is fittest. Seek to make thy course regular, that men may know beforehand what they may expect; but be not too positive and preemptory, and express thyself well when thou digressest from thy rule. Preserve the right of thy place, but stir not questions of jurisdiction; and rather assume thy right in silence and *de facto* than voice it with claims and challenges. Preserve likewise the rights of inferior places, and think it more honor to direct in chief than to be busy in all. Embrace and invite helps and advices touching the execution of thy place, and do not drive away such as bring thee information as meddlers, but accept of them in good part. The vices of authority are chiefly four: delays, corruption, roughness, and facility. For delays, give easy access, keep times appointed, go through with that which is in hand, and interlace not business but of necessity. For corruption do not only bind thine own hands or thy servants' hands from taking, but bind the hands of suitors also offering. For integrity, used, doth the one; but integrity professed and with a manifest detestation of bribery, doth the other; and avoid not only the fault but the suspicion. Whosoever is found variable and changeth manifestly, without manifest cause, giveth suspicion of corruption. Therefore, always when thou changest thine opinion or course, profess it plainly and declare it, together with the reasons that move thee to change; and do not think to steal it. A servant or a favorite, if he be inward, and no other apparent cause of esteem, is commonly thought but a by-way to close corruption. For roughness, it is a needless cause of discontent; severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate. Even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, and not taunting. As for facility it is worse than bribery; for bribes come but now and then; and if importunity or idle respects lead a man, he shall never be without; as Solomon saith, "To respect persons is not good, for such a man will transgress for a piece of bread." It is most true that was anciently spoken, "A place sheweth the man;" and it sheweth some to the better and some to the worse. *Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset*, saith Tacitus of



KITCHEN OF ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE
Shakespeare probably sat on this bench, before this fireplace,
when he courted Anne.



THE GARDEN, SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE
Here grow all the flowers mentioned in his plays.

Galba; but of Vespasian he saith, *Solus imperantium Vespasianus mutatus in melius*. Though the one was meant of sufficiency, the other of manners and affection. It is an assured sign of a worthy and generous spirit whom honor amends. For honor is, or should be, the place of virtue; and as in nature things move violently to their place and calmly in their place, so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm. All rising to great place is by a winding stair; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed. Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly; for if thou dost not it is a debt will sure be paid when thou art gone. If thou have colleagues respect them, and rather call them when they look not for it, than exclude them when they have reason to look to be called. Be not too sensible or too remembering of thy place in conversation and private answers to suitors; but let it rather be said, "When he sits in place he is another man."

OF TRAVEL

Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country, before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel. That young men travel under some tutor or grave servant I allow well, so that he be such a one that hath the language, and hath been in the country before, whereby he may be able to tell them what things are worthy to be seen in the country where they go; what acquaintances they are to seek; what exercises or discipline the place yieldeth. For else young men shall go hooded, and look abroad little. It is a strange thing that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it, as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation. Let diaries, therefore, be brought in use. The things to be seen and observed are the courts of princes, specially when they give audience to ambassadors; the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories ecclesiastic, the churches and monasteries with the monuments which

are therein extant, the walls and fortifications of cities and towns; and so the havens and harbors, antiquities and ruins, libraries, colleges, disputations, and lectures where any are, shipping and navies, houses and gardens of state and pleasure near great cities; armories, arsenals, magazines, exchanges, burses, warehouses, exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like: comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasuries of jewels and robes, cabinets and rarities, and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go: after all which the tutors or servants ought to make diligent inquiry. As for triumphs, masques, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not to be put in mind of them. Yet are they not to be neglected? If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do. First, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth. Then he must have such a servant or tutor as knoweth the country, as was likewise said. Let him carry with him also some card or book describing the country where he travelleth, will be a good key to his enquiry. Let him keep also a diary. Let him not stay long in one city or town, more or less as the place deserveth, but not long; nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another, which is a great adamant of acquaintance. Let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth. Let him, upon his removes from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of qualilty residing in the place whither he removeth, that he may use his favor in those things he desireth to see or know. Thus he may abridge his travel with much profit. As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel, that which is most of all profitable is acquaintance with the secretaries and employed men of ambassadors; for so, in travelling in one country, he shall suck the experience of many. Let him also see and visit eminent persons in all kinds which are of great name abroad, that he may be able to tell how the life

agreeth with the fame. For quarrels, they are with care and discretion to be avoided; they are commonly for mistresses, healths, place, and words. And let a man beware how he keepeth company with cholerick and quarrelsome persons, for they will engage him into their own quarrels. When a traveller returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath travelled altogether behind him, but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth; and let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel or gesture; and, in his discourse, let him be rather advised in his answers than forward to tell stories; and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts, but only prick in some flowers, of that he hath learned abroad, into the customs of his own country.

OF SUSPICION

Suspicious amongst thoughts are like bats amongst birds, they ever fly by twilight. Certainly, they are to be repressed, or at least well guarded; for they cloud the mind, they leese friends, and they check with business, whereby business cannot go on currently and constantly. They dispose kings to tyranny, husbands to jealousy, wise men to irresolution and melancholy. They are defects, not in the heart, but in the brain; for they take place in the stoutest natures, as in the example of Henry the Seventh of England. There was not a more suspicious man, nor a more stout; and in such a composition they do small hurt, for commonly they are not admitted but with examination whether they be likely or no; but in fearful natures they gain ground too fast. There is nothing makes a man suspect much more than to know little; and therefore men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother. What would men have? Do they think those they employ and deal with are saints? Do they not think they will have their own ends, and be truer to themselves than to them? Therefore, there is no better way to moderate suspicions than to account upon such suspicions as true, and yet to bridle them as false. For so far a man ought to make use of suspicions as to provide, as if that

should be true, that he suspects, yet it may do him no hurt. Suspicions that the mind of itself gathers are but buzzes; but suspicions that are artificially nourished and put into men's heads by the tales and whisperings of others, have stings. Certainly the best mean to clear the way in this same wood of suspicions is frankly to communicate them with the party that he suspects, for thereby he shall be sure to know more of the truth of them than he did before; and withal shall make that party more circumspect not to give further cause of suspicion. But this would not be done to men of base natures; for they, if they find themselves once suspected, will never be true. The Italian says: *Sospetto licentia fede*—as if suspicion did give a passport to faith; but it ought rather to kindle it to discharge itself.

OF GARDENS

God Almighty first planted a garden. And, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks. And a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it, in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year, in which, severally, things of beauty may be then in season. For December, and January, and the latter part of November, you must take such things as are green all winter: holly, ivy, bays, juniper, cypress-trees, yew, pine-apple-trees, fir-trees, rosemary, lavender; periwinkle, the white, the purple, and the blue; germander flags; orange-trees, lemon-trees, and myrtles, if they be stoved; and sweet marjoram, warm set. There followeth, for the latter part of January and February, the mezereon tree, which then blossoms; crocus vernus, both the yellow and the grey; primroses, anemones, the early tulip, hyacinthus orientalis, chamaïris, fritellaria. For March, there come violets, especially the single blue, which are the earliest, the yellow daffodil, the daisy, the almond-tree in blossom, the peach-tree in blossom, the cornelian-tree in blossom, sweet-

briar. In April follow the double white violet, the wall-flower, the stock gilliflower, the cowslip, flower-de-luces, and lilies of all natures, rosemary flowers, the tulip, the double peony, the pale daffodil, the French honeysuckle, the cherry-tree in blossom, the damson and plum trees in blossom, the whitehorn in leaf, the lilac-tree. In May and June come pinks of all sorts, especially the blush pink, roses of all kinds, except the musk, which comes later; honeysuckles, strawberries, bugloss, columbine, the French marigold, flos Africanus, cherry-tree in fruit, ribes, figs in fruit, rasps, vine flowers, lavender in flowers, the sweet satyrian, with the white flower, herba muscaria, lilium convallium, the apple-tree in blossom. In July come gilliflowers of all varieties, musk roses, the lime tree in blossom, early pears and plums in fruit, gennittings, quodlins. In August come plums of all sorts in fruit, pears, apricots, barberries, filberts, musk melons, monkshoods of all colors. In September come grapes, apples, poppies of all colors, peaches melocotones, nectarines, cornelians, wardens, quinces. In October and the beginning of November come services, medlars, bullaces, roses cut or removed to come late, hollyhocks, and such like. These particulars are for the climate of London; but my meaning is perceived that you may have *ver perpetuum*, as the place affords.

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are fast flowers of their smells, so that you may walk by a whole row of them and find nothing of their sweetness, yea, though it be in a morning's dew. Bays likewise yield no smell as they grow, rosemary little, nor sweet marjoram. That which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air is the violet, especially the white double violet which comes twice a year—about the middle of April and about Bartholomew-tide. Next to that is the musk rose, then the strawberry leaves dying, which yield a most excellent cordial smell, then the flower of the vines, it is a little dust, like the dust of a bent, which grows upon the cluster in the first

coming forth; then sweet briar, then wall flowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlor or lower chamber window; then pinks and gilliflowers, especially the matted pink and clove gilliflower; then the flowers of the lime tree, then the honeysuckles, so they be somewhat afar off; of bean flowers I speak not, because they are field flowers. But those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three, that is: burnet, wild thyme, and water mints. Therefore, you are to set whole alleys of them to have the pleasure when you walk or tread.

For gardens (speaking of those which are indeed princelike, as we have done of buildings), the contents ought not well to be under thirty acres of ground; and to be divided into three parts: a green in the entrance, a heath or desert in the going forth, and the main garden in the midst, besides alleys on both sides. And I like well, that four acres of ground be assigned to the green, six to the heath, four and four to either side, and twelve to the main garden. The green hath two pleasures: the one, because nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn; the other, because it will give you a fair alley in the midst, by which you may go in front upon a stately hedge, which is to inclose the garden. But, because the alley will be long, and in great heat of the year, or day, you ought not to buy the shade in the garden by going in the sun through the green; therefore you are of either side the green to plant a covert alley, upon carpenter's work about twelve foot in height, by which you may go in shade into the garden. As for the making of knots, or figures, with divers colored earths, that they may lie under the windows of the house on that side which the garden stands, they be but toys. You may see as good sights many times in tarts. The garden is best to be square, encompassed on all the four sides with a stately arched hedge. The arches to be upon pillars of carpenter's work, of some ten foot high and six foot broad, and the spaces between of the same dimension with the breadth of the arch; over the arches let there be an entire hedge of some four foot high, framed also upon carpenter's work; and upon the upper hedge, over every arch, a little turret

with a belly, enough to receive a cage of birds; and over every space, between the arches, some other little figure, with broad plates of round colored glass, gilt, for the sun to play upon. But this hedge I intend to be raised upon a bank, not steep, but gently slope, of some six foot, set all with flowers. Also, I understand, that this square of the garden should not be the whole breadth of the ground, but to leave on either side ground enough for diversity of side alleys, unto which the two covert alleys of the green may deliver you. But there must be no alleys with hedges at either end of this great inclosure: not at the hither end for letting your prospect upon this fair hedge from the green; nor, at the further end, for letting your prospect from the hedge, through the arches, upon the heath.

For the ordering of the ground within the great hedge, I leave it to variety of device; advising, nevertheless, that whatsoever form you cast it into, first it be not too busy or full of work. Wherein I, for my part, do not like images cut out in juniper or other garden stuff—they be for children. Little low hedges, round, like welts, with some pretty pyramids, I like well, and in some places fair columns upon frames of carpenter's work. I would also have the alleys spacious and fair. You may have closer alleys upon the side grounds, but none in the main garden. I wish also in the very middle a fair mount with three ascents and alleys, enough for four to walk abreast, which I would have to be perfect circles, without any bulwarks or embossments, and the whole mount to be thirty foot high; and some fine banquetting house, with some chimneys neatly cast, and without too much glass.

For fountains, they are a great beauty and refreshment; but pools mar all, and make the garden unwholesome and full of flies and frogs. Fountains I intend to be of two natures—the one that sprinkleth or spouteth water, the other a fair receipt of water, of some thirty or forty foot square, but without fish, or slime, or mud. For the first, the ornaments of images gilt, or of marble, which are in use, do well; but the main matter is, so to convey the water as it never stay, either in the bowls or in the cistern, that the water be never by rest discolored, green, or red, or the

like, or gather any mossiness or putrefaction. Besides that, it is to be cleansed every day by the hand. Also some steps up to it, and some fine pavement about it, doth well. As for the other kind of fountain, which we may call a bathing pool, it may admit much curiosity and beauty, wherewith we will not trouble ourselves; as that the bottom be finely paved, and with images; the sides likewise, and withal embellished with colored glass, and such things of lustre, encompassed also with fine rails of low statues. But the main point is the same, which we mentioned in the former kind of fountain, which is, that the water be in perpetual motion, fed by a water higher than the pool, and delivered into it by fair spouts, and then discharged away under ground by some equality of bores, that it stay little. And for fine devices, of arching water without spilling, and making it rise in several forms (of feathers, drinking glasses, canopies, and the like), they be pretty things to look on, but nothing to health and sweetness.

For the heath, which was the third part of our plot, I wish it to be framed, as much as may be, to a natural wildness. Trees I would have none in it; but some thickets, made only of sweetbriar and honeysuckle, and some wild vine amongst; and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses; for these are sweet, and prosper in the shade; and these to be in the heath, here and there, not in any order. I like also little heaps, in the nature of mole-hills (such as are in wild heaths) to be set, some with wild thyme, some with pinks, some with germander that gives a good flower to the eye; some with periwinkle, some with violets, some with strawberries, some with cowslips, some with daisies, some with red roses, some with liliū convallium, some with sweet williams, red, some with bear's foot, and the like low flowers, being withal sweet and sightly. Part of which heaps to be with standards of little bushes pricked upon their top, and part without. The standards to be roses, juniper, holly, bear berries (but here and there, because of the smell of their blossom), red currants, gooseberries, rosemary, bays, sweetbriar, and such like. But these standards to be kept with cutting, that they grow not out of course.

For the side grounds you are to fill them with variety of alleys, private, to give a full shade, some of them where-soever the sun be. You are to frame some of them likewise for shelter, that when the wind blows sharp you may walk as in a gallery. And those alleys must be likewise hedged at both ends to keep out the wind, and these closer alleys must be ever finely gravelled, and no grass, because of going wet. In many of these alleys, likewise, you are to set fruit trees of all sorts, as well upon the walls as in ranges. And this would be generally observed that the borders wherein you plant your fruit trees be fair and large and low, and not steep, and set with fine flowers, but thin and sparingly, lest they deceive the trees. At the end of both the side grounds I would have a mount of some pretty height, leaving the wall of the enclosure breast high, to look abroad into the fields.

For the main garden I do not deny but there should be some fair alleys, ranged on both sides with fruit trees and some pretty tufts of fruit trees, and arbors with seats set in some decent order; but these to be by no means set too thick, but to leave the main garden so as it be not close, but the air open and free. For, as for shade, I would have you rest upon the alleys of the side grounds, there to walk, if you be disposed, in the heat of the year or day, but to make account that the main garden is for the more temperate parts of the year, and in the heat of summer for the morning and the evening, or overcast days.

For aviaries, I like them not, except they be of that largeness as they may be turfed, and have living plants and bushes set in them, that the birds may have more scope and natural nestling, and that no foulness appear in the floor of the aviary. So I have made a platform of a princely garden, partly by precept, partly by drawing, not a model, but some general lines of it; and in this I have spared for no cost. But it is nothing for great princes that, for the most part taking advice with workmen, with no less cost set their things together, and sometimes add statues and such things for state and magnificence, but nothing to the true pleasure of a garden.

OF STUDIES

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general consels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy and extracts made of them by others, but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books, else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, moral grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores.* Nay, there is no stond or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone

and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the school men, for they are *Cymini sectores*. If he be not apt to beat over matters and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' case; so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

2. EDMUND SPENSER

If we set aside drama from the literary accomplishment of the sixteenth century, the name of Edmund Spenser must be accounted greatest in the realm of English letters. The general course of his personal life is quickly told.

He was born in London, in 1552. His father was a cloth maker and merchant, whose son was sent to the Merchant Tailors school lately established in London. Later he went to Pembroke college, Cambridge, where students unable to meet their expense unaided were enabled to pursue university training. He remained for several years in Cambridge, taking his Master's degree in 1576. The atmosphere of the school, the familiarity he acquired with classical, French and Italian literature, and the religious agitation permeating Cambridge all influenced him profoundly.

To seek recreation in the field of literature was the habit of all cultured men in these years; although, to attempt to win a living by one's pen was regarded as discrediting. Consequently Spenser, who had no income, found it necessary to look about for occupation suited to one of his abilities. Through the interest of a college friend, Gabriel Harvey, he was brought to the attention of the Earl of Leicester, who made him a member of his household, sending him about with messages and otherwise engaging a portion of his time. His leisure he employed in writing verses and in converse with the accomplished visitors to Leicester's palace, among them the Earl's chivalrous nephew, Sir Philip Sidney.

Due to the intercession of Leicester, Arthur Grey was appointed Lord Deputy to Ireland in 1580 and he took Spenser with him as secretary. The situation in the island was more precarious than could well be understood at the capital. English sovereigns had long attempted to dominate Ireland but had met sturdy resistance. When by superior military skill they were able to overcome the islanders, the people merely waited, sullen and resentful, for opportunity to shake off a rule which they regarded as oppressive and insupportable. Rebellion was followed by measures of great severity and entire tracts were depopulated to make room for English colonists, whose presence, it was thought, would go far toward holding the island for the crown and in preserving the peace. As a matter of fact, the local conditions were such as to require the most astute statecraft if order were to be brought out of chaos. Yet the governorship of Ireland was apportioned, like many another public post, as a matter of political preferment.

It would be difficult to imagine a less favorable lot for a sensitive poet than to be sent away to dwell among a people seething with anger and resentment, so little acquainted with the refinements of civilization that they seemed to him a rough, unruly folk, fit to be controlled only by intimidation and terrorizing. During his sojourn there Spenser wrote a pamphlet setting forth his views on the proper administration for the island and they were about as helpful as one might expect of a young, inexperienced man, not many years away from the academic life of Cambridge, prone to dwell in an unseen world of his fancy rather than in the marts of men. Since the governing of provinces was scarcely comprehended by the wisest of his generation and is not wholly solved today, we may well pass over the recommendations made by Spenser on the subject.

As we read of the years occupied by the poet in inscribing documents and performing other clerical duties, the position of his renowned predecessor, Chaucer, to whom he claimed himself much indebted, comes to mind, who, two centuries before had performed tasks as uncongenial. It is sure that the observant eye of Chaucer caught many an

impression and picture to stand him in good stead when he should write, even though the routine of comptroller of the customs often wearied and discouraged him. Spenser's case was worse still, for leisure found him remote from those whose companionship he might have shared and found therein inspiration for his literary endeavors.

When the holdings of the Desmonds were thrown open for settlement, Spenser was granted Kilcolman castle with its nigh three thousand acres. Here Raleigh visited him, bringing days of happy converse. It was now that the poet, with characteristic modesty, read him a portion of his great poem, *The Faerie Queene*, which Gabriel Harvey had discouraged him from completing. Raleigh at once recognized the writer's ability and went with him to London in 1589 to endeavor to enlist the sympathy of Queen Elizabeth—quick to recognize, if not to reward the gifted.

The erudite Elizabeth listened with pleasure to his poetical flatteries and is said to have instructed Burleigh to reward Spenser "according to his deserts." The minister, much harassed because the needs of the kingdom regularly exceeded its resources, doubtless felt that he had done so when he grudgingly bestowed a pension of fifty pounds—perhaps two thousand dollars of our money—upon the poet, causing him to wait some time before he was able actually to obtain it. Such a stipend being wholly inadequate for life in London, with a heavy heart the poet presently retraced his steps to resume the secretarial duties he had laid down in Ireland. His *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* was written on this occasion.

In 1594 he married Elizabeth Boyle, daughter of an Irish noble. Two years later he returned to London to arrange for the printing of the second portion of the *Faerie Queene*, the first three books having been published during his earlier visit. Once again any hopes he may have entertained of gaining a sufficient patronage to remain in England proved vain. The reviving hope, doomed to fade away, only to make room for a new ambition of achieving his purpose, with its inevitable disillusionment—all this is set forth in a few lines of Mother Hubbard's Tale:

“Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,
What hell it is, in suing long to bide;
To lose good days, that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed today, to be put back tomorrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy Princess’ grace, yet want her Peers;
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;

To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.
Unhappy wight, borne to disastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend!”

Two or three years after Spenser’s second return to Ireland there occurred the uprising of Munster. As the infuriated natives laid waste and destroyed habitations of the English, Kilcolman castle was burned, and it has been said that Spenser’s infant child perished in the flames. He and his family took refuge in Cork and in December, 1599, the poet went to London where he soon died from the shock of his experiences; Ben Jonson claimed that he died in actual want.

Such was the somewhat sordid experience of one endowed with the supreme gift of the muses, sensitively attuned to melody and song, yet pressed into activities for which he was temperamentally unsuited. From such a depressing picture it is agreeable to turn to the poet, who lived a life apart from that of the turbulent world about him, who could withdraw from cares and disappointments of earthly experiences into a kingdom of enchantment, with forests and winding roads, where paths diverged, streams rippled along, and trees were musical with birds, while open spaces revealed the hues of dawn or radiant sunset. In this færie land knights fared forth to deliver damsels from distress, or to perform chivalrous deeds to the honor of their glorious lady, the Faerie Queene.

a. THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR

From the days of Theocritus poets have loved to turn to pastoral life and find therein themes for their songs. Goatherds and shepherds, worshippers of the rustic god, Pan, have piped of their flocks and of unrequited love. Following the writer of Sicilian idylls and Bion, his contemporary, Virgil composed his eclogues, wherein shepherds engaged in poetical dialogue. Emulating such great teachers, Spenser sang his love songs in guise of a shepherd, Colin Clout.

It has been said—and denied—that after leaving Cambridge, the poet proffered his devotion to one disguised under the name of Rosalynd, who repelled his advances. Thereupon Spenser sought relief in writing a series of poems giving utterance to his grief, which were gathered into a Shepherd's Calendar of twelve months. Some critics hold that the entire tale of Rosalynd was but fiction, invented for the purpose of the poem; yet it seems quite as reasonable to believe that such an experience inspired the poems.

It will be observed that the writer did not hold strictly to his plan; while certain of the months pertain to love, its joys and sorrows, others have very different *motifs*. Cite, for example, February, wherein youth and age are contrasted.

In the month of January, Colin Clout sings of his unfavored suit; since his adored Rosalynd will not listen to his songs, he will break his pipe. January is bleak and forlorn: his flock is spent by confinement, while he, chilled by the cold blasts of disfavor, is emaciated with grief.

In February, Cuddie and Thenot hold discourse. Cuddie, the youth, is boastful and impatient of the elder shepherd, Thenot, who reproves him and narrates the fable of the Oak and the Brier. On the surface this seems to be merely a story of a stalwart oak, which has grown through the centuries, only to be sacrificed for a mere brier, that succumbs to the first sharp frost. Nevertheless, the story contains certain lines which give food for thought and indicate that the poet may have thus disguised a comparison of

religions, controversy concerning faith being rife at the time.

“For it had been an ancient tree,
Sacred with many a mystery,
And often crossed with the priests crew,
And often hallowed with holy water dew,
But such fancies were foolery,
And brought this Oak to this misery.”

During March, Willie and Thomalin converse together, one relating his effort to shoot the elf god, Cupid, imagining him to be a bird, but the errant god only laughed at him and wounded him in the heel.

“Of honey and of gall in love there is store:
The honey is much, but the gall is more.”

Such is the burden of March.

In April, Colin Clout sings the praises of Eliza, the great queene. May treats of shepherds, good and ill, meaning thereby, pastors of congregations. June is a lament for the unyielding Rosalynd; July calls forth another satirical treatise of religion. August is given over to a delectable contest between shepherds, modelled after an idyll of Theocritus. November is a dirge, beautifully fashioned, mourning for one Dido, who personates some acquaintance of the poet. December finds Colin Clout comparing his life to the four seasons.

THE SHEPHEARD'S CALENDER

JANUARIE

AEGLOGA PRIMA

ARGUMENT

In this first Æglogue Colin Clout, a shepherd's boy, complaineth himself of his unfortunate love, being but newly (as seemeth) enamoured of a country lass called Rosalind: with which strong affection being very sore travailed, he compareth his careful case to the sad season of the year, to the frosty ground, to the frozen trees, and to his own winter-beaten flock. And lastly, finding himself robbed of all former pleasance and delight, he breaketh his pipe in pieces, and casteth himself to the ground.

COLIN CLOUT

A shepherd's boy, (no better do him call,)
When winter's wasteful spite was almost spent,
All in a sunshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had been long ypent:
So faint they wox, and feeble in the fold,
That now unnethes their feet could them uphold.

All as the sheep, such was the shepherd's look,
For pale and wan he was, (alas the while!)
May seem he lov'd, or else some care he took;
Well couth he tune his pipe and frame his style:
Then to a hill his fainting flock he led,
And thus him plain'd, the while his sheep there fed:

"Ye gods of love! that pity lovers' pain,
(If any gods the pain of lovers pity,)
Look from above, where you in joys remain,
And bow your ears unto my doleful ditty.
And, Pan! thou shepherds' god, that once didst love,
Pity the pains that thou thyself didst prove.

"Thou barren ground, whom winter's wrath hath wasted,
Art made a mirror to behold my plight:
Whilom thy fresh spring flower'd, and after hasted
Thy summer proud, with daffodillies dight;
And now is come thy winter's stormy state,
Thy mantle marr'd wherein thou maskedst late.

"Such rage as winter's reigneth in my heart,
My life-blood freezing with unkindly cold;
Such stormy stoures do breed my baleful smart,
As if my year were waste and waxen old;
And yet, alas! but now my spring begun,
And yet, alas! it is already done.

"You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bower,
And now are cloth'd with moss and hoary frost,
Instead of blossoms, wherewith your buds did flower;
I see your tears that from your boughs do rain,
Whose drops in dreary icicles remain.

"All so my lustful leaf is dry and sere,
My timely buds with wailing all are wasted;
The blossom which my branch of youth did bear,
With breathed sighs is blown away and blasted;
And from mine eyes the drizzling tears descend,
As on your boughs the icicles depend.

"Thou feeble flock! whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weak through fast and evil fare,
Mayst witness well, by thy ill government,
Thy master's mind is overcome with care:
Thou weak, I wan; thou lean, I quite forlorn:
With mourning pine I; you with pining mourn.

"A thousand siths I curse that careful hour
Wherein I long'd the neighbour town to see,
And eke ten thousand siths I bless the stoure
Wherein I saw so fair a sight as she:
Yet all for naught: such sight hath bred my bane.
Ah, God! that love should breed both joy and pain!

"It is not Hobbinol wherefore I plain,
Albe my love he seek with daily suit;
His clownish gifts and court'sies I disdain,
His kids, his cracknels, and his early fruit.
Ah, foolish Hobbinol! thy gifts be vain;
Colin them gives to Rosalind again.

"I love thilk lass, (alas! why do I love?)
And am forlorn, (alas! why am I lorn?)
She deigns not my good will, but doth reprove,
And of my rural music holdeth scorn.
Shepherd's device she hateth as the snake,
And laughs the songs that Colin Clout doth make.

"Wherefore, my pipe, albe rude Pan thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would;
And thou, unlucky Muse, that wont'st to ease
My musing mind, yet canst not when thou should;
Both Pipe and Muse shall sore the while abyē."
So broke his oaten pipe, and down did lie.

By that, the welked Phœbus gan availe
 His weary wain; and now the frosty Night
 Her mantle black through heaven gan overhale:
 Which seen, the pensive boy, half in despite,
 Arose, and homeward drove his sunned sheep,
 Whose hanging heads did seem his careful case to weep

COLIN'S EMBLEME

Ancora speme.

(Hope is my anchor.)

FEBRUARIE

AEGLOGA SECUNDA

ARGUMENT

This Æglogue is rather moral and general than bent to any secret or particular purpose. It specially containeth a discourse of old age, in the person of Thenot, an old shepherd, who, for his crookedness and unlustiness, is scorned of Cuddie, an unhappy herdman's boy. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the month, the year now drooping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of year, so then in our bodies, there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the curdled blood, and freezeth the weather-beaten flesh, with storms of Fortune and hoar-frosts of Care. To which purpose the old man telleth a tale of the Oak and the Brier, so lively, and so feelingly, as, if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appear.

CUDDIE, THENOT

Cud. Ah for pity! will rank winter's rage
 These bitter blasts never gin t'assuage?
 The keen cold blows through my beaten hide,
 All as I were through the body gride:
 My ragged ronts all shiver and shake,
 As doen high towers in an earthquake:
 They wont in the wind wag their wriggle tails
 Perk as a peacock; but now it availes.

The. Lewdly complainest, thou lazy lad,
 Of winter's wrack for making thee sad.
 Must not the world wend in his common course,
 From good to bad, and from bad to worse,
 From worse unto that is worst of all,
 And then return to his former fall?

Who will not suffer the stormy time,
 Where will he live till the lusty prime?
 Self have I worn out thrice thirty years,
 Some in much joy, many in many tears,
 Yet never complained of cold nor heat,
 Of summer's flame, nor of winter's threat,
 He ever was to Fortune foeman,
 But gently took that ungently came;
 And ever my flock was my chief care;
 Winter or summer they might well fare.

Cud. No marvel, Thenot, if thou can bear
 Cheerfully the winter's wrathful cheer;
 For age and winter accord full nigh,
 This chill, that cold; this crooked, that wry;
 And as the louring weather looks down,
 So seemest thou like Good Friday to frown:
 But my flow'ring youth is foe to frost,
 My ship unwont in storms to be tost.

The. The sovereign of seas he blames in vain,
 That, once sea-beat, will to sea again:
 So loit'ring live you little herdgrooms,
 Keeping your beasts in the budded brooms;
 And, when the shining sun laugheth once,
 You deemen, the spring is come at once;
 Then gin you, fond flies! the cold to scorn,
 And, crowing in pipes made of green corn,
 You thinken to be lords of the year;
 But eft, when ye count you freed from fear,
 Comes the breme Winter with chamfred brows,
 Full of wrinkles and frosty furrows,
 Drearily shooting his stormy dart,
 Which curdles the blood and pricks the heart:
 Then is your careless courage accoyed,
 Your careful herds with cold be annoyed:
 Then pay you the price of your surquedry,
 With weeping, and wailing, and misery.

Cud. Ah! foolish old man! I scorn thy skill,
 That wouldst me my springing youth to spill:
 I deem thy brain emperished be
 Through rusty eld, that hath rotted thee;
 Or sicker thy head very totty is,
 So on thy corb shoulder it leans amiss.
 Now thyself hath lost both lop and top,

Als my budding branch thou wouldest crop;
 But were thy years green, as now be mine,
 To other delights they would incline:
 Then wouldest thou learn to carol of love,
 And hery with hymns thy lass' glove;
 Then wouldest thou pipe of Phillis' praise;
 But Phillis is mine for many days;
 I won her with a girdle of gelt,
 Embost with bugle about the belt:
 Such an one shepherds would make full fain;
 Such an one would make thee young again.

-The. Thou art a fon, of thy love to boast;
 All that is lent to love will be lost.

Cud. Seest how brag yond bullock bears,
 So smirk, so smooth, his pricked ears?
 His horns be as broad as rainbow bent,
 His dewlap as lithe as lass of Kent:
 See how he venteth into the wind;
 Weenest of love is not his mind?
 Seemeth thy flock thy counsel can,
 So lustless be they, so weak, so wan;
 Clothed with cold, and hoary with frost,
 Thy flock's father his courage hath lost.
 Thy ewes, that wont to have blownen bags,
 Like wailful widows hangen their crags;
 The rather lambs be starved with cold,
 All for their master is lustless and old.

The. Cuddie, I wot thou kenst little good,
 So vainly to advance thy heedlesshood;
 For youth is a bubble blown up with breath,
 Whose wit is weakness, whose wage is death,
 Whose way is wilderness, whose inn penance,
 And stoop-gallant Age, the host of Grievance.
 But shall I tell thee a tale of truth,
 Which I cond of Tityrus in my youth,
 Keeping his sheep on the hills of Kent?

Cud. To nought more, Thenot, my mind is bent
 Than to hear novels of his devise;
 They be so well thewed, and so wise,
 Whatever that good old man bespake.

The. Many meet tales of youth did he make,
 And some of love, and some of chivalry;
 But none fitter than this to apply.

Now listen a while and hearken the end.

“There grew an aged tree on the green,
A goodly Oak sometime had it been,
With arms full strong and largely display’d,
But of their leaves they were disarray’d:
The body big, and mightily pight,
Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height;
Whilome had been the king of the field,
And mochell mast to the husband did yield
And with his nuts larded many swine:
But now the gray moss marred his rine;
His bared boughs were beaten with storms,
His top was bald, and wasted with worms,
His honour decayed, his branches sere.

“Hard by his side grew a bragging Brere,
Which proudly thrust into th’ element,
And seemed to threat the firmament:
It was embellish’d with blossoms fair,
And thereto aye wanted to repair
The shepheards’ daughters to gather flowers,
To paint their garlands with his colurs;
And in his small bushes used to shroud
The sweet nightingale singing so loud;
Which made this foolish Brere wax so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold
And snebbe the good Oak, for he was old.

“‘Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish block?
Nor for fruit nor for shadow serves thy stock;
Seest how fresh my flowers be spread,
Dyed in lily white and crimson red,
With leaves engrained in lusty green;
Colours meet to clothe a maiden queen?
Thy waste bigness but cumbers the ground,
And dirks the beauty of my blossoms round:
The mouldy moss, which thee accloyeth,
My cinnamon smell too much annoyeth:
Wherefore soon I rede thee hence remove,
Lest thou the price of my displeasure prove.’
So spake this bold Brere with great disdain:
Little him answered the Oak again,
But yielded, with shame and grief adawed,
That of a weed he was overcrawed.

“It chanced after upon a day,

The husbandman self to come that way,
Of custom for to surview his ground,
And his trees of state in compass round:
Him when the spiteful Brere had espied,
Causeless complained, and loudly cried
Unto his lord, stirring up stern strife:

“ ‘O my liege lord! the god of my life,
Pleaseth you ponder your suppliant’s plaint,
Caused of wrong and cruel constraint,
Which I your poor vassal daily endure;
And, but your goodness the same recure,
Am like for desperate dool to die,
Through felonous force of mine enemy.’

“Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the goodman on the lea,
And bade the Brere in his plaint proceed.
With painted words then gan this proud weed
(As most usen ambitious folk)

His coloured crime with craft to cloak.

“ ‘Ah, my sovereign! lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine own hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land;
With flow’ring blossoms to furnish the prime,
And scarlet berries in summer time?
How falls it then that this faded Oak,
Whose body is sere, whose branches broke,
Whose naked arms stretch unto the fire,
Unto such tyranny doth aspire;
Hindering with his shade my lovely light,
And robbing me of the sweet sun’s sight?
So beat his old boughs my tender side,
That oft the blood springeth from woundes wide;
Untimely my flowers forced to fall,
That be the honour of your coronal:
And oft he lets his canker-worms light
Upon my branches, to work me more spite:
And oft his hoary locks down doth cast,
Wherewith my fresh flow’rets be defast:
For this, and many more such outrage,
Craving your goodlyhead to assuage
The rancorous rigour of his might;
Nought ask I, but only to hold my right;

Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be guarded from grievance.'

"To this this Oak cast him to reply
Well as he couth; but his enemy
Had kindled such coals of displeasure,
That the goodman nould stay his leisure,
But home him hasted with furious heat,
Increasing his wrath with many a threat:
His harmful hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas! that it so ready should stand!);
And to the field alone he speedeth,
(Aye little help to harm there needeth!)
Anger nould let him speak to the tree,
Enaunter his rage might cooled be;
But to the root bent his sturdy stroke,
And made many wounds in the waste Oak.
The axe's edge did oft turn again,
As half unwilling to cut the grain;
Seemed, the senseless iron did fear,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear;
For it had been an ancient tree,
Sacred with many a mystery,
And often cross'd with the priests' crew,
And often hallowed with holy-water dew:
But sike fancies weren foolery,
And broughten this Oak to this misery;
For nought might they quitten him from decay,
For fiercely the goodman at him did lay.
The block oft groaned under the blow,
And sighed to see his near overthrow.
In fine, the steel had pierced his pith,
Then down to the earth he fell forthwith.
His wondrous weight made the ground to quake,
Th' earth shrunk under him, and seemed to shake:—
There lieth the Oak, pitied of none!

"Now stands the Brere like a lord alone,
Puffed up with pride and vain pleasance;
But all this glee had no continuance:
For eftsoons winter gan to approach;
The blust'ring Boreas did encroach,
And beat upon the solitary Brere;
For now no succour was seen him near.
Now gan he repent his pride too late;

For, naked left and disconsolate,
 The biting frost nipt his stalk dead,
 The watry wet weighed down his head,
 And heaped snow burden'd him so sore,
 That now upright he can stand no more;
 And, being down, is trod in the durt
 Of cattle, and broused, and sorely hurt.
 Such was th' end of this ambitious Brere,
 For scorning eld—"

Cud. Now I pray thee, shepheard, tell it not forth:
 Here is a long tale, and little worth.
 So long have I listened to thy speech,
 That graffed to the ground is my breech;
 My heartblood is well nigh frome I feel,
 And my galage grown fast to my heel;
 But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted:
 Hie thee home, shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

THENOT'S EMBLEME

*Iddio, perche e vecchio,
 Fa suoi al suo esempio.*

CUDDIE'S EMBLEME

*Niuno vecchio
 Spaventa Iddio.*

DECEMBER ÆGLOGA DUODECIMA ARGUMENT

This Æglogue (even as the first began) is ended with a complaint of Colin to god Pan; wherein, as weary of his former ways, he proportioneth his life to the four seasons of the year; comparing his youth to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from love's folly. His manhood to the summer, which, he saith, was consumed with great heat and excessive drouth, caused through a comet or blazing star, by which he meaneth love; which passion is commonly compared to such flames and immoderate heat. His ripest years he resembleth to an unseasonable harvest, wherein the fruits fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to winter's chill and frosty season, now drawing near to his last end.

The gentle shepheard sat beside a spring,
 All in the shadow of a bushy brere,

That Colin hight, which well could pipe and sing,
For he of Tityrus his song did lere:
There, as he sat in secret shade alone,
Thus gan he make of love his piteous moan.

“O sovereign Pan! thou god of shepheards all,
Which of our tender lambkins takest keep,
And, when our flocks into mischance might fall,
Dost save from mischief the unwary sheep,
Als of their masters hast no less regard
Than of the flocks, which thou dost watch and ward;

“I thee beseech (so be thou deign to hear
Rude ditties, tun’d to shepherd’s reed,
Or if I ever sonnet sung so clear,
As it with pleasance might thy fancy feed,)
Hearken a while, from thy green cabinet,
The rural song of careful Colinet.

“Whilome in youth, when flower’d my joyful spring,
Like swallow swift I wander’d here and there;
For heat of heedless lust me so did sting,
That I of doubted danger had no fear:
I went the wasteful woods and forest wide,
Withouten dread of wolves to be espied.

“I wont to range amid the mazy thicket,
And gather nuts to make my Christmas-game,
And joyed oft to chase the trembling pricket,
Or hunt the heartless hare till she were tame.
What recked I of wintry age’s waste?—
Then deemed I my spring would ever last.

“How often have I scaled the craggy oak,
All to dislodge the raven of her nest?
How have I wearied, with many a stroke,
The stately walnut-tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife?
For like to me was liberty and life.

“And for I was in thilk same looser years,
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my birth,

Or, I too much believ'd my shepherd peers,)
Somedeleý bent to song and music's mirth,
A good old shepherd, Wrenock was his name,
Made me by art more cunning in the same.

"Fro thence I durst in derring to compare
With shepherd's swain whatever fed in field;
And, if that Hobbinol right judgment bare,
To Pan his own self pipe I need not yield:
For, if the flocking nymphs did follow Pan,
The wiser Muses after Colin ran.

"But, ah! such pride at length was ill repaid;
The shepherd's god (perdie, god was he none)
My hurtless pleasance did me ill upbraid,
My freedom lorn, my life he left to moan.
Love they him called that gave me check-mate,
But better might they have behote him Hate.

"Then gan my lovely spring bid me farewell,
And summer season sped him to display
(For Love then in the Lion's house did dwell,)
The raging fire that kindled at his ray.
A comet stirr'd up that unkindly heat,
That reigned (as men said) in Venus' seat.

"Forth was I led, not as I wont afore,
When choice I had to choose my wand'ring way,
But whether luck and love's unbridled lore
Would lead me forth on Fancy's bit to play:
The bush my bed, the bramble was my bower,
The woods can witness many a woful stowre.

"Where I was wont to seek the honey bee,
Working her formal rooms in waxen frame,
The grisly toadstool grown there might I see,
And loathed paddocks lording on the same:
And, where the chanting birds lull'd me asleep,
The ghastly owl her grievous inn doth keep.

"Then as the spring gives place to elder Time,
And bringeth forth the fruit of summer's pride;

All so my age, now passed youthly prime,
To things of riper season self applied,
And learn'd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
Such as might save my sheep and me fro shame.

“To make fine cages for the nightingale,
And baskets of bulrushes, was my wont:
Who to entrap the fish in winding sale
Was better seen, or hurtful beasts to hunt?
I learned als the signs of heaven to ken,
How Phoebus fails, where Venus sets, and when.

“And tried time yet taught me greater things;
The sudden rising of the raging seas,
The sooth of birds by beating of their wings,
The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease,
And which he wont t'enrage the restless sheep,
And which be wont to work eternal sleep.

“But, ah! unwise and witless Colin Clout,
That kydst the hidden kinds of many a weed,
Yet kydst not one to cure thy sore heart-root,
Whose rankling wound as yet does rifely bleed.
Why livest thou still, and yet hast thy death's wound?
Why diest thou still, and yet alive art found?

“Thus is my summer worn away and wasted,
Thus is my harvest hastened all-to rathe;
The ear that budded fair is burnt and blasted,
And all my hoped gain is turn'd to scathe.
Of all the seed, that in my youth was sown,
Was none but brakes and brambles to be mown.

“My boughs with blooms that crowned were at first,
And promised of timely fruit such store,
Are left both bare and barren now at erst;
The flattering fruit is fallen to ground before,
And rotted ere they were half mellow ripe;
My harvest, waste, my hope away did wipe.

“The fragrant flowers, that in my garden grew,
Be withered, as they had been gathered long:

Their roots be dried up for lack of dew,
Yet dewed with tears they have been ever among.
Ah! who has wrought my Rosalind this spite,
To spoil the flowers that should her garland dight?

“And I, that whilome wont to frame my pipe
Unto the shifting of the shepherd’s foot,
Such follies now have gathered as too ripe,
And cast them out as rotten and unsote.
The looser lass I cast to please no more;
One if I please, enough is me therefore.

“And thus of all my harvest-hope I have
Nought reaped but a weedy crop of care;
Which, when I thought have thresh’d in swelling sheave,
Cockle for corn, and chaff for barley, bare:
Soon now he storms with many a sturdy stour;
So now his blust’ring blast each coast doth scour.

“The careful cold hath nipt my rugged rind,
And in my face deep furrows eld hath pight:
My head besprent with hoary frost I find,
And by mine eye the crow his claw doth write:
Delight is laid abed; and pleasure past;
No sun now shines; clouds have all overcast.

“Now leave, ye shepherds’ boys, your merry glee;
My muse is hoarse and weary of this stound:
Here will I hang my pipe upon this tree,
Was never pipe of reed did better sound:
Winter is come that blows the bitter blast,
And after winter dreary death does hast.

“Gather together, ye my little flock,
My little flock, that was to me so lief;
Let me, ah! let me in your folds ye lock,
Ere the breme winter breed you greater grief.
Winter is come, that blows the baleful breath,
And after winter cometh timely death.

“Adieu, delights, that lulled me asleep;
Adieu, my dear, whose love I bought so dear;

Adieu, my little lambs and loved sheep;
 Adieu, ye woods, that oft my witness were:
 Adieu, good Hobbino!, that was so true,
 Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu."

COLIN'S EMBLEME

Vivitur ingenio: cætera mortis erunt.

(The creations of genius live; other things shall be the prey of death.)

b. THE FAERIE QUEENE

Spenser's *Faerie Queene* was but half completed. Indeed, if it be true that he originally purposed to include twelve books devoted to the moral virtues of an ideal gentleman and twelve to political qualities which a ruler should exemplify, only one-fourth was written. Had he actually composed twenty-four books, the length of his poem would have exceeded that of all our great epics combined. As it now stands, the length of *The Faerie Queene* is twice that of the *Divine Comedy* and three times that of *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* taken together.

Instead of constituting a single epic, it is rather a series of epics, loosely joined together. Since the whole scheme was to have been revealed in the twelfth book, Spenser felt it necessary to write a letter to his friend Raleigh, indicating the scope of his poem and his plan concerning it at the time the first books were printed. In this elucidating communication we find his underlying purpose, which must be borne in mind. It reads:

"Knowing how doubtfully all allegories may be construed, and this book of mine, which I have entitled *The Faerie Queene*, being a continued allegory or dark conceit, I have thought good, as well for avoiding of jealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof (being by you so commanded) to discover unto you the general intention and meaning which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes, or by-accidents, therein occasioned. The general end therefore of all the book is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline. Which

for that I conceived would be most plausible and pleasing, being covered with an historical fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter than for profit of the ensample: I chose the history of King Arthur as most fit for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many men's former works, and also furthest from the danger of envy and suspicion of present time."

He goes on to say that in choosing his hero, Arthur, he is imitating the habit of past poets, Homer taking Odysseus, Virgil, Æneas, and Ariosto, Orlando.

Thus we learn that Spenser proposes to write an epic for England, summoning from out the misty past the character of Arthur when yet he was a prince, unburdened with the duties of king that later came upon him. Twelve knights in as many books are to set forth the virtues exemplified in Prince Arthur. The first book portrays the Red Cross knight who represents Holiness; through his adventures we see the temptations to which he may be subjected, who would live a pure and holy life. The second book, carrying the scheme forward, presents Sir Guyon who exemplifies Temperance. When these valiant knights are in dire need of aid, it is Prince Arthur who appears to provide it. However, they owe allegiance not alone to him but chiefly to Gloriana, the Queene of the Faerie Kingdom.

"In that Faerie Queene I mean Glory in my general intention: but in my particular, I conceive the most excellent and gracious person of our Sovereign the Queen, and her kingdom in Faerie Land. And yet in some places else I do otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royal Queen or Empress, the other of a most virtuous and beautiful lady, this latter part in some places I do express in Belphebe, fashioning her name according to your own excellent conceit of Cynthia (Phœbe and Cynthia being both names of Diana.)"

At what disadvantage we shall be in attempting to unravel the several threads of his allegory without the twelfth book, Spenser intimates to us in another paragraph of his long letter to Raleigh.

“The beginning therefore of my History, if it were to be told by an Historiographer, should be the twelfth book, which is the last; where I devise that the Faerie Queene kept her annual feast twelve days; upon which twelve several days the occasions of the twelve several adventures happened, which being undertaken by twelve several knights, are in these twelve books severally handled and discovered.”

Since only a fragment of the seventh book was printed,* it is plain that we must study the scheme revealed in Spenser's letter, without which it would be difficult indeed to determine what he had undertaken to set forth. We are to imagine that great and glorious queen of faerie land holding a yearly festival. Daily for twelve successive days appear before her those who implore aid for their deliverance. To knights who entreat her for the boon of an adventure, the queen assigns these various tasks. In executing them, the trials and obstacles which will be encountered in treading the different paths of virtue are shown. Virtues which an ideal knight should embrace are avowedly justice, courtesy, temperance and the like. So, one by one, fine specimens of chivalrous manhood are brought before us in the poem to indicate the “gentle discipline” which alone fashions perfect knights.

Now the faerie land of Spenser's epic was by no means the land of Shakespeare's Puck and Ariel, still less the land of Peter Pan. It was an enchanted kingdom where chivalrous knights, fair damsels in distress, monsters of many kinds and other creatures strayed—shadowy beings who flitted about in deep gloom of forests or in light that never was on sea or land. In short, it was the land of the poet's imagination, a region created only by his fancy wherein all the mediæval processions of brave soldiers, beauteous ladies and survivals of primeval monsters, of whom poets of other days had sung, found a place.

Scott, steeped in the atmosphere of knight errantry and historic deeds, repeople the Scottish border with men of flesh and blood, as real as people whom we meet today. Spenser's creatures for the most part are shadowy beings

phantomlike and unconvincing, like indistinct figures in a faded tapestry.

Nor was this all. Three allegorical threads run through the fabric, now side by side, now intermingling so that to follow them is confusion. First, there is the moral allegory of vices and virtues: Una, representing Truth; Guyon, Temperance, and so on. Secondly, there is the political allegory, Arthur symbolizing the Earl of Leicester, Duessa, Mary, Queen of Scots; Soldan, Philip II of Spain; Artegal, probably Lord Grey. Finally, there is a religious allegory in which the Roman church, the Established church, Paganism and other religious or non-religious forces play their parts.

Coleridge was first to call Spenser "the poets' poet;" his melodious verse, vivid word pictures, rich imagery, and lingering colors enrapture a poet's soul. Yet, despite his wealth of material and sensuous music, he was not sufficiently inventive to turn his complex allegory into such clearly defined channels that the reader can follow it without confusion. As a result, critics have been divided, some holding with Lowell that it is enough to read *The Faerie Queene* for its poetry and give small heed to the underlying thought. Such injunction has called forth protest from others who insist that it is to miss the poet's full meaning to interpret literally what he has written; and surely the moral allegory is essential to intelligent appreciation of the poem. It is necessary to read it many times to get from it all it has to give and after the descriptions and imagery have been enjoyed and the inner ear captivated with its melody, then one may well pause to ponder the symbolism of the poem. In his discourse upon it, Lowell has said: "Other poets have held their mirrors up to nature, mirrors that differ very widely in the truth and beauty of the images they reflect; but Spenser's is a magic glass, in which we see few shadows cast back from actual life, but visionary shapes conjured up by the wizard's art from some confusedly remembered past or some impossible future; it is like one of those still pools of mediæval legend which covers some sunken city of the antique world; a reservoir in which

all our dreams seem to have been gathered. As we float upon it, we see that it pictures faithfully enough the summer clouds that drift over it, the trees that grow about its margin, but in the midst of these shadowy echoes of actuality we catch faint tones of bells that seem blown to us from beyond the horizon of time, and looking down into the clear depths, catch glimpses of towers and far-shining knights and peerless dames that waver and are gone. Is it a world that ever was, or ever shall be, or can be, or but a delusion? Spenser's world, real to him, is real enough for us to take a holiday in, and we may well be content with it when the earth we dwell on is often too real to allow such vacations. It is the same kind of world that Petrarch's Laura has walked in for five centuries with all ears listening for the music of her feet. . . . Spenser is a standing protest against the tyranny of the commonplace, and sows the seeds of a noble discontent with prosaic views of life and the dull uses to which it may be put."

One characteristic of *The Faerie Queene* is the continual use of archaic words which the author regarded as well suited to his theme. They are found in greater profusion in this than in his other writings for the reason that they seemed appropriate to mediæval themes, such as chivalry and heroic deeds. Any page brings several to view: *afooore* for *before*; to *keepen* for *to keep*. Changes in the use of words and in spelling make the poem at first sight a little formidable to the modern reader, but it is possible to obtain editions wherein the spelling has been modernized and obsolete words are explained.

It is the yearly festival of the queen of færie land. A tall, awkward youth has pressed forward to beg an adventure from Gloriana. Presently a fair damsel, garbed in black, appears upon a snow-white ass, a dwarf holding in rein a war horse and a knight's armour. The strange maiden says that her parents are held prisoners in a castle guarded by a dragon and implores the good queen to dispatch a knight to their relief. The rustic advances to claim the adventure but his unknightly bearing is repellant to the maiden. The swain being reluctantly permitted to don the

armour, lo! his appearance is forthwith transformed. Knighted by the queen, he and the hapless maid set forth at once upon adventures which fill the first book of the poem. Sworn to Holiness, he is shortly beset by Error and Deceit. The first canto portrays the knight, "pricking on the plain," a red cross on his breast, his steed champing at the bit, his armour dented by past encounters. By his side the lovely lady Una, clad in a black stole, sat upon an ass "more white than snow." A storm suddenly gathers and they leave the well trodden road for a sheltered grove, but, after the sky clears, they cannot find the way by which they came. A dark cave confronts them, the abode of a horrible monster: Error, who is slain by the Red Cross knight. A sorcerer, disguised as a hermit, beguiles them to spend the night in his abode. While they sleep, he sends to Hades for an evil dream for the knight to persuade him to think Una—Truth—has chosen another as her protector, whereupon he departs on the morrow without her.

As he fares along, the knight encounters Sansfoy and Duessa: Faithlessness and Deceit. He slays the first and espouses the cause of Duessa until her foul hypocrisy is revealed. Una wanders through the forest, seeking her erstwhile knight, trembling for fear in her dire plight. Meeting a bear she makes the beast gentle by her purity.

The old magician accouters himself as a knight and rides after Una, who does not detect the wicked old man in his new guise. After Una has been deserted by him and has suffered no end of woe, Prince Arthur overtakes her and rides with her to release the Red Cross knight, now held captive in a castle where Duessa has treacherously led him. With many an experience Una and her protector arrive at length in the country where her parents are guarded by a terrible dragon. Long and fearful is the struggle before the Red Cross knight overcomes the dread demon. When finally the imprisoned king and queen are delivered from the foe that has held them so long captive, the bravery of the knight is rewarded by the hand of Una. *Holiness allied with Truth is able to overcome all evil and triumph over wickedness and deceit.*

Allegory is not so acceptable to our generation as to the Middle Ages, and it is plain that Spenser turned back to life that was all but gone before his birth. The triumph of virtues over vices is scarcely sufficient to induce us to read twelve cantos such as these to behold at length the happy issue. It is safe to say that the majority of people who now read Spenser—not too many, by any means—read for the beauty of the pictures, the music of the poetry and the beautiful descriptions which will delight sensitive souls so long as poetry is read.

“*The Faerie Queene* is an heroic poem in which the heroine, who gives her name to it, never appears: a story, of which the basis and starting point is whimsically withheld for disclosure in the last book, which was never written. . . . It bears on its face a great fault of construction. It carries with it no adequate account of its own story; it does not explain itself or contain in its own structure what would enable a reader to understand how it arose. It has to be accounted for by a prose explanation and key outside of itself. . . . The truth is that the power of ordering and connecting a long and complicated plan was not one of Spenser’s gifts. In the first two books, the allegorical story proceeds from point to point with fair coherence and consecutiveness. After them the attempt to hold the scheme together, except in the loosest and most general way, is given up as too troublesome or too confined. . . .

“We can hardly lose our way in it, for there is no way to lose. It is a wilderness in which we are left to wander. But there may be interest and pleasure in a wilderness if we are prepared for wandering. . . .

“What he did was to reveal to English ears as it had never been revealed before, at least since the days of Chaucer, the sweet music, the refined grace, the inexhaustible versatility of the English tongue. . . . If his stanzas are monotonous, it is with the grand monotony of the sea shore, where billow follows billow, each swelling diversely, and broken into different curves and waves upon its mounting surface, till at last it falls over and spreads and rushes up in a last long line of foam upon the beach.”¹

From THE FAERIE QUEENE

CANTO 1

The patron of true Holiness
Foul Error doth defeat:
Hypocrisy, him to entrap,
Doth to his home entreat.

I

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain.
Ycladd in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdainng to the curb to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemed, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fit.

II

But on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as living ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd
For soveraine hope, which in his help he had:
Right faithful true he was in deed and word,
But of his cheer did seem too solumn sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III

Upon a great adventure he was bound,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
That greatest glorious queen of Færy Land,
To win him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And ever as he rode his heart did yearn
To prove his puissance in battle brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

IV

A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil, that whimpled was full low,
And over all a black stole she did throw:
As one that inly mourned, so was she sad,
And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow:
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milkwhite lamb she led.

V

So pure and innocent, as that same lamb,
She was in life and every virtuous lore,
And by descent from royal lineage came
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore
Their scepters stretched from east to western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held,
Till that infernal fiend with foul uproar
Forwasted all their land, and them expelled:
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compelled.

VI

Behind her far away a dwarf did lag,
That lazy seemed, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they past,
The day with clouds was sudden overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain
Did pour into his lemans lap so fast,
That every wight to shroud it did constrain,
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

VII

Enforced to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shady groove not far away they spied,
That promised aid the tempest to withstand:
Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad, that heaven light did hide,
Not pierceable with power of any star:
And all within were paths and alleys wide,
With footing worn, and leading inward far:
Fair harbour that them seems, so in they entered are.

VIII

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
 Joying to hear the birds sweet harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dread,
 Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,
 The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
 The builder oak, sole king of forests all,
 The aspin good for staves, the cypress funeral,

IX

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
 And poets sage, the fir that weepeth still,
The willow worn of forlorn paramours,
 The yew obedient to the benders will,
The birch for shafts, the shallow for the mill,
 The myrrh sweet bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
 The fruitful olive, and the platane round,
 The carver holme, the maple seldom inward sound.

X

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
 Until the blustering storm is overblown;
When, weening to return whence they did stray,
 They cannot find that path, which first was shown,
But wander to and fro in way unknown,
 Furthest from end then, when they nearest ween,
That makes them doubt, their wits be not their own:
 So many paths, so many turnings seen,
 That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.

XI

At last resolving forward still to fare,
 Till that some end they find, or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten seemed most bare,
 And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout.
 At length it brought them to a hollow cave,
Amid the thickest woods; The champion stout
 Eftsoons dismounted from his courser brave,
 And to the dwarf a while his needless spear he gave.

XII

“Be well aware,” quoth then that lady mild,
“Least sudden mischief you too rash provoke;
The danger hid, the place unknown and wild,
Breeds dreadful doubts: oft fire is without smoke,
And peril without show: therefore your stroke,
Sir knight, withhold, till further trial made.”
“Ah, lady,” said he, “shame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade:
Virtue gives her self light, through darkness for to wade.”

XIII

“Yea, but,” quoth she, “the peril of this place
I better wot than you: though now too late
To wish you back return with foul disgrace,
Yet wisdom warns, whilest foot is in the gate,
To stay the step, ere forced to retreat.
This is the wandering wood, this Error’s den,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I read beware.” “Fly, fly!” quoth then
The fearful dwarf: “this is no place for living men.”

XIV

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthful knight could not for aught be stayed,
But forth unto the darksome hole he went,
And looked in: his glistening armour made
A little glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the ugly monster plain,
Half like a serpent horribly displayed,
But th’ other half did woman’s shape retain,
Most loathsome, filthy, foul, and full of vile disdain.

XV

And as she lay upon the dirty ground,
Her huge long tail her den all overspread,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
Pointed with mortal sting. Of her there bred
A thousand young ones, which she daily fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs, each one
Of sundry shapes, yet all ill favored:
Soon as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and sudden all were gone.

XVI

Their dam upstart, out of her den afraid,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous tail
About her cursed head, whose folds displayed
Were stretched now forth at length without entrail.
She looked about, and seeing one in mail,
Armed to point, sought back to turn again:
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Aye wont in desert darkness to remain,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plain.

XVII

Which when the valiant Elfe perceived, he leapt
As lion fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchant blade her boldly kept
From turning back, and forced her to stay:
Therewith enraged she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her speckled tail advanced,
Threatening her angry sting, him to dismay:
Who, naught aghast, his mighty hand enhanced:
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glanced.

XVIII

Much daunted with that dint, her sense was dazed,
Yet kindling rage her self she gathered round,
And all at once her beastly body raised
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Though, wrapping up her wretched stern around,
Leapt fierce upon his shield, and her huge train
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stir he strove in vain:
God help the man so wrapped in Error's endless train.

XIX

His lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
Cried out, "Now, now, sir knight, show what you be:
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint:
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee."
That when he heard, in great perplexity,
His gall did grate for grief and high disdain:
And knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Wherewith he gripped her gorge with so great pain,
That soon to loose her wicked bands did her constrain.

XX

Therewith she spewed out of her filthy maw
A cloud of poison horrible and black,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunk so vilely, that it forced him slack
His grasping hold, and from her turn him back:
Her vomit full of books and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toads, which eyes did lack,
And creeping sought way in the weedy grass:
Her filthy parbreak all the place defiled has.

XXI

As when old father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Egyptian vale,
His fatty waves do fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plane and lowly dale:
But when his later spring gins to avail,
Huge heaps of mud he leaves, wherein there breed
Ten thousand kinds of creatures, partly male
And partly female, of his fruitful seed:
Such ugly monstrous shapes elsewhere may no man read.

XXII

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That, wellnigh choked with the deadly stink,
His forces fail, nor can no longer fight.
Whose courage when the fiend perceived to shrink,
She poured forth out of her hellish sink
Her fruitful cursed spawn of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, foul, and black as ink,
Which swarming all about his legs did crawl,
And him encumbered sore, but could not hurt at all.

XXIII

As gentle shepherd in sweet eventide,
When ruddy Phœbus gins to walk in west,
High on an hill, his flock to vewen wide,
Marks which do bite their hasty supper best:
A coud of cumbrous gnats do him molest,
All striving to infix their feeble stings,
That from their annoyance he no where can rest,
But brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

XXIV

Thus ill bested, and fearful more of shame
Then of the certain peril he stood in,
Half furious unto his foe he came,
Resolved in mind all suddenly to win,
Or soon to lose, before he once would lin;
And struck at her with more than manly force,
That from her body, full of filthy sin,
He raft her hateful head without remorse:
A stream of coal black blood forth gushed from her corse.

XXV

Her scattered brood, soon as their parent dear
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groaning full deadly, all with troublous fear,
Gathering themselves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth: but being there withstood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked up their dying mother's blood,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

XXVI

That detestable sight him much amazed,
To see the unkindly imps, of heaven accursed,
Devour their dam; on whom while so he gazed,
Having all satisfied their bloody thirst,
Their bellies swollen he saw with fulness burst,
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such as drunk her life, the which them nursed!
Now needeth him no longer labor spend;
His foe have slain themselves, with whom he should contend.

XXVII

His lady, seeing all that chanced, from far,
Approached in haste to greet his victory,
And said, "Fair knight, born under happy star,
Who see your vanquished foes before you lie,
Well worthy be you of that armory,
Wherein you have great glory won this day,
And proved your strength on a strong enemy,
Your first adventure: many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may."

XXVIII

Then mounted he upon his steed again,
And with the lady backward sought to wend;
That path he kept which beaten was most plain,
Nor ever would do any by way bend,
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to friend)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought;
Long way he traveled, before he heard of aught.

XXIX

At length they chanced to meet upon the way
An aged sire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoary gray,
And by his belt his book he hanging had;
Sober he seemed, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in show, and void of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knocked his breast, as one that did repent.

XXX

He fair the knight saluted, bowing low,
Who fair him quited, as that courteous was;
And after asked him, if he did know
Of strange adventures, which abroad did pass.
"Ah! my dear son," quoth he, "how should, alas!"
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beads all day for his trespass,
Tidings of war and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such things to mell.

XXXI

"But if of danger, which hereby doth dwell,
And homebred evil you desire to hear,
Of a strange man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this country far and near."
"Of such," said he, "I chiefly do inquire,
And shall you well reward to show the place,
In which that wicked wight his days doth wear:
For to all knighthood it is foul disgrace,
That such a cursed creature lives so long a space."

XXXII

“Far hence,” quoth he, “in wasteful wilderness,
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever pass, but through great distress.”
“Now,” said the lady, “draweth toward night,
And well I know, that of your later fight
You all forwearied be: for what so strong,
But, wanting rest, will also want of might?
The Sun, that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth bait his steeds the ocean waves among.

XXXIII

“Then with the Sun take, sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new work at once begin:
Untroubled night, they say, gives counsel best.”
“Right well, sir Knight, you have advised been,”
Quoth then that aged man: “the way to win
Is wisely to advise: now day is spent;
Therefore with me you may take up your in
For this same night.” The knight was well content:
So with that godly father to his home they went.

XXXIV

A little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a forest’s side,
Far from resort of people, that did pass
In travel to and fro: a little wide
There was an holy chapel edified,
Wherein the hermit daily went to say
His holy things each morn and even-tide:
Thereby a chrystal stream did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain welled forth alway.

XXXV

Arrived there, the little house they fill,
Nor look for entertainment, where none was:
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will;
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With fair discourse the evening so they pass:
For that old man of pleasing words had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glass:
He told of saints and pipes, and evermore
He strewed an Ave-Mary after and before.

XXXVI

The drooping night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humor loading their eye lids,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
Sweet slumbering dew, the which to sleep them bids:
Unto their lodgings then his guests he riddes
Where when all drowned in deadly sleep he finds,
He to his study goes, and there amidst
His magic books and arts of sundry kinds,
He seeks out mighty charms, to trouble sleepy minds.

XXXVII

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame;
With which and other spells like terrible,
He had awake black Pluto's grizzly dame,
And cursed heaven, and spoke reproachful shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light:
A bold bad man, that dared to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darkness and dead night,
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

XXXVIII

And forth he called out of deep darkness dread
Legions of sprites, the which like little flies
Fluttering about his ever damned head,
Await whereto their service he applies,
To aid his friends, or fray his enemies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest two,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lies;
The one of them he gave a message to,
The other by himself stayed, other work to do.

XXXIX

He, making speedy way through dispersed air,
And through the world of waters wide and deep,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repair,
Amid the bowels of the earth full steep,
And low, where dawning day doth never peep,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthis still doth steep
In silver dew his ever-drooping head,
While sad Night over him her mantle black doth spread.

XL

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
 The one fair framed of burnished ivory,
 The other all with silver overcast;
 And wakeful dogs before them far do lie,
 Watching to banish Care their enemy,
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleep.
 By them the sprite doth pass in quietly,
 And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deep
 In drowsy fit he finds: of nothing he takes keep.

XLI

And more, to lull him in his slumber soft,
 A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down,
 And ever drizzling rain upon the loft,
 Mixed with a murmuring wind, much like the sound
 Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoon:
 No other noise, nor peoples troublous cries,
 As still are wont t'annoy the walled town,
 Might there be heard: but careless Quiet lies,
 Wrapped in eternal silence far from enemies.

XLII

The messenger approaching to him spake,
 But his waste words returned to him in vain:
 So sound he slept, that naught might him awake.
 Then rudely he him thrust, and pushed with pain,
 Whereat he gan to stretch: but he again
 Shook him so hard, that forced him to speak.
 As one then in a dream, whose drier brain
 Is tossed with troubled sights and fancies weak,
 He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence break.

XLIII

The sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
 And threatened unto him the dreaded name
 Of Hecate: whereat he gan to quake,
 And, lifting up his lumpish head, with blame
 Half angry asked him, for what he came.
 "Hether," quoth he, "me Archimago sent,
 He that the stubborn sprites can wisely tame;
 He bids thee to him send for his intent
 A fit false dream, that can delude the sleepers sent."

XLIV

The god obeyed, and calling forth straight way
O diverse dream out of his prison dark,
Delivered it to him, and down did lay
His heavy head, devoid of careful carke;
Whose senses all were straight benumbed and stark,
He, back returning by the ivory door,
Remounted up as light as cheerful lark,
And on his little wings the dream he bore
In haste unto his lord, where he him left before.

XLV

Who all this while, with charms and hidden arts,
Had made a lady of that other spright,
And framed of liquid air her tender parts,
So lively and so like in all men's sight,
That weaker sense it could have ravished quite:
The maker self, for all his wondrous wit,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight:
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seem for Una fit.

XLVI

Now when that idle dream was to him brought,
Unto that Elfin knight he bade him fly,
Where he slept soundly, void of evil thought,
And with false shows abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schooled privily:
And that new creature, born without her dew,
Full of the maker's guile, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that lady through,
Whose semblance she did carry under feigned hue.

XLVII

Thus well instructed, to their work they haste,
And coming where the knight in slumber lay,
The one upon his hardy head him placed,
And made him dream of loves and lustful play,
That nigh his manly heart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton bliss and wicked joy.
Then seemed him his lady by him lay,
And to him played, how that false winged boy
Her chaste heart had subdued to learn Dame Pleasures toy.

XLVIII

And she herself, of beauty sovereign queen,
Fair Venus, seemed unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he, waking, evermore did ween
To be the chastest flower that aye did spring
On earthly branch, the daughter of a king,
Now a loose leman to vile service bound:
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing
Hymen io Hymen, dancing all around,
While freshest Flora her with ivy garland crowned.

XLIX

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
Or wonted fear of doing aught amiss,
He started up, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:
Lo! there before his face his lady is,
Under black stole hiding her baited hook,
And as half blushing offered him to kiss,
With gentle blandishment and lovely look,
Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him took.

L

All clean dismayed to see so uncouth sight,
And half enraged at her shameless guise,
He thought have slain her in his fierce despite;
But hasty heat tempering with sufferance wise,
He stayed his hand, and gan himself advise
To prove his sense, and tempt her feigned truth.
Wringing her hands in women's piteous wise,
Though can she weep, to stir up gentle ruth,
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

LI

And said, "Ah sir, my liege lord and my love,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruel fate,
And mighty causes wrought in heaven above,
Or the blind god, that doth me thus amate,
For hoped love to win me certain hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
Die is my due: yet rue my wretched state
You, whom my hard avenging destiny
Has made judge of my life or death indifferently.

LII

"Your own dear sake forced me at first to leave
 My father's kingdom"—There she stopped with tears;
 Her swollen heart her speech seemed to bereave;
 And then again begone: "My weaker years,
 Captived to fortune and frail worldly fears,
 Fly to your faith for succor and sure aid:
 Let me not die in langour and long tears."
 "Why, dame," quoth he, "what hath ye thus dismayed?
 What frayes you, that were wont to comfort me afraid?"

LIII

"Love of your self," she said, "and dear constraint,
 Lets me not sleep, but waste the weary night
 In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
 While you in careless sleep are drowned quite."
 Her doubtful words made that redoubted knight
 Suspect her truth: yet since no untruth he knew,
 Her fawning love with foul disdainful spite
 He would not shend, but said, "Dear dame, I rue,
 That for my sake unknown such grief unto you grew.

LIV

"Assure your self, it fell not all to ground;
 For all so dear as life is to my heart,
 I deemed your love, and hold me to you bound;
 Nor let vain fears procure your needless smart,
 Where cause is none, but to your rest depart."
 Not all content, yet seemed she to appease
 Her mournful plaints, beguiled of her art,
 And fed with words, that could not choose but please;
 So sliding softly forth, she turned as to her ease.

LV

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
 Much grieved to think that gentle dame so light,
 For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
 At last dull weariness of former fight
 Having rocked asleep his irksome sprite,
 That troublous dream gan freshly toss his brain
 With bowers, and beds, and ladies dear delight:
 But when he saw his labor all was vain,
 With that misformed sprite he back returned again.

MINOR ELIZABETHAN POETS

This title must not be misunderstood: "minor" does not mean "inferior in quality," but only "inferior in size." The great poems—that is to say, the extensive ones—are excluded from our survey. There is, therefore, nothing regarding the greatest allegory in the language, Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, or Daniel's *History of the Civil Wars*, or Chapman's gigantic translation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* of Homer, or Drayton's *Legends* or his strangely interesting topographical masterpiece, *Polyolbion*. Dramatic verse is also excluded; and those strangely powerful and philosophical dramatic poems of Fulke Grevile's are also regarded as coming within the ban. That determination means shutting out from consideration a number of very beautiful songs, scattered amongst the plays.

The greatness of the period's dramatic poetry must not blind people to its greatness in other forms of verse. In narrative poetry it takes high rank; in allegory, thanks to Spenser, it is unequalled; in geographical verse, such as Drayton's, it has literally no rival; in the sonnet it may perhaps claim first place, though that is open to question; and in the pure lyric it has not been surpassed. It is interesting to compare the duration of the lyric impulse that arose in England in the reign of the Virgin Queen with the duration of the dramatic impulse that also had its birth in that age. Taking the latter as commencing with Lyly in 1579, it may be held to have lasted till the death of Vanbrugh in 1715, a term of one hundred and thirty-six years. There was, it is true, a break of about twenty years, during the Civil War, the existence of the Commonwealth, and the first years after the Restoration; but that was owing to circumstances that rendered impossible any exhibition of dramatic genius. As soon as matters had settled down, it was made evident that the flame burnt fully as brightly as it had done at the time when the break came. Shirley bridged the gap until Dryden was ready to take his place, and Dryden continued till Congreve had appeared on the scene. There was, in fact, a continuous succession

of great dramatists for a period of one hundred and thirty-six years; indeed, one might extend it for another term of twenty-seven or twenty-eight years till the retirement of Fielding; but, though Gay was writing plays when Vanbrugh died, he did not prove himself till some years later. It is well, therefore, to limit the period to one hundred and thirty-six years.

Now what of the duration of the song impulse, by way of comparison? Strangely enough, this too may be held to have had its birth in 1579, for in that year Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* saw the light. The torch was carried on by one great lyrist after another till the death of Sir Charles Sedley in 1701. If we may assume that favorite of Charles II to have retained his poetic faculties till the close of his dissipated life, that gives us a period of one hundred and twenty-two years during which song was at a height that it has never since attained, save in the work of a few detached lyrists now and then. The lyric and the dramatic impulses may then be said to have been born together and to have lasted for almost the same length of time.

As I am confining myself to the age of Elizabeth, it may be well to at least mention a few names to show that my statement that the Elizabethan genius for the pure lyric lasted for well over a century is not without justification. We have Ben Jonson, who wrote the lovely, "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

Wither, the poet of

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?"

Carew, who gave us the masterly

"Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;"

Suckling, the author of the famous *Ballad of a Wedding* and of

"I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;"

Herrick, of the *Night-piece to Julia* and the many glowing songs in the *Hesperides*; Herbert, of *The Temple*; the religious mystic, Crashaw; Vaughn, the Silurist, with his magnificent elegy,

“They are all gone into the world of light;”

Milton; Traherne, whose work was discovered only this century; Rochester, the most gifted song-writer of the Restoration; and Sedley, who wrote

“Phyllis is my only joy”

and the beautiful

“Not, Celia, that I juster am,
Or better than the rest.”

In the passage of time the characteristics of the lyric varied, as the characteristics of the drama varied; but the impulse did not, and the genius displayed remarkably little diminution—less indeed than is shown in compositions for the theatre.

I intend here to deal with Elizabethan poetry under three heads—the lyric, the sonnet, and miscellaneous poems; and, as I have been speaking of the lyric, it may be well to begin with that.

SONGSTERS OF THE AGE

It is characteristic of Elizabethan songs that they sing—they sing as do the songs of Burns or the tiny verses of Verlaine, or the delightful, but little known, lyrics of William Barnes. From the days of Elizabeth to the days of the second Charles the poets in lyric form are true songsters. And we must bear in mind this fact—that the age of Elizabeth (and let it be understood that, when the term is used in regard to poetry other than dramatic, it is used accurately, and not in the broad sense in which we apply it in connection with the drama), the most noteworthy age in English literature, is also the greatest age in English music.

The madrigalists—Byrd, Wilbye, Weelkes, Dowland, Jones, Rosseter, and others—are no less great than the poets; and one of them at least, Dowland, is a master

of both arts—a double glory to which Campion is also entitled. Some of the finest of Elizabethan lyrics are to be found in song-books, “books of airs.” Many are anonymous; some of them may or may not be by the composer. They were playthings which no one troubled to own; but even playthings may have the divine breath in them; as assuredly do many of these nameless Elizabethan songs.

I have treated the great period of Elizabethan lyrism as commencing with the publication of Spenser’s *Shepherd’s Calendar*. It is not the entire work that warrants this claim; but rather one or two numbers in it. Spenser, however, is more fitly considered elsewhere, since his demand for recognition is stronger in either of the other two sections than in song.

Rather may we begin with Nicholas Brenton, some of whose songs indeed antedated the appearance of Spenser’s pastoral, though his really famous numbers came later. Such are *The Plowman’s Song*, beginning

“In the merry month of May,
In a morn, by break of day,
Forth I walked by the wood-side,
Whenas May was in his pride;”

and that *Sweet Lullaby*, so touching in its simple pathos, a couple of verses of which will hardly resist the temptation to quote:

“And dost thou smile? Oh, thy sweet face!
Would God himself He might thee see!
No doubt thou wouldst soon purchase grace,
I know right well, for thee and me;
But come to mother, babe, and play;
For father false is fled away.

* * * *

Sweet boy, if it by fortune chance
Thy father home gain to send,
If death do strike me with his lance,
Yet mayst thou me him commend.
If any ask thy mother’s name,
Tell how by love she purchased blame.”

Breton was a poet of great variety; but it would be too much to describe him as a master of every style of verse he essayed. His best work, perhaps, was done in that unreal poetic form to which Elizabethans were so partial, the pastoral ditty. Busy as he was in the production of verse, he did nothing on a large scale.

A much more famous man claims attention next, Sir Walter Raleigh.† The possessor of perhaps the most restless and adventurous spirit of the time, fighter by land and by sea, the first colonizer of British race, a politician (too much a politician; but also a statesman), and one of our greatest historians, he yet found time to write some of the most pregnant verse in the language. He did not do much; but what character there is in that little! His great sonnet must be spoken of hereafter; but there are two poems that must be mentioned here. The one is that tremendously forceful and bitterly pessimistic lyric, *The Lie*, which begins:

“Go, soul, the body’s guest,
 Upon a thankless arrant.
 Fear not to touch the best:
 The truth shall be thy warrant.
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give the world the lie.

Say to the court it glows
 And shines like rotten wood;
 Say to the church it shows
 What’s good, and doth no good.
 If court and church reply,
 Then give them both the lie.”

The other consists of the verses found in his Bible in the gatehouse at Westminster, said to have been written the night before his execution—certainly when he lay in the valley of the shadow of death. Who can help feeling their deep pathos?—

“Even such is time, that takes in trust
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
 And pays us but with earth and dust;
 Who in the dark and silent grave,

When we have wandered all our ways,
 Shuts up the story of our days.
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust
 My God shall raise me up, I trust."

Thomas Lodge is a love-lyrist. He did a good deal in other forms of verse; but it is only in the song that he achieves greatness. In his rather wearisome prose romances are to be found madrigals that for gorgeousness of color, sensuous beauty, and erotic ardor are not easily to be excelled. Let me quote the first stanzas of three several poems: firstly, *Love's Wantonness*:

"Love guards the roses of thy lips,
 And flies about them like a bee.
 If I approach, he forward skips;
 And, if I kiss, he stingeth me;"

secondly, Rosalynd's *Madrigal*:

"Love in my bosom, like a bee,
 Doth suck his sweet;
 Now with his wings he plays with me;
 Now with his feet.
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest;
 His bed, amidst my tender breast;
 My kisses are his daily feast;
 And yet he robs me of my rest.
 Ah, wanton, will ye?"

thirdly, *Rosalynd*:

"Like to the clear in highest sphere,
 Where all imperial beauty shines,
 Of selfsame color is her hair,
 Whether unfolded or in twines.
 Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
 Refining heaven by every wink.
 The gods do fear whenas they glow;
 And I do tremble when I think."

There is indeed the rapture of a lover!

The glorious songs of Lyly (if the songs of his plays be his), Peele, Shakespeare, Dekker, and Heywood are to be found in their dramatic work, and so lie outside our self-

imposed bounds; but another great lyricist, the unfortunate Robert Greene, did not diversify his dramatic work with song, but put his lyric strength into his prose tracts and romances. His gorgeous imagery reminds one of Lodge; and he is at once warm-blooded and sweetly plaintive. The sentimental loveliness and gentle sadness of many of his poems offer a startling and tragic contrast with the known facts of his life. He who sang

“Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content;
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown.
 Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
 The poor estate scorns fortune’s angry frown.
 Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
 Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.”

can, with his dissoluteness and his uncomfortable conscience, have had little “sweet content” in his troubled life. Personally I find it hard to believe in the essential badness of the man, when he created in his best plays such sweet types of pure women, and when he could write *The Shepherd’s Wife’s Song*, of which the following is the opening stanza:

“Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing
 As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
 And sweeter too;
 For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
 And cares can make the sweetest love to frown.
 Ah, then: ah, then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?”

And yet it was about the time that he deserted his wife and young child that he wrote what is perhaps the sweetest cradle-song in the language:

“Weep not, my wanton; smile upon my knee;
 When thou art old, there’s grief enough for thee.
 Mother’s wag, pretty boy,
 Father’s sorrow, father’s joy,
 When thy father first did see
 Such a boy by him and me,
 He was glad, I was woe.

Fortune changed made him so,
 When he left his pretty boy,
 Last his sorrow, first his joy."

May there not be a touch of autobiography in the second stanza:

"Thus he grieved in every part;
 Tears of blood fell from his heart,
 When he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy."

Greene may have acted deplorably; but a man with a soul such as his could not have been bad at heart.

Who does not know Marlowe's exquisite "Come live with me, and be my love" or Raleigh's beautiful reply to it; but not many perhaps know the magnificent *Fragment*, beginning:

"I walk'd along a stream for pureness rare,
 Brighter than sunshine, for it did acquaint
 The dullest sight with all, the glorious prey
 That in the pebble-paved channel lay.
 No molten crystal, but a richer mine;
 Even Nature's rarest alchymy ran there—
 Diamonds resolv'd, and substance more divine,
 Through whose bright-gliding current might appear
 A thousand naked nymphs, whose ivory shine,
 Enameling the banks, made them more clear
 Than ever was that glorious gate
 Where the day-shining sun in triumph sate."

Those two gems are the only pieces of song (if indeed the one quoted may be so described) by Marlowe that have come down to us; but they suffice for his fame.

Another notable lyrist was Thomas Nashe, whose really glorious songs are included in his *Summer's Last Will*, which, though in dramatic form, is not a drama. The delightful "Spring" song, with its refrain,

"Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-wee, to-witta-woo"

is well known, if only because so many composers have set it to music; but even finer is the wonderful lament,

which heaps sorrow on sorrow, and was doubtless written from the heart, since the plague was at the time taking a terrible toll of London:

“Beauty is but a flower,
Which wrinkles will devour;
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen’s eye;
I am sick; I must die.

Lord, have mercy upon us!

Strength stoops unto the grave;
Worms feed on Hector brave;
Swords may not fight with fate;
Earth still holds ope her gate.
‘Come, come,’ the bells do cry:
I am sick; I must die.

Lord, have mercy upon us!”

If there be not sincerity in that, one knows not where to seek for it; and we have it again in

“Short days, sharp days, long nights come on apace.
Ah, who will hide us from the winter’s face?”

Nashe wrote forceful and vigorous prose; but so much of it as was controversial (as most of it was) could well be spared for more such lyrics as these.

Of all dealt with here Donne is least a song-writer, but intellectually the greatest of all. He stands apart from all others in the qualities of his mind and the power of his imagination; but, though he could be magnificently musical when he chose, he seldom chose, but adopted a style of deliberate and affected crabbedness. There was nothing conventional about Donne: he looked at things with his own eyes, and not with the eyes of the world; and it is this that makes the great attractiveness of his verse. He does not appeal to many; but to those who come within his spell he is one of the greatest of all poets. One of the most famous of his poems is *The Will*; and he is well known also for the song beginning:

"Sweetest love, I do not go
 For weariness of thee,
 Nor in hope the world can show
 A fitter love for me;
 But, since that I
 Must die at last, 'tis best
 Thus to use myself in jest
 By feigned deaths to die."

But he did not often write so simply.

Southwell was the preëminent devotional poet of the time. I cannot write of him sympathetically, because he does not appeal to me; but I include him in my review in respect for the greatness of his reputation. His work is full of frigid and ridiculous conceits; but there is music in the poem that begins:

"Shun delays: they breed remorse;
 Take thy time while time is lent thee.
 Creeping snails have weakest force.
 Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.
 Good is best when soonest wrought;
 Linger'd labors come to naught;"

and there is a real heart-cry in this:

"O life, what lets† thee from a quick decease?
 O death, what draws thee from a present prey?
 My feast is done; my soul would be at ease;
 My grace is said: O death, come, take away!"

John Dowland, musician, composer, and poet, next craves attention. Some of his songs are obviously written for singing, as, for instance "Weep you no more, sad fountains," of which I quote the second stanza:

"Sleep is a reconciling,
 A rest that peace begets.
 Doth not the sun rise smiling,
 When fair at ev'n he sets?
 Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes:
 Melt not in weeping,
 While she lies sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping."

Thomas Campion was perhaps even more versatile than Dowland, and certainly more gifted. He wrote poetry in both English and Latin, was a distinguished masque-writer, a composer, and a writer of scientific treatises on poetry and music. Here we have one of the very finest of all English lyrists. As a poet of love he is hardly to be excelled. His most famous poem, though included in a book of airs, is, except in form, more of a sonnet than a lyric; yet it is so fine that I cannot refrain from quoting it:

“When thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new admired guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round—
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest—
To hear the stories of thy finished love
From that smooth tongue whose music-hell can move;
Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights;
And all these triumphs for thy beauty’s sake!
When thou hast told these honors done to thee,
Then tell, oh, tell, how thou didst murder me.”

And, though it lies outside my scope, as belonging to the Jacobean age, I must direct attention to the Shelleyan song which commences:

“Shall I come, sweet love, to thee,
When the evening beams are set?
Shall I not excluded be?
Will you find no feigned let?§
Let me not, for pity, more
Tell the long hours at your door.”

THE SONNETEERS

The sonnet is often treated as a lyric. So it was originally, being intended for a musical accompaniment; but it soon became a reflective poem, whose merit was its weight of thought. When that was the case, it was no longer a lyric. No one would think of so classing it today were it not for its brevity; and brevity cannot reasonably be taken as a criterion.

It may first be well to describe what a sonnet is. It consists of fourteen lines, composed of an octet and a sestet. The rhymes of the first eight lines may be alternate or they may be enclosed (*abba*). In the final six lines there may be much variety, *cde* doubled, *cd* trebled, *cde* doubled, being perhaps the commonest and the most regular. All these forms are employed by the first master of the sonnet, Dante, and by its greatest master, Petrarch. Both of these poets occasionally varied from the original idea of the sonnet by making the poem end in a couplet, which they did rather awkwardly by a form *cdddc*, a metrical scheme which found no favor in England. Other early Italians made the last six lines consist of a quatrain and a couplet (*cddc ee* or *cdcd ee*), and these are the forms which Elizabethan England adopted. The one novelty in form which English poets introduced was the splitting of the opening eight lines into two quatrains (*abba cddc*, or, more commonly, *abab cdcd*, this being the Shakespearean sonnet form, which was first practised by Surrey).

The sonnet soon swept over Europe, and Petrarch's Laura sequence set the fashion. In England, in pre-Elizabethan days Wyat and Surrey made the form popular, the former favoring a rhyming scheme of *abbaabba cddc ee*; and the latter, one of *abab cdcd efef gg*. Of the three great sonneteers of the Elizabethan epoch, Sidney enlisted himself under the banner of Wyat, Shakespeare under the banner of Surrey, and Spenser distinguished himself by inventing a beautiful form of his own—*abab bcbc cdcd ee*—which links the quatrains with one another in a continuous chain of rhyme. Real Italian sonnets without the concluding couplet are rare; but Constable provides one with an enclosed octet and a pair of tercets (*cde ede*).

In the reign of Elizabeth sonneteering became a craze: there is really no other word for it. Every one, amateur or professional, who professed to be a poet had to write a sequence to some real or imaginary lady. Because of its brevity, the strictness of its form, and the single idea by which it has to be informed, it is one of the most difficult forms of verse to master; and therefore it is not surprising

that there were scarcely half-a-dozen of the Elizabethan versifiers who attempted it who succeeded.

It was the publication of Watson's *Hecatompethia* in 1582 that set the ball rolling in earnest; but Sidney had already written his *Astrophel* and *Stella* sonnets, which had a wide circulation in manuscript, though they were not printed till 1591, five years after his death. Watson's efforts are uninteresting, and need not concern us; but Sidney's are surpassed only by Shakespeare's and Spenser's, and form almost as fine a series of love poems as we have in the language. His "Stella" was Penelope Devereux, who, to his bitter disappointment, married Lord Rich. If they could be got into proper order, they would be found to consist of, first, a set of passionate assurances of his love; second, a joyful set, because his sweetheart appears to be looking on him with favor; and, third, a set of dejection and disappointment. It is a magnificent series, but very uneven; and it does not bear dislocation. Each sonnet is but part of a whole; and no one can get a true idea of Sidney's greatness by perusing single numbers. Like most of the Elizabethan sonneteers, most of his work is based on French or Italian originals.

Spenser's sonnet-sequence was written when he was wooing at the ripe age of forty. The lack of youthful ardor characterizing them is therefore not surprising, nor can it be said that that lack is altogether atoned for by greater intellectual content. He too borrowed largely from the Italian; and amongst his borrowings are a number of absurd conceits. The main merits of his sonnets are the consistently high level of the verse, their originality of form, to which I have already referred, and the delicacy of sentiment expressed in them. Perhaps the finest is the seventy-fifth of the series, the one beginning:

"One day I wrote her name upon the strand."

Shakespeare was, in the form of his sonnets, a direct follower of Watson, who had ignored the Italian rules and based himself on Surrey. From both a psychological and a poetic standpoint, his compositions stand alone; but what

they mean is hotly disputed. It seems to me well to take the frank and honest course, and say simply that I do not know. Sidney's sonnets can be said definitely to be addressed to the woman he wanted to marry; Spenser's, equally certainly, to the woman he did afterwards marry; but Shakespeare's are a mystery. There have been many conjectures as to who the dark lady was to whom many of the later sonnets were addressed; nor can we do more than guess as to the identity of the man who is the recipient, real or supposed, of the first 126. He may be Southampton; he may be Pembroke; he may be a Mr. Hall or a Mr. Hart; or he may be none of these; he may be a figment of the poet's imagination. But what does it matter? Let us take the sonnets as poetry, and not concern ourselves with the unanswerable question whether they present to us the fruits of Shakespeare's bitter experience or only the fruits of his glowing imagination. Critics have attempted to tell Shakespeare's life-story—or, at least, his heart-story—from these sonnets; but I shall attempt no such futile task.

Not all of these sonnets are masterly; but a very large proportion are. If I were to choose out one as my personal favorite, it would perhaps be No. 116:

“Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Oh, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star, to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.”

Next to the three sonneteers whose work has already been referred to comes Daniel. His sonnets to Delia are excellent; but even more than his three greater rivals is he indebted to others. He drew heavily on the French sonne-

teer Desportes, who rendered Petrarch's poems into French—so heavily that his work can be considered little more than translation. Such is the case with his most famous number:

“Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night.”

Drayton's sonnets to Idea are not very entertaining as a whole; but he had one unusual gift, that of making sonnets seem like actual speech. In this vein he achieved one notable success, as fine a sonnet as any produced by any of these men; in my opinion the finest of all:

“Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part.
 Nay, I have done: you get no more of me;
 And I am glad—yea, glad with all my heart—
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
 Shake hands forever; cancel all our vows;
 And, when we meet at any time again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows
 That we one jot of former love retain.
 Now, at the last gasp of Love's latest breath
 When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
 Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
 From death to life thou mightst him yet recover.”

But this great poem was probably post-Elizabethan.

In the scanty poetical remains of Raleigh too there is a single sonnet, but one which must suffice to give him a place among the masters of the form. It was appended to a copy of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*:

“Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
 Within that temple where the vestal flame
 Was wont to burn; and, passing by that way,
 To see that buried dust of living fame,
 Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
 All suddenly I saw the Faerie Queene,
 At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept;
 And from henceforth those graces were not seen;
 For they this queen attended, in whose stead
 Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.
 Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,

And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce,
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And cursed the access of that celestial thief."

POEMS IN OTHER FORMS

There are but half-a-dozen men with strong claims to mention here, and five of the six have already been referred to. The exception is Hall, our first really great satirist. Often obscure in expression, he has yet such verve, such keen observation, such dynamic energy, such a gift of epigram, and such a power of bringing before us the scenes he pictures that he stands well above all the other satirists—and there were many—of his age. It has, however, to be confessed that he is not a general favorite, and that the unremitting savagery of his attack upon human frailties palls.

Spenser is not only the poet of *The Faerie Queene*: he is also the poet of four gorgeous hymns and two magnificent marriage odes, the *Prothalamion* and the *Epithalamion*, two of the most remarkable pieces of verbal music in the language. The latter, which was the earlier to appear, is the finer, if only because of the ecstatic happiness which glows in it, for it was an ode for his own marriage, dedicated to his wife-to-be. Had ever other bride so beautiful and so lasting a wedding gift from her lover?

Daniel, when he was not sonneteering, was usually engaged in dramatic work, in masques, or with long narrative poems; but he also wrote a few poetical epistles that show his gifts to advantage. One of these, to be seen also in his sonnets, is the extraordinary modernity of his language. He is almost always lucid, liquid, and tasteful, more of a model for the young writer of today than any other poet of the period. It is unfortunate for his fame that he directed so much of his attention to the writing of history in verse. Perhaps the finest of his epistles is the one to the Countess of Cumberland.

Marlowe might have been the greatest of our narrative poets had he lived. His *Hero and Leander* (which unfortunately he did not live to finish) certainly does not yield in vigor and sense of beauty to Shakespeare's *Venus and*

Adonis. It is so pictorial that it seems like a foreshadowing of Keats, and so full of imaginative vision that it can scarcely be anyone but Marlowe's. The music of it is such as Shakespeare himself surpassed only in his greatest dramas. This and *The Passionate Shepherd to His Love*, "Come live with me, and be my love," make one wish that he had written more in heroic verse.

Shakespeare's two narrative poems are, despite the excellence of the versification, not peculiarly attractive. The *Venus* is too full of mere cleverness, glittering wit, fantastical conceits. The *Lucrece* (strange as it may seem to say so of a work by the greatest dramatist of all time) is undramatic: the action is constantly being interrupted by the poet's desire to be poetic, generally in the most inappropriate places; but both poems contain some magnificent lines, and would be more highly esteemed were they the work of any other man. Perhaps the best things in the *Venus* are the bits of rural landscape scattered here and there.

Drayton is a poet of extraordinary variety; not of remarkable glow, but of a very high order of achievement. His *Heroical Epistles* contain much clever characterization, and are both beautifully written and interesting. His *Odes* too are worth reading; and the *Nymphidia* is a most attractive and fantastic work of quite exceptional grace. But above all must stand that unique heroic ditty, the *Ballad of Agincourt*. It has the rush and the tone of the old ballads; and higher praise than that can scarcely be given. And it is strange that in all that age of adventure and of soldiering, it should have been the part of Drayton, an eminently peaceful man and gentle poet, to write the finest martial poem of the time.

SELECTIONS FROM ELIZABETHAN POETS

SIR EDWARD DYER (1550?-1607)

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall:
For why? My mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty [surfeits] oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those which are aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
They get with toil, they keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies:
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;
I grudge not at another's pain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
My state at one doth still remain:
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
 Their wisdom by their rage of will;
 Their treasure is their only trust;
 A cloaked craft their store of skill:
 But all the pleasure that I find
 Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
 My conscience clear my chief defence;
 I neither seek by bribes to please,
 Nor by deceit to breed offence:
 Thus do I live; thus will I die;
 Would all did so as well as I!

ROBERT GREENE (1569?-1592)

SONG FROM THE FAREWELL TO FOLLY

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content;
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
 Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
 The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:
 Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
 Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest;
 The cottage that affords no pride nor care;
 The mean that 'grees with country music best;
 The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare;
 Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss:
 A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

* * * * *

PHILOMELA'S ODE

From *Philomela*

Sitting by a river's side,
 Where a silent stream did glide,
 Muse I did of many things
 That the mind in quiet brings.
 I gan think how some men deem
 Gold their god; and some esteem
 Honor is the chief content
 That to man in life is lent.
 And some others do contend,

Quiet none like to a friend.
 Others hold there is no wealth
 Compared to a perfect health.
 Some man's mind in quiet stands,
 When he is lord of many lands.
 But I did sigh, and said all this
 Was but a shade of perfect bliss;
 And in my thoughts I did approve,
 Naught so sweet as is true love.
 Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,
 When mouth kisseth and heart 'grees,
 With folded arms and lips meeting,
 Each soul another sweetly greeting;
 For by the breath of the soul fleeteth,
 And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.
 If love be so sweet a thing,
 That such happy bliss doth bring,
 Happy is love's sugared thrall,
 But unhappy maidens all,
 Who esteem your virgin blisses
 Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.
 No such quiet to the mind
 As true love with kisses kind;
 But if a kiss prove unchaste,
 Then is true love quite disgraced.
 Though love be sweet, learn this of me
 No sweet love but honesty.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG

From *The Mourning Garment*

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
 As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
 And sweeter too:
 For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
 And cares can make the sweetest love to frown.
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
 As merry as a king in his delight;
 And merrier too:

For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire.

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds as doth the king his meat;

And blither too:
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup.

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen;

More wanton too:
For kings have many griefs affects to move,
Where shepherds have no greater grief than love.

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound,
As doth the king upon his bed of down;

More sounder too:
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill.

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or sithe;

And blither too:
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand
When shepherds laugh and love upon the land.

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631)

ODE XII

BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance;
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing, day by day,
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
With all his power.

Which, in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide,
To the King sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
"Though they to one be ten
Be not amazed!
Yet have we well begun:
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By Fame been raised!

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be:

England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me!
Victor I will remain.
Or on this earth lie slain;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me!

“Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell.
No less our skill is,
Than when our Grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies.”

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vanward led;
With the main, Henry sped
Amongst his henchmen;
Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there!
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone;
Armor on armor shone;
Drum now to drum did groan:
To hear, was wonder;
That, with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake;
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces!
When, from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong;
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather.
None from his fellow starts;
But, playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilboes drew,
And on the French they flew:
Not one was tardy.
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went:
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it.
And many a deep wound lent;
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

Gloucester, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood
With his brave brother.
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another!

Warwick in blood did wade;
Oxford, the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up.
Suffolk his axe did ply;
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily;
Ferrers, and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
 Fought was this noble fray;
 Which Fame did not delay
 To England to carry.
 O, when shall English men
 With such acts fill a pen?
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry?

FRANCIS BEAUMONT (1584-1616)

ON THE LIFE OF MAN

Like to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are,
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew,
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood:
 Even such is man, whose borrowed light
 Is straight called in and paid to night:
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
 The spring intombed in autumn lies;
 The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
 The flight is past, and man forgot.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667)

THE LOVER'S RESOLUTION

Shall I, wasting in despair,
 Die, because a woman's fair?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care,
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flowery meads in May!
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be grieved or pined,
 'Cause I see a woman kind?
 Or a well disposed nature
 Joined with a lovely feature?
 Be she meeker, kinder than
 Turtle dove, or pelican!

If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well deserving known,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her, name of best!

If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool, and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think "What, with them, they would do
That, without them, dare to woo!"

And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair!
If she love me (this believe!)
I will die, ere she shall grieve!
If she slight me, when I woo,
I can scorn, and let her go!
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

* * * * *

ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1674)

TO THE VIRGINS TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles today,
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's agetting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer;
 But being spent, the worse and worst
 Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
 And while ye may, go marry;
 For, having lost but once your prime,
 You may forever tarry.

* * * * *

TO DAFFODILS

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon;
 As yet the early rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song;
 And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a spring;
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or anything.
 We die
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the summer's rain;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 N'er to be found again.

* * * * *

THOMAS CAREW (1598?-1639?)

SONG

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose,
 For in your beauty's orient deep
 These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
 The golden atoms of the day,
 For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
 Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
 The nightingale when May is past,
 For in your sweet dividing throat
 She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
 That downwards fall in dead of night,
 For in your eyes they sit, and there
 Fixed become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
 The Phoenix builds her spicy nest,
 For unto you at last she flies,
 And in your fragrant bosom dies.

* * * * *

THOMAS LODGE (1558-1625)

PHILLIS

(From *Phillis Honored with Pastoral Sonnets*, 1593)

My Phillis hath the morning sun
 At first to look upon her.
 And Phillis hath morn-waking birds
 Her risings for to honour.
 My Phillis hath prime-feathered flowers
 That smile when she treads on them;
 And Phillis hath a gallant flock
 That leaps since she doth own them.
 But Phillis hath so hard a heart
 (Alas that she should have it),
 As yields no mercy to desert
 Nor grace to those that crave it:
 Sweet sun, when thou lookest on
 Pray her regard my moan.
 Sweet birds, when you sing to her
 To yield some pity woo her.
 Sweet flowers, when as she treads on

Tell her her beauty deads one
 And if in life her love she nill agree me,
 Pray her before I die she will come see me.

* * * * *

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593)

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

(In *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599 enlarged form in *England's
 Helicon*, 1600)

Come live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove,
 That valleys, groves, hills and fields,
 Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
 And a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers and a kirtle
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
 Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs:
 And if these pictures may thee move,
 Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delight each May' morning:
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me and be my love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552-1618)

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD

(From *England's Helicon*, 1600)

If all the world and Love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pleasures might my passion move,
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
 When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
 And Philomel becometh dumb,
 The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
 To wayward winter reckoning yields;
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
 Is fancies spring but sorrows fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
 Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
 All these in me no means can move,
 To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, could love still breed,
 Had joys no date, had age no need;
 Then those delights my mind might move
 To live with thee and be thy love.

* * * * *

THOMAS DEKKER (c. 1570-c. 1637)

O SWEET CONTENT

(From *The Patient Grissell*, acted 1599)

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?

O sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexèd?

O punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexèd
 To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
 O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
 Honest labor bears a lovely face;
 Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?

O sweet content!

Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?

O punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears
 No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
 O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
 Honest labor bears a lovely face;
 Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

* * * * *

THOMAS HEYWOOD (c. 1581-1640?)

GOOD MORROW

(From *The Rape of Lucrece*, acted c. 1605)

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
 With night we banish sorrow;
 Sweet air blow soft, mount lark aloft,
 To give my love good-morrow.
 Wings from the wind to please her mind,
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
 Bird prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
 To give my love good-morrow,
 To give my love good-morrow,
 Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy rest, robin redbreast,
 Sing birds in every furrow;
 And from each bill let music shrill
 Give my fair love good-morrow.
 Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
 Stare, linnet, and cocksparrow,
 You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
 Sing my fair love good-morrow;
 To give my love good-morrow
 Sing birds in every furrow.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND (1585-1649)

MADRIGAL

This life, which seems so fair,
 Is like a bubble blown up in the air,
 By sporting children's breath,
 Who chase it every where,
 And strive who can most motion it bequeath.
 And though it sometime seem of its own might
 Like to an eye of gold to be fix'd there,
 And firm to hover in that empty height,
 That only is because it is so light.
 But in that pomp it doth not long appear;
 For when 'tis most admired, in a thought,
 Because it erst was nought, it turns to nought.

This world a hunting is,
 The prey poor man, the Nimrod fierce is Death;
 His speedy greyhounds are
 Lust, sickness, envy, care,
 Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
 With all those ills which haunt us while we
 breathe.

Now, if by chance we fly
 Of these the eager chase,
 Old age with stealing pace
 Casts up his nets, and there we panting die.

* * * * *

NICHOLAS BRETON

PHYLLIDA AND CORYDON

In the merry month of May,
 In a morn by break of day,
 Forth I walk'd by the wood-side,
 Whenas May was in his pride:
 There I spied all alone,
 Phyllida and Corydon.
 Much ado there was, God wot!
 He would love and she would not.
 She said never man was true;
 He said, none was false to you.
 He said, he had loved her long;
 She said, Love should have no wrong.

Corydon would kiss her then;
 She said, maids must kiss no men,
 Till they did for good and all;
 Then she made the shepherd call
 All the heavens to witness truth
 Never loved a truer youth.
 Then with many a pretty oath,
 Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
 Such as silly shepherds use
 When they will not Love abuse,
 Love which had been long deluded,
 Was with kisses sweet concluded;
 And Phyllida, with garlands gay,
 Was made the lady of the May.



DR. THOMAS CAMPION

Whether men do laugh or weep,
 Whether they do wake or sleep,
 Whether they die young or old,
 Whether they feel heat or cold;
 There is, underneath the sun,
 Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest;
 None are worst, and none are best;
 Grief and joy, and hope and fear,
 Play their pageants everywhere:
 Vain opinion all doth sway,
 And the world is but a play.

Powers above in clouds do sit,
 Mocking our poor apish wit;
 That so lamely, with such state,
 Their high glory imitate:
 No ill can be felt but pain,
 And that happy men disdain.

¹ R. W. Church, *Spenser*. Macmillan.

* There is a tradition that additional books of the *Faerie Queene* were destroyed with Kilcolman Castle.

† Raleigh, Ralegh, Rawleigh or Rawley, however one may care to spell and to pronounce the name.

‡ hinders.

§ hindrance.

STUART ENGLAND

PARLIAMENT OR KINGS?

THE year was at spring in 1603 when James VI of Scotland began his royal progress into England to claim the throne left vacant by the death of Elizabeth; and none disputed his right. Instead, each religious faction was infused with new hope as the king drew near. Along the way, his train was continually swelled by men who came with varied motives to witness the festivities at the capital. Every town and hamlet welcomed him as he slowly journeyed to London.

Crowned James I, the son of Mary Stuart and Lord Darnley established the Stuart Dynasty in England. His father had possessed few qualities which a king might advantageously imitate. From infancy James had been bereft of his mother—whatever misfortune in his case this may have been; moreover, his life in turbulent Scotland had conduced more to making him shrewd and cunning than to acquiring such experience and developing the broad vision English sovereignty required. The English, despite the frequency with which they had crossed swords with the Scotch, had little real knowledge of their new ruler's countrymen, while James was woefully ignorant of the constitutional government which his new subjects had evolved. He was, however, thoroughly aware of the trend of monarchical power in the continent and intended that his realm should offer no exception to the general rule.

In earlier generations the people of Europe had won some degree of freedom in various countries. The rise of the free cities in Italy and Germany had characterized the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The later sixteenth and the seventeenth century found kings gathering back again into their hands powers that had been shared with city, baron and church. The organization of standing armies enabled them to become independent of their subjects to a degree impossible in ages when armies were mustered by

many nobles each leading out his vassals, and when money had been frequently obtained in exchange for concessions granted to prosperous manufacturing towns. Now, at this juncture, when the cause of liberty seemed lost, the advent of the house of Stuart in England was to prove momentous for freedom the world over. Of this destiny neither the king nor his most far-seeing subjects had the remotest perception.

It has been said of James I that he was "a very learned king who possessed no useful knowledge" and it would be hard to state the case more appropriately. His erudition would have won him fame in the Middle Ages; at the dawn of the seventeenth century it was already of an antiquated order. Ambassadors found him inclined to discuss Aristotle and other classical writers. He invited them to express opinions on this literary question or that. More than one who waited upon him in regard to matters of exigent concern found himself set back into the atmosphere of academic examiners. The very fact that the king did not know the constitutional limits which had already been placed upon sovereignty in England was a sufficient indication that he, or as it turned out, his son was bound to experience an awakening as time went on.

Before he reached the capital the king had been presented with what was called the Millenary Petition, so-called because it had been intended that one thousand names should be placed upon it, although it happened that a hundred or two were lacking to equal that number. It embodied the request of Puritan clergymen for greater liberty than the existing religious laws permitted. They wished to depart farther from the mediæval church service than was allowed them at the time and to eliminate certain ceremonies and symbols still retained by the Established church. Instead of making any promises, James I agreed to summon a council of prelates, which was presently called at Hampton Court. He presided over it and listened while bishops heatedly argued against the concession of greater religious latitude and the Puritan clergy urged its advantage. Being well versed in theological wisdom, the King welcomed a chance to display his learning and gave oppor-

tunity to both sides to state their views. Nevertheless, James had seen the result of Calvinism in Scotland and was not minded to have religion become the hampering factor in England that it had there been throughout his life. "No bishop, no king," was his way of dismissing the subject; and when an ardent Puritan seemed to him to be pleading for such liberty as the Presbyterians of Scotland enjoyed, the king picked up his hat, claimed he would make them conform or "harry them out of the kingdom," and left the room.

One result of this conference was to exert a wide influence for the future. It was presented to James that the existing translations of the Bible had been made in times of limited scholarship and that these were not sufficiently accurate or literal to be relied upon. His own educational training enabled him to understand this and provision was consequently made for the preparation of a new version, which was finished within three years and was a credit to the scholars who had been entrusted with the task. Although we may deplore the artificial division into verses which they imposed upon a literature, interrupting the flow of thought and meaning, yet the superiority of the King James' version of the Bible over earlier versions is unquestioned. Its simple and dignified language has exercised a definite influence upon the style of many an English writer. The fact that recent versions of the Scriptures are still more scholarly is only what would be expected after long study of manuscripts and the extended knowledge resulting from modern excavations and discovery.

James I was not cruel by nature and was disposed to look with tolerance upon those who shared the religion of his mother. Therefore, when he was approached regarding the disqualifications which had been placed upon Roman Catholics, his promises led them to expect an end of those fines which could be legally imposed upon them for non-attendance at public worship—the Established church alone being permitted to hold services openly. When it was seen that these fines were still collected and that there was no prospect of freedom being conceded to them, some of the leaders conceived of destroying the king and Parliament

when it should convene in November; then, in the confusion which was bound to follow, they were to assert their rights and gain them by the sword. The Order of Jesuits had been very active in stimulating the hope of the faithful that England would be eventually won back to Rome.

We read with horror of a cold-blooded plot to blow up the houses of Parliament and the sovereign with his ministers who would inevitably be caught in the fearful slaughter. Those who gained access to the building and made ready a pile of fire wood and gunpowder that was to do the deadly work, placed bars of iron in it, so that destruction would be sure and certain. The age was one of violence and it perhaps was only in its cold calculation that this was exceptional. Yet not all of those who shared knowledge of it were able to view complacently the death of their friends. Warning was sent to a relative of one of the conspirators, which led to the discovery of the dastardly plan. Thereafter, as would be expected, the hatred between Protestants and Catholics deepened and became more dangerous. Nor could it longer be hoped that relief might come to those who loved the ancient faith.

The Puritans had been alienated from the king at the start by his attitude toward their clergy; the Catholics were estranged by the rigid espionage to which they were subjected as a result of the gun powder plot. The people generally became antagonized by the attitude of James toward Parliament, to whom in 1610 he expounded his views on the rights of kings. He said: "The state of monarchy is the supremest thing upon earth; for kings are not only God's lieutenants upon earth and sit upon God's throne, but even by God Himself they are called gods. . . . As to dispute what God may do is blasphemy, so it is sedition in subjects to dispute what a king may do in the height of his power. I will not be content that my power be disputed upon." He said that the House of Commons sat "not in its own right but by his grace." It was not surprising that the Commons replied that "His Majesty had been misinformed," and that they further maintained: "We hold it an ancient, general and undisputed right of Parliament to debate freely all matters which properly concern the sub-

ject and his right or state; which freedom of debate being once foreclosed, the essence of the liberty of Parliament is withal dissolved."

Angry with their boldness in discussing subjects which he deemed beyond their scope, the king dissolved Parliament and from 1611 until 1621 it was not summoned, save in 1614, when the Addled Parliament, as it was called, was likewise dissolved before it could pass an act or transact any business. Under such conditions it became necessary to find irregular ways for raising money needed to carry on the expenses of government. The feeling became more prevalent throughout the island that the ancient right of Englishmen to pay only such taxation as was imposed by their representatives in Parliament was being studiously disregarded.

Not only were there religious and administrative differences between the king and his subjects but the people resented as well the foreign policy of the crown. Enmity with Spain had been of long standing. Now James wished to negotiate a peace with this country and cement it with a marriage between his son and the Infanta. His daughter, Elizabeth, being married to the Protestant Elector Palatine, James conceived that with Charles wedded to a Catholic he might pose as an arbitrator of Europe, his sympathies being thus divided.

Only when Prince Charles and Buckingham actually went to Spain—to the chagrin of the nation—and experienced marked discourtesies, did they awaken to the blunder they had made. Thankful to receive their prince back again alive, the country held great rejoicing at his return.

King James died in 1624 and the country, with hope perennial, turned once more to its new sovereign. Henry, the eldest son, had died in boyhood. Charles was quiet and his character not yet known. Regal in bearing and more dignified than his father, it was assumed that he might prove better suited to the great task of ruling over the nation.

James I had aroused distrust by his maintaining favorites at court, upon whom he indulgently lavished money. At first Charles I continued the same policy. Buckingham

had already aroused the hostility of the people and it was with misgivings that they saw him retained. Assassination presently removed him, while at the same time it plunged Charles I into deep grief.

Money being needed, Parliament was summoned, only to be imperiously dissolved. Attempts were made to raise funds by forced loans and other unusual means. It was the third Parliament under Charles that drew up the Petition of Right, by which the billeting of soldiers upon the people, the maintenance of martial law in times of peace, arbitrary taxation and imprisonment were forbidden. Since only by signing it could he obtain funds for his undertakings, he reluctantly gave his signature to one of the great state papers of England.

For eleven years after the king ruled without Parliament. Peace was made with France and Spain and for awhile matters went along quietly. In dire straits for funds, Charles found it necessary to revive old and neglected laws, such, for example, as making it obligatory for men of a stated wealth to be knighted. Opposition was shown by the people to the demand for "ship money," although there was no question but that funds were necessary for the upkeep of the navy. The objection was that these were raised by the revival of an ancient custom whereby towns along the shore had been taxed for defense instead of having Parliament regularly vote subsidies sufficient to carry on the needs of the government. The king knew that the summoning of the legislative body and requesting money would be answered by demands for reforms. Resenting such demands on the part of subjects, Charles, like his father before him, would incur the risk of such action only in extremity. Fifteen years of such arbitrary rule under the second Stuart found the country determined to preserve that freedom which all true Englishmen prized above everything else.

2. CIVIL WAR

To one who now reviews the events during the first portion of the reign of Charles I—from 1625 to 1640—it is plain that a struggle would ultimately be inevitable between

Stuart autocracy and the cherished rights of the English people. Yet this was by no means apparent to men of that generation. When the Puritans had been denied freedom of worship under King James and especially when, under the administration of Laud, the national church became more and more like that of the Middle Ages in its strict ritual and "High Church" tendencies, thousands of England's thrifty and substantial citizens took refuge first in Holland and then in America, where they might be free to worship according to the dictates of conscience.

"As yet the antagonism of the many found no expression beyond the passive resistance of the few. Some went to prison and more fled overseas, but no one headed a riot or plotted a rebellion. No collector of the unpopular taxes met with violence; no ecclesiastical court was stormed by the mob. . . . The English in 1637 did not know how to move against government, because the custom of raising war had gone out, and the art of political agitation had not come in."¹

As it happened, strife was precipitated in Scotland. Determining to establish uniformity in Scotland and Ireland as well as to maintain it in England, Charles attempted to set aside Presbyterianism, which had long been the religion of Scotland, substituting in its place Episcopacy. Riots occurred as soon as the Book of Common Prayer appeared. The Scotch clergy gathered in convocation and affirmed their right of religious independence. Such action was regarded as rebellion by the king and, to instill fear in their hearts, he marched with the militia to enforce his commands. However, Scotch forces had been quickly mustered and their courage and resolution were evidently too formidable to be faced with lukewarm troops whose aversion to fighting the Scotch was only too apparent. A truce gave opportunity for negotiation; but the king would not yield and war loomed ahead. This required money, which only Parliament could sufficiently provide.

Eleven years had passed since the king had summoned the two legislative Houses, and he knew full well that any request for funds would be met with resolute demands for reforms. His ablest minister, Wentworth, urged him to



THE GREAT HALL, WINCHESTER CASTLE
Built in 1070. Traditional residence of King Arthur.

assemble Parliament. Wentworth, now made Earl of Strafford, had been hurriedly recalled from Ireland, where, as the king's representative, his ruthless methods had resulted in peace, to be sure, but only that peace which awaits the abatement of cruelty and oppression. The king yielded to Strafford in 1640, and summoned the Short Parliament, so-called because it was dissolved within three weeks. Pym, who was to be heard again, made a two-hour speech in the House of Commons, reviewing the grievances of church and state. Just as a petition was being prepared to request the king to abandon the war with Scotland, Charles angrily dismissed Parliament. Nevertheless, much had been gained. Men had met in legislative assembly for the first time in over a decade and feelings shared by the people in all parts of the kingdom had been given public expression.

An army was got together and led against the Scots but they had not been idle. Before they could be restrained, they had crossed the border and established themselves in England. There was now no help for it but to agree to their requests and pay them an indemnity, since until they received it they remained encamped, the king guaranteeing their expenses.

The monarch could no longer choose but convoke the legislative body of the realm, to be known in history as *Long Parliament*, because of its continued existence.

The temper of the country was now unmistakable. It was felt that the personal government of Charles I had proved a failure and responsible men were determined to see the constitutional rights of the English people restored. One of the first measures passed decreed that thenceforth Parliament could not be dissolved save with its own consent. Another provided that it should be summoned at least every three years. Strafford was impeached and sent to the block. Not even the king's promise of safety could protect this hated minister who was held to be largely responsible for the arbitrary policy which had long been in force. Indeed, in a measure he was dispatched to relieve the feelings of indignation which could no longer be silenced. He had merely aided the king to accomplish his own purposes.

Ship money and all other expedients devised by the Stuarts for raising money in defiance of the constitution were forever abolished. The Star Chamber and other special courts for taking the administration out of the control of the regular judiciary were dissolved.

So long as governmental reforms remained the subjects of debate, there was reasonable concert of action in Parliament. Only when the subject of religion was touched upon did dissensions assert themselves. The Puritans, who had been growing stronger, were determined to set aside Episcopacy and replace it with Presbyterianism. However, a variety of sects had sprung up which were quite as opposed to one of these as to the other. They desired above all religious freedom and the right of each congregation to worship as it chose.

The king's signature to recent Parliamentary acts had been given because he had no choice; however, he merely waited a turn of events which should leave him free to revoke measures which did not have his approval. A revolt broke out in Ireland and, although it was plain an army must be raised to restore order, members of the House of Commons feared that, were the king permitted to lead it, he might use it against them. So they passed an act placing its command in a general of their choice.

The Queen, Henrietta Maria of France, proved to be the worst counsellor a ruler could well have under circumstances so alarming. Imperious and autocratic, she used her influence with the king to rouse him to assert himself against subjects whom she regarded as insolent and treasonable. Having no understanding whatever of the actual situation and no knowledge of the principles for which Englishmen were struggling, she could but interpret their action as intolerable.

A plan was evolved whereby the king was to arrest Pym, Hampden and three of their associates, whose part in the proceedings of the House of Commons had brought them into prominence. Charles I finally realized the danger of such a step and for some time was closeted with the Queen discussing its dangers. Unfortunately she had no knowledge or experience to guide her judgment and she finally

persuaded him against his better judgment to cast the die which was to involve the kingdom in civil war. The leaders whom he prosecuted had fled to London before he appeared; but the spectacle of their sovereign with his guard and a mob at his heels bursting into Parliament to arrest men for their participation in this inviolate body was unforgettable. Men roused to the need of protecting the two Houses of the realm and such was the excitement that, a few days later, Charles and his court removed to York.

Still there was no immediate outbreak. Several months were spent by both king and Parliament in gathering their forces for the coming struggle. None were longer blind to the issue at stake, which was nothing less than constitutional rights against monarchical absolutism. The majority of the lords and some members of the Lower House remained to conduct the affairs of constitutional government.

There was at first a general reluctance on the part of the majority of the people to enter upon this war; yet the lot of the neutral became so unbearable that personal safety prompted him to take sides.

The Catholics supported the king and their wealth relieved his financial embarrassment. The rural districts and large landowners espoused his cause. The wealth of London gave advantage to Parliament, on whose side the towns were as a rule arrayed. Speaking generally, the northwest stood by the crown; the southeast, by the government.

At first it seemed as though advantage were with Parliament, for the navy, which had suffered neglect under the Stuarts, served the cause of the people with enthusiasm. But presently differences of opinion arose between Parliament and the army. The Puritans being in majority in the House of Commons were determined to permit only those of their faith to enter upon military service. It was Cromwell who averred that all godly men were acceptable in the fighting line and endeavored to prevent a tyranny of Puritanism from replacing the tyranny of the crown.

Despite desperate need of proper equipment, food and pay, the king's army was for awhile able to hold its own

surprisingly well. Nobles and gentlemen made more gallant soldiers than recruits drawn from the lower classes of London. Something of the swing and spirit of the *Cavaliers*, as they were called, originally in derision, is caught in Browning's *Cavalier Tunes*:

“Kentish Sir Byng stood for his king,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing—”

However, those who fought for principle against despotism eventually won the war.

Marston Moor, the Siege of York, Naseby—these are outstanding names for those who still pursue military history. At length Charles found himself a prisoner, respectfully treated but restrained.

In the days that followed, the king evinced that duplicity which estranged friends as well as foes. His refusal of reasonable terms offered by Parliament, his negotiations, first in one direction, then in another, recall those frantic efforts made by his grandmother, the Queen of Scots, in the previous century. He hoped that discord would throw the country into still greater confusion and that he might be restored to his throne with his authority undiminished. The Queen was endeavoring abroad to secure foreign intervention. Charles bargained with one side while offering secret terms to the other. At length, hostilities broke out again. The army was now convinced that confidence could no longer be placed in any promises which the king might make—that regardless of these, at the first opportunity he would revert to his former despotism.

Taking matters into its own hands, the army, under leadership of Cromwell, expelled the majority of the members of Parliament—or prevented them from entering the legislative hall—while the minority, who had broken with the king, was admitted. A sort of trial of the king was held, although his condemnation was a foregone conclusion. He denied their right to try him and went to the scaffold in a truly regal manner, so that it has been repeatedly said of him that nothing in life so became him as the leaving it.

In the words of Carlyle: “It is a stern business, the

killing of a king; . . . once at war you have made wager of a battle with him; it is he to die or else you." His death was an incident in a revolution, and constitutions make no provision for revolutions, so that it is impossible to conduct them legally. Despite the courage and kingly bearing of Charles I during those trying days before his end, it would be difficult to offer convincing argument that he would have long felt himself bound by pledges should he have felt himself strong enough to repudiate them. Absolutism had tried before to fasten its clutch upon England and had failed. A constitutional government had been instated and no attempt to set aside the political liberties which had been gained would long be suffered by the English people.

Two months after the death of the king, England was proclaimed a Republic or, as it is usually termed, a Commonwealth. The army which had defeated the king did not disband; it believed it still had a mission to perform. Under the discipline of Cromwell, the Ironsides, as his army was called, had become the controlling factor. A fine type of soldier had replaced the characterless recruits who at first made up the mass of fighting men. Parliament became more and more determined not to dissolve in order to make way for a new legislative body more truly representative of the country. Although only a remnant—the Rump, as it was called—remained, the members debated as to whether they might relinquish their places three years later, or whether they should not remain, a standing committee, to decide upon additional members who might be returned by a new election. The gulf between Parliament—if it could still be so called—and the army continued to deepen. At length Cromwell appeared with an armed escort and drove the remaining members from the legislative hall.

The Commonwealth presently gave way to a Protectorate, Cromwell being made Protector. There is no question but that his acts, however necessary they appeared to him in view of the urgent situation became more arbitrary than those of Charles I had been, although it cannot be denied that Cromwell's deepest concern was ever the welfare of his country, for which he lived and died. Nevertheless, to give a legal status to the proceedings, Parliament

invited him to become king. He sensed the opposition of the army to such a step and, without its support he would have been as powerless as any other citizen. At last Parliament found itself incapable of coping with the situation and turned the government over to him.

Upon his early death his son Richard succeeded him. Only a powerful administrator could hope to keep order under circumstances as formidable as those which had assailed the government since the death of Charles I and Richard was so utterly unfitted for the responsibility that the whole country, weary of military rule, longed for a restoration of the monarchy.

The elder son of the late king had been proclaimed by foreigners as Charles II upon the death of his father. He had made two unsuccessful attempts to gain his kingdom and thereafter had been a wanderer in Europe. Upon his proclamation of general pardon and promise to observe the laws of the land, he was acclaimed king by the English people, whose warm welcome when he arrived caused him to remark that it must have been his own fault he had not come sooner, "none allowing but that they had eagerly awaited his return."

Never again were the old questions of arbitrary taxation and personal government to be raised, although new problems were born of the twenty years that had intervened between 1640 and 1660. Green summarizes the situation thus: "English religion was nevermore to be in danger. English liberty was never to be really in peril from the efforts of kings after a personal rule. Whatever reaction might come about, it would never bring into question the great constitutional results that the Long Parliament had wrought. But with the end of this older work a new work began. . . . The great parties which have ever since divided the social, the political and religious life of England, whether Independents and Presbyterians, as Whigs and Tories, as Conservatives and Liberals, sprang into organized existence in the contest between the Army and the Parliament. Then for the first time began a struggle which is far from having ended yet, the struggle between political tradition and political progress, between the principle of

religious conformity and the principle of religious freedom.”²

3. TO THE REVOLUTION OF 1688

After the death of his elder brother, Charles made two unsuccessful attempts to secure the English throne, failing which he became a wanderer in Europe. Courtesy was shown him by the French monarch and much of his time was spent in his mother's native land. He returned to London in 1660 with the avowed intention of henceforth clinging to the reins of government, so that he should never be obliged, in his own phraseology, to “set out on his travels again.”

The Declaration of Breda—so called because Charles happened to be there when he signed it—had advised Parliament that, first of all, he was ready to extend pardon to all who had participated in the civil war and interregnum save such as Parliament should declare exempt from pardon; that lands which had been taken from royalists should be left in the possession of the present owners; that he approved of the payment and discharge of the army, and that, at the pleasure of Parliament, he would respect liberty of conscience in religious matters.

Parliament decreed the execution of the thirteen who had sat in judgment throughout the trial of Charles I, together with certain others whose activity in the affairs of that time brought them under censure. Further, the bodies of Cromwell, Pym and others who had since died but whose share in the proceedings of the fitful years between 1640 and 1660 had been conspicuous, were now exhumed, hung and subjected to other indignities. After such demonstrations, disrespect to kings was regarded as in a measure atoned and men turned to face the future. The army was paid and discharged with the exception of some five thousand troops retained at the wish of the king, these becoming the nucleus of England's standing army.

In 1661 what is known as the Cavalier Parliament assembled, for while the Puritans were represented, the failure of Puritan government made them reluctant to take

a conspicuous part. The Anglican—or national—Church was reinstated, while adherents in all other faiths were soon denied the right to conduct their own religious worship. A series of enactments brought the administration of town and country back into the fold of the Established church. The clergy and all teachers were compelled to take an oath upholding everything in the Prayer book; two thousand refused and were at once deprived of their positions. Another act made it a felony to assemble groups of people for private worship other than that prescribed by the national church. The Five-Mile act forbade ministers to come within that distance of places where they had previously preached unless they were ready to conform entirely to the state religion. The penalties for violating these acts were very severe; imprisonment and transportation to the West Indies into what was virtually slavery were decreed for those who should persist in ignoring them.

Charles II was far from a religious man; however, he leaned toward the faith of his mother, while his brother James was openly a Catholic. Charles, wishing therefore to mitigate the consequences of these bigoted regulations, issued his declaration of indulgence in 1669 and again in 1671. These attempts of the crown to overrule Parliament called forth such resentment that he was forced to withdraw them. It was claimed that forty laws on the statute books were rendered inactive by his indulgences and, knowing full well the necessity of bowing to the will of the legislative body, the king had no choice but to leave a considerable number of his subjects to depart from the country or stay and endure what seemed to them the grossest personal injustice.

Religious animosity was further aroused by a fabricated plot unfolded by one Titus Oates, whose personal character and past reputation should have immediately awakened doubt of any charges proffered by him. His contention was that he had become aware of a plan to murder the king and wage war on opponents of the Roman Catholic faith. Charles II was shrewd enough to suspect Oates' perfidy but the country generally was thrown into wild alarm. Especially at the capital men expected to be assailed on

every hand. It is hard today to credit the panic occasioned by this dastardly prevarication. However, its effect was to tighten the regulations against adherents of the Roman faith.

The plague, which had worked such havoc in England in 1348 and at intervals thereafter, reappeared in 1665. De Quincy has made its horrors familiar by his graphic description of them. The following year occurred the great London fire, destroying the greater portion of the capital. Some attribute the fact that this pestilence has never since visited London to the purifying flames. Others would disprove any connection between the two, finding improved sanitation responsible for freedom from the dire disease. Certain it is that the new city which rose on the ashes of the old was far better planned and constructed. The frequency with which fires have decimated modern cities has made the world familiar with great conflagrations. Such a spectacle as the burning capital presented in 1666 had not been seen since the days of Nero and it was interpreted as a visitation of Providence, betokening worse things in store for a land plunged into the reactions of the restoration.

The passage of the Test act required all political officeholders throughout the kingdom to receive the sacrament of communion as ministered by the Established church prior to entering upon their duties. Now in 1679 a new Parliament wished to further safeguard the nation by passing a bill excluding James from ascending the throne in the event of his brother's death. For once Charles II refused point-blank to give way before opposition, dissolving Parliament before such a measure could be enacted.

One of the notable innovations of the times was the rise of political parties. The words employed to designate them were originally applied in derision. *Whiggamore* was a derogatory term used of religious fanatics in Scotland; *Tories* were Irish highwaymen. Yet the names *Whig* and *Tory* soon lost their first significance and identified men of two different political outlooks. The Tories were royalists. They were in greatest numbers in the less progressive country districts where men read but little and did not keep

abreast with the times; to the Tory party also belonged the clergy. The Whigs were usually townsmen, merchants and others whose situation or occupation inclined them to wider departure from tradition and the past. The words Liberal and Conservative are heard today, but a similarity may be found in the viewpoint of the seventeenth century Tory and the twentieth century Conservative.

There being a systematic effort on the part of the Whigs to oppose certain arbitrary tendencies of the crown, Charles was able to influence Parliamentary returns by his action regarding town and city charters. These had been granted to municipalities long years before on stipulated conditions. It was a simple matter to show that in one way or another some of these conditions had been violated and thus find technical grounds for rescinding them. When new ones were granted, the chief officers were named by the king himself. Under such conditions, it was possible for awhile to bring about a Tory election to Parliament. However, such an artificial plan could not long endure.

The privilege of being promptly brought before a judicial officer and informed on what charge he was being held, as well as having a speedy trial by his peers had been incorporated in the Magna Charta. However, in late years it had been violated in many ways. While the king's court was adjourned during the long summer recess it was possible for men to be thrown into prison and detained for some time without any definite charge proffered against them. Further, kings had repeatedly caused the detention of men whom they wished removed for the time being. During the reign of Charles II a habeas corpus act was passed to insure rights, which had been wrested from King John in 1215, without danger of technical obstructions.

The death of Charles II in 1685 brought his brother James to the throne. Although he was known to be a Catholic, the nation was disposed to welcome him, for civil war was greatly abhorred. A natural son of Charles, known as the Duke of Monmouth, landed with such troops as he had been able to gather together, hoping that the various discontented elements of the population would flock to his standards. The reverse proved true and his invasion was

immediately put down. Marked severity was visited upon those who had given him aid. Three hundred were hung as traitors and eight hundred and fifty more sent to the West Indies into virtual slavery. Making no attempt to propitiate any considerable division of his people, James II shortly began to set aside the disqualifications that had been placed on Catholics and appointed them to positions in the army. Moreover, he filled vacancies at Oxford himself instead of permitting the usual procedure to be followed, invariably appointing Catholics.

In his early life James had been married to Anne Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, who had wielded wide power during the early reign of Charles II. By this marriage he had two daughters, Mary and Anne. Since Charles II left no direct heirs after James, it had been understood that these two princesses stood next in line. However, upon the death of his first wife, James had wedded a Catholic princess of Italy. So long as there were no children by this marriage, the English people, despite their dread of Catholicism, had set aside their prejudices to receive James as sovereign, since he was passed middle life and the succession was expected presently to devolve upon his daughters, both of whom were Protestants. Now, when indignation was fast becoming general throughout the kingdom at the despotic policy of James, his wife gave birth to a son. By the law of the land an infant son takes precedence over an adult daughter; consequently the people were determined that no Catholic line should become fixed in England. They invited the Princess Mary and her husband William of Orange to the throne and ere he was aware James suddenly found the country awaiting the arrival of the Duke of Orange who had landed on English soil with a considerable army, while James, bereft of supporters, was obliged to escape to France.

The deposed king was hospitably received in France and given a force to invade Ireland, where William of Orange overcame him in battle. He then again returned to France. Years after, his son, called James III by his followers, made an attempt to recover the crown of his father and during the next century his grandson, "Bonny Charlie"

proved a source of considerable trouble before he was overcome in Scotland, where he had won a large following.

4. THE LAST STUARTS

Mary was the daughter of James II and Anne Hyde, whose father, the Earl of Clarendon, had been Chancellor during the early reign of Charles II. She was married to William of Orange and when the despotism of James II appalled even high churchmen, who had long contended that subjects should never take arms against a sovereign, these two were invited to the English throne. It was expected that Mary would be crowned queen and that her Dutch husband would rule as regent. This he refused to do and Mary refused to rule alone. Consequently they were permitted to rule jointly.

No longer could the theory of *divine right* find support in England. One king had been set aside and another accepted on a contract, if so businesslike a term may be employed with regard to royalty. The declaration of rights enumerated the privileges of the people: not to have taxes or armies levied without the consent of parliament; their right to petition the crown; their objection to having the laws of the realm set aside by kings. William and Mary accepted the terms thus laid down. This is important, not only because it terminated the era of absolutism in England but because it was the first example in modern history of a Parliament triumphing over monarchy. There would be no longer a struggle between Parliament and king, for Parliament had won its long fight.

William would reign only on condition that freedom of worship be granted to dissenters; consequently, with great reluctance, Parliament passed the Act of Toleration. Trevelyan says: "At last the time had come when English Protestants were ready to let one another worship God. . . . Like dogs that have been flogged off each other, Anglican and Puritan lay down and snarled." Only Catholic and Unitarian were exempt from the security this act of 1689 insured. It really satisfied few. The Anglicans regarded dissenters with the old distrust; the Puritans desired to have their form of worship substituted for the Established

Church. No faction believed in freedom of worship, with the exception of the Quakers, who were willing to live and let live. Even yet, nonconforming clergymen must subscribe to thirty-four out of the thirty-nine of the articles of faith. Still, as Trevelyan pertinently observes: "Within certain limits, it was no longer criminal to preach and pray," although all office holders were still required to take the sacrament of the Anglican church before entering upon their duties.

France had helped James II in his endeavor to hold Ireland and Scotland. After he had suffered defeat and had returned to France, Parliament declared war on Louis XIV. To hold England to the side of Holland had been a determining motive in leading William to accept the English crown. Now all Europe was allied against the French monarch, whose territorial aggressions had destroyed the continental balance of power. Only the Turks were left to aid him. Nevertheless, William was more eager for the war than his English subjects, who demurred at the expense involved and who desired to prosecute it merely as a war of defence. The French attempt to invade England failed. The war dragged on until peace was made in 1697 by the Treaty of Ryswick.

Queen Mary died in the prime of life of smallpox. Her silent, unpopular husband thenceforth administered affairs of the kingdom alone; except in a social way he had done so from the first. There is no doubt but that he was a man of sterling character, but he never gained the goodwill of his subjects who had little in common with him. They resented his unconcealed relief when free to return to Holland and tolerated rather than loved him.

However, events of signal importance occurred during his reign. In the first place, since the Whigs had been largely responsible for his coming to the throne, William wished to propitiate them; because the Tories favored greater power on the part of the sovereign, he inclined toward them. Consequently he chose ministers from both parties. As a result neither the Whigs nor the Tories felt responsible for what happened. One day, due to the absence of the Tories, the Whigs would dominate Parliament; the

following day, the pendulum might swing to the other extreme. When the situation became intolerable, the king dismissed some of his ministers, making his Council harmonious. It is important to note that party government has dominated England since this time.

In the past when urgent necessity had forced kings to raise money before Parliament could meet to vote funds or refuse them, it had been customary for the wealthy London merchants to come to their aid. Because rulers proved bad debtors, enormous interest was charged, Queen Mary paying 14 per cent. The credit of the realm had improved and it was no longer so difficult to negotiate loans at home. In 1694 the Bank of England was organized to provide a safe repository for public funds and securities. Thenceforward it became possible for the government to make loans through this national bank, which has come to be regarded as the most stable institution of its kind in the world.

Parliament had licensed the press for some time prior to this, fining and otherwise punishing those who failed to obtain licenses or, being refused, published their sheets without them. In 1695 Parliament refused to renew the licensing act, which gave freedom to the press. This was a significant gain and was destined to bring great results in the future. No longer were news sheets subjected to censorship. Only such restrictions as libel and sedition laws placed upon them were thenceforth to restrain their treatment of public affairs.

The death of William III in 1702 brought the second daughter of James II and Anne Hyde to the throne. With her the Stuart dynasty came to an end in England, for though efforts were made for years to instate the son or grandson of James II in England, they came to nothing.

Probably Anne Stuart was the least queenly of all her line. She resembled her mother's people and lacked the grace and charm that endeared certain members of this unhappy house to their subjects. Commonplace, possessed of no extended education, married to a Danish prince as unprepossessing as she was herself, the glamour that surrounds this age is due to the ability of its writers and men

of genius rather than to its court or crown. Queen Anne was under the influence of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough during her early reign. Marlborough was a somewhat showy figure who won fame on the battle field and who, in times of peace, joined one party or abandoned it for another as suited his convenience. His wife, the Duchess of Marlborough, was an imperious woman who controlled the queen rather than yielded to her preferences.

Anne sympathized with the Tories and was herself a communicant of the High Church. Hence she had scant toleration for dissenters.

The union of Scotland with England was consummated during this period, having been begun with the ascension of James I. It is said that the "Union Jack" was originally designed by him—a union of the square red cross of England with the diagonal white cross of St. Andrew, the Scottish emblem. Jack is derived from the French form of James, or *Jacques*. The Jacobites, so often mentioned in connection with the years following the Revolution of 1688, were supporters of James II—or his descendents—who sought to aid him in recovering his crown.

The War of Spanish Succession had been gathering before the death of William III. It was precipitated when, upon the death of the Spanish ruler, a grandson of Louis XIV was offered the vacant throne. All Europe roused to the danger of a union of France and Spain, since the aggrandizement of France meant the jeopardy of other states. This struggle dragged along for some time and extended to America, where it was known as the Seven Years' War. It was settled at last by the Treaty of Utrecht. England had steadily increased her power on the seas until she had gained supremacy, which henceforth she was generally able to maintain.

The Tories, who were in power most of the time during Anne's twelve years, tried to lessen the religious tolerance which had been granted to Dissenters. They attempted to thrust such men out of office as had conformed merely to qualify for political positions and thereafter attended their own churches. They made it necessary for teachers to obtain licenses, so that their religious convictions might be

ascertained. They would have gone farther and called back James II from over the seas, but he would not comply with their request to become a Protestant. Without that fundamental qualification it was thoroughly understood that no candidate for the crown would be seriously considered.

Although having given birth to many children, none survived childhood and when Queen Anne died suddenly in 1714, the crown passed to the House of Hanover.

II. THE NAVY

It was well for the builder of the *Great Harry* that he could not foresee the rapid decline of the royal navy under the early Stuarts. All that the temerity of Drake and his colleagues had accomplished against the pretensions of Spain was swept away by the inglorious treaty which James I made with England's ancient enemy. At Spain's request privateering was forbidden. Ship building quickly ceased and British sailors were engaged by other countries.

"Theoretically no ship flying the British flag (unless she belonged to the king in person) could take any steps to defend herself: for the violent actions of a merchantman are indistinguishable from privateering. Virtually, all the powers of the world were invited to prey upon British shipping, and British shipping alone upon the sea was forbidden to hit back. The edifice of British maritime power which had cost a century's building came down in a few short years like a house of cards. In 1606 British seamen captured by Spain were condemned *en masse* to the galleys for trespassing on the further side of the Atlantic. James protested and was snubbed for his pains. . . . Meanwhile the king lectured on the sovereignty of the seas, and proved by extracts from Holy Writ, classical lore, and the Apostolic Fathers, that such sovereignty appertained to him through grace and not through works."³

Charters were granted to English companies to settle in the New World. Jamestown was founded in 1607, Plymouth in 1620, and the settlements of the Massachusetts Bay Colony a few years after.

The East India Company, chartered by Elizabeth near the close of her reign, in its endeavor to procure some

of the advantages of trade in the East fell into trouble with the Portuguese and more particularly with the Dutch.

The rapid rise of the Dutch as common carriers is one of the remarkable accomplishments of the sixteenth century. Soon after their release from the tyranny of Spain they began to build up that sea power which was to bring them repeatedly into conflict with other European countries. In the East they attempted to make themselves absolute in the trade that led around Africa and the Cape of Good Hope and when the Spanish and Portuguese did not give way before them, they destroyed their settlements.

Step by step the Dutch extended their sway. Not only did they come into English waters to fish but every year a squadron accompanied the fishing craft to dispel British fishers who came as usual to their regular places to seek the wealth of the seas. The Hollanders would land upon English soil to dry their nets and offer violence to those who would restrain them.

Charles I roused to the need of restoring the navy and his anxiety in this direction was well grounded. However, by levying "Ship Money" he awakened the animosity of those who resented rule without Parliament. The opposition voiced by John Hampton, so well understood at home, was misinterpreted by the Dutch, who rejoiced in the storm raised in England by the attempt of the crown to build a few ships. Nevertheless, Charles used the money so reluctantly contributed for the construction of the *Sovereign of the Seas*, the finest battleship yet built, together with four other warships.

The English awoke to the situation in the navy when, after the execution of the king, Prince Rupert avenged his death by daring exploits upon the waters.

The first of a series of navigation acts was passed in an attempt to bring back the maritime power of earlier days. This act provided that goods from Asia, Africa and America could be brought into England only in English bottoms manned by British sailors and that European commodities could be brought only by the ships of the exporting country. This limited the carrying of the Dutch to England to the

comparatively few commodities sent thither by Holland. War resulted.

It was then, when Prince Rupert was continuing his depredations upon the seas and the Dutch were determined to maintain their carrying trade, that Blake came into view. His exploits during the next ten years recalled the daring of Elizabethan seamen and redeemed England's pitiable standing in Europe. It is impossible to read the story of his dauntless undertakings, although he was often outnumbered several times as to ships, without feeling a thrill of exultation. Sometimes he suffered defeat, but this only made him more eager for another chance to vindicate himself. One permanent result came from his most humiliating failure, when Tromp was able to sweep the channel, since it gave him opportunity to bring forcefully home to the government its precarious system of depending upon merchant marines to augment the fleet in time of war. He demonstrated that their unfitness for naval encounters not only made it dangerous to employ them but that, were they thus to engage in battles upon the seas, they were bound to be incapacitated for further mercantile purposes.

As Callender well puts it: "When Charles I asked for money to build five battleships, his subjects insulted and defied him. When Blake asked for two hundred sail of the line, those who had made 'Down with Ship Money!' their political watchword, collected funds and built what he required. The one man spoke with the voice of kingship; the other with the voice of England."⁴

Charles II and his brother James II both understood the value of naval power to an island possessing an embryo empire. The navigation act of 1651 was passed anew, bringing on its inevitable war with the Dutch. They had planted New Amsterdam on the eastern shore of the Atlantic between two English settlements and looked forward to the day when the entire coast might be theirs. Yet, when peace was made in 1667, New Amsterdam became New York—out of courtesy to James, Duke of York—and passed to the English. Their forts along the African coast were also ceded, the first English guineas being minted from gold

brought from Guinea. On the other hand, the Spice Islands were given to the Dutch.

Under Charles II the entire organization of the British navy underwent a complete change. His "Articles of War" opened with significant words: "It is upon the Navy under the good Providence of God that the safety, honour and welfare of this Realm do chiefly depend."

James II proved entirely unsatisfactory as a sovereign, yet his able work with the royal fleet cannot be denied. Pepys, whose diary throws so much light upon the social conditions of the age, as secretary to the admiralty left a wealth of correspondence which has made it possible to obtain a very fair idea of naval matters during his years of faithful service.

Since William III owed his kingdom in a measure to a strong fleet, he was not likely to underestimate sea power. Yet in his early reign the British navy did not receive the support it needed from him. His policy underwent a complete change later and the royal palace at Greenwich was given by him and Queen Mary to the navy for a hospital. Several lighthouses were built at this time and other improvements made for the advantage of mariners.

The War of Spanish Succession ended with English naval supremacy thoroughly established. Recognition was given to English claims to Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and the Hudson Bay territory. Consent was granted to the sending yearly of a ship laden with English wares to be sold to Spanish colonists in Panama. The pretensions of Spain to the western hemisphere had been dispelled for all time.

The story of English settlers in the New World belongs to American rather than English history. It suffices to say that the planting of English settlements meant the foundation of what was destined to become the greatest of modern empires.

III. SOCIAL LIFE IN SEVENTEENTH CENTURY ENGLAND

It is always difficult to speak in general of the social life of a century, for the manners and customs, apparel, the character of the houses people live in and the con-

trolling influences which affect social activities at the close of a hundred years invariably differ from those obtaining at their beginning. The seventeenth century presents unique conditions, since it witnessed a civil war, the establishment of a republic and the restoration of the monarchy. Moreover, religious feeling ran riot and one-half the population looked with disfavor upon the other half.

Elizabeth outlived many of her generation and in her last years the court lacked the gaiety of her early reign. With the coming of a new ruler and a new line, expectancy awoke and renewed activity manifested in many directions. Dekker wrote: "Trades that were dead and rotten started out of their trance. . . . There was mirth in every one's face, the streets were filled with gallants, tobacconists filled up whole taverns, vintners hung out spick-and-span new ivy bushes, and their rain-beaten lattices marched under other colours, having lost both company and colour before."

The court of the new king, James I, displayed a levity and laxity previously unknown in England. James was the son of Lord Darnley as well as of Mary Stuart, and he reproduced his father's qualities rather than those of his mother. He drew favorites around him and, though constant in his own life, tolerated an immorality that would have been more carefully screened had it existed in Tudor days. His coronation was the signal to many of the more cultured peers to withdraw to their country homes where they spent their time quietly in their dignified old manors.

The total population of England at this time is estimated to have been considerably over five million people. Bristol and Norwich were cities of about twenty-five thousand, York and Exeter possessed ten thousand each, while Manchester, Sheffield and other great manufacturing centers of today contained only about five thousand people. Nearly two-thirds of the total population dwelt in the country.

The peers numbered fewer than two hundred. They possessed country estates as well as winter residences in the city of London. The strength of the country lay in its country gentlemen, whose artistic, rambling, park-enclosed



High heels and pointed toes have been in and out of fashion many times since these were the last word in elegance, in the sixteenth century.

manors were the social centers of the shires, the squires representing the central government in their localities. The yeomen were free holders, small farmers having from a few to many acres. There were also those who leased a few acres, while the great mass of rural laborers made up nearly half the entire population. The clergy, about ten thousand strong, was divided into city prelates and priests, country priests and parsons, the latter having a sorry struggle for existence.

In the industrial towns a change was gradually taking place. In the past guilds had controlled the crafts and even yet they jealously guarded their ancient rights, not permitting unskilled labor to dabble in their industries. The domestic system was creeping in notwithstanding, whereby spinning and weaving were let out to be done in private homes. To cite an instance which fiction has made familiar, Silas Marner was able, through the domestic system, to weave in his little home; whereas the system of the guilds required each to serve his seven years' apprenticeship before becoming a journeyman, and to pass through this stage before he could become a master.

No character of Stuart England is more familiar than the country gentleman or the squire. Lacking newspapers and journals, seldom visiting the capital or large commercial centers, broad-minded he certainly was not. He held staunchly to his principles and when times were normal, he spent his time in hunting, in entertaining or being entertained by his neighbors, enjoying the pleasures of the table, dispensing hospitality with a lavish hand.

It was the squires of England who, when matters reached a climax under Charles I, either buckled on their swords and, like Sir Byng, stood by their king or, like Cromwell and men of his mind, sided with the town merchants in bitterly opposing the assessments which had been levied too often unconstitutionally. In years of less turmoil, the description given by a contemporary of the squire, somewhat heavy in mind and body was fairly apt. "His conversation is wholly taken up with his horses, his dogs and hawks, his entertainment is stale beer, and the history of his dogs and horses. At quarter sessions he says

little, eats and drinks much and after dinner hunts over the last chase and so rides worshipfully drunk home again." Yet, there were not wanting those possessed of culture. Evelyn, whose correspondence throws so much light on his age, with many another, instantly comes to mind.

Although class distinction was sharply drawn, there was constant inter-association. Sons of yeomen, gentry and wealthy merchants sat side by side in the village and grammar schools, or shared the sports and discipline at Eton, Winchester or Westminster. Later they might follow together the courses at Oxford or Cambridge, although after Eton many a lad completed his education with a trip on the continent under the guidance of a tutor.

In the country, laborers often sat at the tables of their employer, the small farmer, who owned or leased his holding, or they dwelt in little huts around the manor, as their ancestors had once lived gathered around the feudal lord.

In London, even then the largest city of the world, unless Amsterdam's claim to this distinction be granted, the streets were narrow and crooked still; overhanging stories of the buildings prevented sun and air penetrating easily to interiors. Until after the great fire in 1666 the sanitary conditions were quite as bad as they had been in Elizabethan England, both air and water being dangerously contaminated. In rainy weather the filth in the slippery streets made walking precarious. The space next the buildings was as much desired by the pedestrian as is the inside of a mountain road by the motorist today. A contested right to the "inside of the wall" led to many a street brawl and broken head.

The rich merchants erected their large residences in London; the tradespeople ordinarily dwelt over their shops. Since only a small proportion of the people could read, signs filled the place now served by house and shop numbers. Every inn, tavern and coffee-house had its sign. Until the time of Charles II no attempt was made to illuminate the streets. A monopoly was then given to an enterprising person to provide light between six and twelve o'clock save on moonlight nights; even with this protection, the streets were dangerous places. Thugs and pickpockets,

then as now, only in far greater numbers, plied their nefarious trade.

It was in the seventeenth century that three beverages which are inseparable from our daily life came into use in England. Coffee was brought from Arabia, tea was imported from China and cocoa, used first as a nourishing drink for invalids, presently became popular. In 1656 advertisements of coffee appeared. It was claimed to be "a simple innocent thing, incomparably good for those that are troubled with melancholy." Before the next century three thousand coffee-houses had been opened in or around London. In these men congregated to hear the news of the day. There were coffee-houses suited to the fastidious and to the swaggering soldier.

"The host at the coffee-house was the recipient of all the town gossip. Each, on entering, asks the threadbare question 'What news have you, Master?' and the host tells him 'what he has heard the barber to the tailor of a great courtier's man say.'"

So heated were the political discussions in these places that the government grew suspicious of them as dangerous to the peace and Charles II suddenly ordered them all closed. However, there rose such a clatter that the order was rescinded within a fortnight. Dryden was the most illustrious patron of "Will's"; Milton resorted to the "Coffee-Club." The next century these places were to be immortalized by Addison and Steele in the pages of the *Spectator*.

It is a little surprising that all three beverages, so habitually used today, should have invaded England about the same time. Prior to this ale, beer and wine had been used even for breakfast, which continued, as in the Middle Ages, to be the lightest repast, usually bread soaked in mild wine.

North and south of London lay the "liberties"—districts which we would call slums, wherein were located the hovels of the poor, the resorts of criminals and the habitations of outcasts of all kinds. Even within the city there were sections where warrants for arrest had to be served by the soldiers, since a cry would bring a host of

malefactors to defend one apprehended. Another circumstance that seems strange to us was that then, as in Tudor England, St. Paul's Cathedral was used as a business center, a promenade for the fashionably attired and even a resort for illicit trades. The central nave, between eleven and twelve and again from three to five o'clock each day, was filled with men of all classes, meeting their associates, concluding business transactions or coming merely to see and be seen. During the plague of 1665 it was written: "St. Paul grows lean, for men shrink away."

Newspapers began to spring up in the seventeenth century but were largely suppressed during the civil war. During the Commonwealth, only one was permitted, its news strictly censored. After the Restoration a licensing act was passed which made it possible only for sheets obtaining licenses to be issued and these were denied unless the papers could be strictly controlled.

The forerunner of the modern newspaper was the news-letter written by clerks employed by men of importance when they went into the country for the purpose of keeping them informed as to the happenings of the city. The supplying of such news-letters grew to be a business. Often a blank space was left for a correspondent to fill in, then send away to some distant friend; or the paper would be printed on one side, the other left blank for this purpose. Finally, in 1695, the licensing act having expired, Parliament would not renew it and henceforward men could establish newspapers and publish them without governmental interference.

To speak of the dress worn during the age of the Stuarts would necessitate dividing the century into shorter periods and entering upon a detailed consideration. At the beginning of the reign of James I, modes which had prevailed during the Elizabethan period were still seen. His son, Charles I, had a natural sense of the artistic and graceful lines began to take the place of those artificial ones of earlier years. Soft collars and laces replaced the uncomfortable ruff; flowing lines permitted garments to conform more nearly to the lines of the body. Head-dresses were still elaborate and wigs were worn. Although dress was ex-



CARVED BED, FRENCH RENAISSANCE PERIOD

The Gothic influence is seen in the height of the furniture; the Classic in the decorative designs.

travagant, the fashionable world was given a sombre background by the Puritans who displayed austerity in their apparel. The simplicity of the gowns worn by Puritan matrons, with their plain white linen collars, was a constant protest against the luxury and ostentation of the ladies of the court and those who aped their customs. It may be that the extreme intolerance of these worthy people was needed to restore a balance, yet one can but wish that their religion, however fervent, had permitted them to exhibit a little more leniency toward their conforming brothers. Their persistent reference to the priestly surplice as "that rag of Anti-Christ" was not conducive to peace in a land where the Anglican Church was established by law.

The century is often cited for its conspicuous inconsistencies and contrasts. England was torn asunder from 1640 to 1660 as much by religion as by demands for the restoration of constitutional government. Yet the vicious crusade waged against witchcraft would disprove any comprehensive understanding of the tenets of Christ. Steele, in his treatise on this subject, claims that 8,000 so-called witches were put to death in Scotland between 1560 and 1600. In England there was no organized attempt to apprehend them under Elizabeth, but James I believed in witchcraft with all his narrow, pedantic heart. Did not the Scriptures say: "Suffer not a witch to live"? An act was passed early in his reign prohibiting the conjuring of evil spirits, the injury of cattle by magic and forty things beside, all of like nature. Between 1603 and 1680 seventy thousand persons were cruelly put to death, often fearfully tortured, in the blind enforcement of this pernicious legislation. The records of the treatment of witches comprise one of the most repulsive chapters in all history, and the remarkable thing about it is that men of enlightenment and genius, as well as the ignorant, shared these hallucinations and glorified in the extermination of these helpless creatures who, under torture, would confess to anything.

It is gratifying to find the treatment accorded children much improved at this time. Although the severity of punishment to them still appalls the reader, yet the genuine affection for little people was demonstrated in many ways.

They were still garbed like miniature men and women, as the portraits of Van Dyck and Valesquez attest. Perhaps the fact that so large a proportion of the babies succumbed to the unsanitary conditions under which they were brought up led parents to cleave more closely to the survivors—for the mortality among infants was terrible.

Locke was one of the first to plead for greater consideration for the child in school. His very moderate urge that the pupil be "reasoned with" doubtless awakened as much alarm on the part of some who read his treatise as has since been manifested when educators have sought to improve the lot of the school boy.

Even at this time there were voices raised for the emancipation of women, who were ordinarily thought sufficiently prepared to face the exigencies of life were they trained in the arts of housewifery. The usual inquiry regarding a prospective bride concerned her ability to preside over a house, with its numerous servitors. In a sermon preached at a seventeenth century wedding, her duties were set forth by the preacher: "If she will have bread, she must not always buy it, but she must sow it and reap it and grind it; if she will have cloth, she begins at the seed, she carrieth the seed into the ground, she gathereth flax, of her flax she spinneth a thread, of her thread, she weaveth cloth and so she comes by her coat."⁵

In 1697, one Mary Astell wrote her *Defense of the Female Sex*, in which she maintained that men had trained women to ease and ignorance. Defoe similarly came to the support of frivolous women by saying: "Does she plague us with her pride and impertinence? Why did we not let her learn that she might have had more wit?"⁶

Each age presents its own vivid contrasts. Stuart England had her great country places with their parks and *pleasances*, as the deep gardens were called. It had also the resorts of the "liberties"* around London. It was merry with the Morris dance and May pole, and somber with the condemnations of these amusements by the Puritans. A century that saw the establishment of newspapers, mail service, improved systems of agriculture, the first city lighting, the freeing of the highways from banditry that had long

prevailed and many other innovations, contributed its share to twentieth century civilization. That much was still needed can not be gainsaid. It may be said as truly of our own generation.

¹ Trevalyan: *England under the Stuarts*, p. 184.

² Green: *Hist. English People*, Vol III, p. 245.

³ Callender: *The Naval Side of British Hist.*, p. 80.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 104.

⁵ Quoted in Coate: *Social Life in Stuart Eng.*, p. 26.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 31.

* The "liberties" were districts not under jurisdiction of the corporation of London, originally for the most part ecclesiastical holdings.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE

1. MILTON: THE MAN, AND HIS SHORTER POEMS

AMONGST English poets, in the estimation of English-speaking people, Milton occupies the second place almost as surely as Shakespeare occupies the first. The fact, however, must be faced that in the regard of people speaking other languages he does not. To talk with European readers and critics is to discover that they consider that the Anglo-Saxon race has had but one supreme poet. If they name a second, the chances are that it will be Byron, whom critics of our own (and his own) race would rank below Chaucer and Spenser, Wordsworth and Coleridge, Shelley and Keats, Tennyson and Browning, as well as below Milton. That is probably due to the fact that Byron relies rather on matter than on manner, rather on fire than on style, and it is naturally those to whom the language is a mother tongue who are the true judges of style. All the other poets named are in varying degrees artists, which is precisely what Byron never troubled to be. The European critic, however, will not agree that this is the reason for the British depreciation of Byron: he will declare that it is because his moral tone was not in accord with the ideas of his own people, and that, on the other hand, Milton is overrated because he wrote upon Biblical subjects. There is a measure of truth in this; but it is far from being the whole truth.

John Milton was born almost at the close of the year 1608, when Shakespeare was in his fourth, his final, period; when those twin stars of our drama, Beaumont and Fletcher, were just coming to the front; when Jonson was at the very height of his powers; when Middleton was developing his remarkable individuality; and when Webster was slowly and painfully plodding up the heights of the dramatic Parnassus that he was yet to attain. Drayton was writing or preparing to write his *Polyolbion*; Chap-

man was at work on his translation of Homer; Campion was still producing lovely lyrics; Raleigh was writing his *History of the World*; Bacon was at work on his *Wisdom of the Ancients*; and that mighty book, the translation of the Bible, was being completed. He came into being then in the height of one of the greatest literary epochs in English history; and he himself helped to make another.

We may divide his poetical career into five periods. The first is of no account. It covers his school days at St. Paul's, London, when, as school exercises, he wrote verse in both Latin and English. And here let it be remarked that he was not only an English poet: he is also one of our best Latin poets; and later in life he wrote sonnets in Italian. Here, however, I am concerned with him only as a poet in our own tongue. From this early period two of his poems survive. They are paraphrases of the Psalms of David, written at the age of fifteen.

His second period covers the six or seven years during which he was at Cambridge, whither he went in 1625-6, at the age of seventeen. He is the greatest in that long line of noble poets of whom Cambridge can boast—Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Gray, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron and Tennyson.

It is a strange fact that the one poet of similar rank to whom Oxford can lay claim—Shelley—she expelled. Amongst Milton's contemporaries were such famous men—most of them poets of renown—as George Herbert (who was public orator), Jeremy Taylor, Henry More the Platonist, Abraham Cowley, Richard Crashaw and John Cleveland, the Cavalier poet of the stirring times to come. Milton was at that time a great admirer and student of Ovid, though Ovid is not precisely the poet one would have expected him to admire. To this period belong his *Epitaph on the University Carrier*, the *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity* (certainly the finest of all), and that panegyric of Shakespeare which he wrote in 1630, in his twenty-second year, and which was published in the second Shakespeare folio a couple of years later under the title *An Epitaph on the admirable dramatic poet, W. Shakspeare*. The inclusion of this poem in the folio shows that even at

that early date Milton must have obtained some reputation in literature. This is a meritorious poem, whereas the others dating from this period are, with the exception of the Nativity Hymn already mentioned, remarkable rather for their promise than for their achievement. But even in these there are to be found the germs of the poet of *Paradise Lost*, the seriousness, the elevation, the nobility that we associate with Milton. We need not be surprised to find Antony à Wood, the Cambridge historian, telling us that, when at college, he "was esteemed to be a virtuous and sober person, yet not to be ignorant of his own parts." That judgment seems to sum up the adolescent Milton very thoroughly.

He had been intended, and had himself intended, to enter the Church; but he now gave up the idea, and decided to live in the country and devote himself to philosophy and poetry. His father, who was a man of artistic and scholastic tastes, agreed with this decision, suggesting, however, that he should add to the list of subjects for study languages and natural science. This he did, greatly to his advantage. The five or six years that followed, 1632 to 1638, constitute his third period, when he wrote the beautiful *At a Solemn Music* and four of his masterpieces—*L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Comus* and *Lycidas*. Apart from their own amazing merits, there are two things that we have to bear in mind in connection with these four masterpieces. The first is, that probably not one of them was inspirational; not one of them sprang from an irrepressible spiritual urge to write; every one of them was suggested to him. This was certainly the case with *Comus* and *Lycidas*, as well as with the fragmentary *Arcades*; and, if we knew the circumstances, it would probably be found to be the case also with the two odes. *Comus* we owe to the solicitation of a patron of Milton's; *Arcades*, apparently to the suggestion of Henry Lawes, the composer; *Lycidas*, to the death of a friend. This last might, of course, have been internal impulse, even if set going by an external event; but the fact remains that it was merely a contribution to a set of poems devised by the former college associates of a young man who was drowned, so that we may justly assume that in that case

also the suggestion came to Milton from without. This is an extraordinary circumstance, which seems to set Milton apart from all the other great English poets, whose impulse almost invariably came from within.

The second consideration which has to be borne in mind is that Milton looked upon all the great productions of this period as merely exercises in verse, preparations for the great work which he was to do when he felt himself fully prepared for it. One of the amazing things about Milton is that from the first he felt himself intended for mighty things, and shaped his life accordingly. He believed that "he who would not be frustrated of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem." That is remarkable in a young man. We have had many poets who have been aware of their own genius from early days; but have we had any other who has thus been willing to dedicate his life to fitting himself to do justice to that genius? But not only had his life to be pure and noble; also he had slowly to perfect his knowledge and his genius till the time should be ripe for the great work of which he knew himself to be capable. "I am letting my wings grow, and preparing to fly," he wrote; "but my Pegasus has not yet feathers enough to soar aloft in the fields of air." As a matter of fact, had it not been for the blindness of his later years, his great work might never have been done. Study took too deep a hold of him: he preferred it to creative work. It was not that, like Coleridge, he lacked the energy necessary for the utilization of the imaginative ideas of his teeming brain; but merely that he was bent on perfecting himself before he did anything. That was the case in this period; in the next he suffered his poetic interest to be smothered by his political and religious interests. The result was that only in his final period was he a productive poet: in the others he was but dilettante, an occasional wooer of the muse.

L'Allegro and *Il Penseroso* are pastoral odes. The poet shows his indebtedness to Sidney, Breton, Barnfield; Browne, Burton and other poets of whom I shall speak in a moment. Milton obtained his ideas from wide reading, but transmuted them all into something new and strange.



CARVED WALNUT CHAIR, FRENCH RENAISSANCE PERIOD
Note the Græco-Roman influence in both the lines of the chair and its
decoration.

His chief inspiration for the second poem is to be found in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Here are a couple of several stanzas prefixed to his book, by Burton:

“When to myself I act and smile,
 With pleasing thoughts the time beguile
 By a brookside or wood so green,
 Unheard, unsought for, and unseen,
 A thousand pleasures do me bless
 And crown my soul with happiness.
 All my joys besides are folly;
 None so sweet as melancholy.

* * * * *

Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
 Sweet music, wondrous melody,
 Towns, palaces, and cities fine,
 Here now, then there. The world is mine.
 Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
 Whate'er is lovely or divine.
 All other joys to this is folly:
 None so sweet as melancholy.”

And in a comedy, *The Nice Valor*, which appeared later in the Beaumont and Fletcher folio and appears to be a revision by Middleton of a play originally by those dramatists, appears a song which the critics attribute (rightly or wrongly) to Fletcher, and which assuredly is worthy of him, magnificent lyrist as he was:

“Hence, all you vain delights,
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly!
 There's nought in this life sweet,
 Were men but wise to see't,
 But only melancholy.
 O sweetest melancholy!
 Welcome folded arms and fixéd eyes,
 A sigh that, piercing, mortifies,
 A look that's fastened to the ground,
 A tongue chain'd up without a sound,
 Fountain heads and pathless groves
 (Places which pale passion loves),
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls

Are warmly housed, save bats and owls.
A midnight bell, a parting moan:
These are the sounds we feed upon.
Then stretch our bones in a still, gloomy valley:
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy."

Milton's poem is beautiful; but it is hardly more beautiful than this.

The two odes are to be regarded as a contrast in moods, and yet as complementary to one another. They form, in reality, but a single poem, and the effect of each is increased by comparison with the other. They are not really antagonistic: each has within itself the elements of the other. There is sadness in the mirth of the one; mirth in the sadness of the other. The one is the poem of the daytime; the other, of the night; the one gives the joy of life; the other, its seriousness; the one is a rapturous song; the other, a mood of meditation. The Italian titles are a piece of affectation. They show that he had attained no degree of proficiency, for the title of the second poem is not good Italian. *L'Allegro* means "the jovial man;" similarly, *Il Penseroso* is meant to mean "the meditative man:" it should be "pensieroso." Milton formed his word mistakenly from "pensero."

Arcades, of which we have but three songs and a speech, contains the germ of *Comus*. Both masques were written for the Bridgewater family, *Arcades* in honor of the dowager Countess of Derby, the Earl's mother-in-law, the lady to whom Spenser had dedicated his *Tears of the Muses* more than forty years previous. The masque, with music by Lawes, was presented at the countess's mansion, perhaps in 1633, but probably in 1634, and was so successful that the poet and composer were commissioned to celebrate the Earl of Bridgewater's assumption of the Lord Presidency of the Welsh Marches which had begun in October 1633. It is evident that at that time Milton had no Puritanical hatred for the drama—fortunately, since *Comus* is undeniably the finest masque in the language. It is not, however, a masque, in the ordinary sense of the word, but rather, a lyrical drama. In form it goes back to the Greek

drama; and it may be remarked that those who look upon Milton as in spirit Hebraic are losing sight of the immense influence the Greek genius had upon him. It was performed at Ludlow Castle, Lord Bridgewater's children taking part in it, while Lawes himself represented the attendant Spirit. It was published anonymously in 1637, being given to the press by Lawes, who describes it as, "although not openly acknowledged by the author, . . . a legitimate offspring, so lovely and so much desired that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view." The title was simply *A Maske presented at Ludlow Castle*, the name *Comus* not being given to it until after Milton's death.

There are two earlier dramas to which Milton was indebted. The one was Peele's delightful *Old Wives Tale*; the other was Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*. The episode of *Comus* and his rout comes from the former, of course with many a hint from the *Odyssey*; from Fletcher's pastoral comes the episode of *Sabrina*, the employment of the attendant Spirit, and the adventures of the lady; but everything is altered and dignified almost out of recognition. One may forgive unlimited plagiarism where it is made to such good purpose. Shakespeare also borrowed, and, like Milton, improved; and, as Shakespeare creates an impression of absolute originality, so does Milton. He absorbs the idea; he does not allow the idea to absorb him. The unity of conception and of action is absolute. Like all of Milton's work, it is full of learning; but nothing could be more beautiful than the way in which the learning forms a seemingly natural part of the whole. The allegory, too, is magnificently managed; but it is here that we have the poem's one flaw: its morality is impeccable but it sometimes intrudes. One feels the wicked enchanter to be the real hero of the piece, because he does not preach. That is something Milton was far from intending, as he certainly never intended to make Satan the hero of *Paradise Lost*; but it is what he did, and he did it in almost the same way. This is only a slight flaw; and *Comus* remains unsurpassed for beautiful thought clad in beautiful language.

In 1637 Milton wrote his great elegy *Lycidas*. In August of that year Edward King was drowned in the Irish Sea, and the next year his friends at Cambridge issued a volume of thirty-six elegies in various languages, of which it is said that Milton's is the only one possessing any merit. If that be true, its merit is yet so great that it may be held to atone for the deficiencies of the rest. To say it is the finest elegy in the language, greater even than Shelley's *Adonais*, is not to say too much: the question is, is there a finer in any literature? Shelley's may have more fire, more noble rage, more sustained eloquence; but he is beaten in his own field, in verbal music, in the mysteries of versification, and also in the dramatic contrast between the quiet pastoral beauty of the dirge in the opening part of the poem and the passionate intensity of the denunciatory passages. These may not be—indeed, are not—altogether in place; but it has to be remembered that Milton seems to have had no especial friendship for the subject of his elegy. Such too is the case with Shelley in his *Adonais*. Each of them might have said, as Shelley did say, that “in another's woe he wept his own.” Unless we are to suppose that, we must look upon both poems, magnificent as they are, as mere poetic exercises.

There is a period of fifteen months, ending about the middle of 1639, which may be looked upon as a species of interregnum, during which, so far as is known, he wrote no English verse, though he did compose some in Latin, while possibly his Italian poems date from the same time. During these fifteen months he was absent from England, visiting Italy, where he was received as a poet of distinction. His visit was cut short by receipt of the news of the serious state of affairs in England, and he returned, to fling himself with the utmost enthusiasm into the cause of political liberty. Those who think of Milton as a meditative philosopher know only one side of him; he was also a violent religious and political partisan and one of the bitterest and ablest controversialists who ever handled a pen. Seeing how things were, he resolved to abandon all thought of poetry and to devote himself to the cause that seemed to call him. After the meeting of the Long Parliament he

wrote "Perceiving that the true way to liberty followed on from these beginnings; inasmuch also as I had so prepared myself from my youth that, above all things, I could not be ignorant what is of divine and what of human right: I resolved, though I was then meditating certain other matters, to transfer into this struggle all my genius and all the strength of my industry." And so from 1639 to 1658 he was primarily a politician and a prose writer. Yet this constitutes his fourth poetic period, for it includes his sonnets.

His prose is almost all controversial. He gives his views on church, government, education, divorce, liberty of the printed word, and other such matters. Always a hater of discipline, he now came to his own. Perhaps the most famous of his prose pamphlets was one in which, soon after the beheading of King Charles, he defended the action of the regicides. This led to a violent controversy with Salmasius, of which Milton had the better. But the prose work of Milton lies outside my sphere and I shall not refer to it further.

After teaching for some years, he accepted office in the Government as Secretary for Foreign Tongues in 1648-9. Early in 1652 total blindness, with which he had for some time been threatened, overtook him; but he still pursued his governmental duties; and this though he was afflicted not only with the loss of his sight, but also with domestic worries, to which some allusion must now be made, since they have a decided bearing on all his later work.

In the year 1643 he very suddenly married Mary Powell, daughter of a country squire who had been for at least sixteen years a debtor of Milton's. The girl was seventeen; Milton was thirty-four. She was of Cavalier stock, used to dancing and singing and merrymaking; he was a Puritan. What wonder is it that the match ended in disaster! Her friends and relations invaded the house of her spouse, and in that sober household caroused for a whole week. In a month's time she obtained her husband's permission to visit her parents; and, when she arrived there, she refused to return. Incensed at her departure Milton penned his famous argument that incompatibility of temper should

be a sufficient ground of divorce; and, when she refused to return to him, he made his arguments much stronger. In 1645 he was paying attention to another woman, evidently intending to obtain a divorce from his wife; but one day, when he was visiting a relation, he met his wife again. She submitted and begged his pardon on her knees, and he forgave her. It seems probable that the real reason for her returning was that the Royalist cause had gone down in ruin at Naseby, and that Milton's political associations were likely to be useful to her family. I do not think that that is viewing her action with undue cynicism. However that may be, the fact remains that Milton's house was afterwards filled with disgruntled members of the king's faction.

In 1652, soon after he had become blind, his wife died, leaving him with three small daughters. In view of his affliction and of his consequent powerlessness to attend to household matters, it is not surprising that he married again. The surprising fact is that he did not marry for four and a half years. He was again unfortunate, for fifteen months later his second wife died. He waited another five years before he entered into matrimony for a third time; but that may be spoken of later.

The poetical work of this fourth period consists of sonnets. They are not of the Sidneian variety or of the Shakespearean, nor are they Spenserian: they revert to the true Italian model. They are almost, but not quite, the first real Petrarchan sonnets in the English tongue. There had been a very few odd examples of this mode in the reign of Elizabeth; but Milton was the first poet thoroughly to adopt the form. They are of three chief sorts—personal, complimentary and controversial (that is to say, religio-political). The personal variety do not consist of the expression of mere transient moods or sentiments, but of mental states that are solid and constant. One may see that in his earliest sonnet, one of his second period, written on his attaining his twenty-third year:

“How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career;

But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arrived so near,
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear
 Than some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.

Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Towards which Time leads me, and the Will of Heaven.
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye."

That is not a great sonnet by any means; but it sounds the same note as the one on his blindness written when he was fifty:

"When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker and present
 My true account, lest he, returning chide;
 'Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?'
 I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
 Either man's work or His own gifts; who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
 Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest.
 They also serve who only stand and wait.' "

There is no change in the mental outlook: the only change is in the acquired power.

The greatest of all his sonnets, one which does not come into any of the three categories I have named, is the one *On the late Massacre in Piedmont*. Note its emotional intensity, its passion, its fire. It can stir us even today, when the event that roused the indignation of the poet is nearly three centuries overpast:

"Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
 Ev'n them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,

When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
 Forget not; in Thy book record their groans
 Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills; and they
 To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant, that from these may grow
 A hundredfold, who, having learnt Thy way
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

There are those who go so far as to say that Milton is the greatest master of the sonnet in the language; but personally I am not prepared to go so far as that—not even in the face of this trumpet-call.

And now we come to the final, the epic period. His object all through life had been either a great drama or a great epic. When in Italy he was contemplating an epic on King Arthur. In some manuscript notes of his which are fortunately extant, and which date between 1640 and 1642, we find him jotting down no less than ninety-nine themes for drama, for at that time apparently all his thoughts turned to the dramatic form as the most suitable for his great work. Of these, sixty-one were on Scriptural subjects, the remaining thirty-eight being drawn from British legend or history. Amongst these Arthur does not appear. Alfred, Vortigern, and Harold are among the British subjects; and, greatly daring, he had also set down Macbeth. Among the Scriptural stories were Sodom, John the Baptist, and four versions of *Paradise Lost*, two of these, however, being mere lists of *dramatis personæ*. On one of these dramatic versions of *Paradise Lost* he actually worked in or about 1642, when he composed part of the address of Satan to the Sun now in the fourth book. The speech of which this was to have formed portion was to be the exordium of the tragedy. Though he came to see that the subject was fitter for epic than for dramatic treatment, he never ceased to look forward to the time when he should put his great project into train. In 1641 in a printed pamphlet he went so far as to give a public pledge that he

would some time carry out his design. It is worth quoting: "Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist or the trencher-fury of a riming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge and sends out His Seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases. To this must be added industriously select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs—till which in some measure be compassed at mine own peril and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loth to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them." This has some of the complexity and lack of clearness that are the bane of Milton's prose and that sometimes invade his poetry; but what sublime confidence it displays, tintured with no small amount of self-righteousness! Milton did not hesitate to thank God aloud that he was not as other men were.

Milton did not abandon politics till the Restoration in 1660; but he began *Paradise Lost* in 1658, and it is from that year that we may date his fifth and last period. The work was ended in 1665 and published two years later. He assigned all rights in it to the publisher, Samuel Symmons, for a sum of five pounds and a like sum of five pounds upon the entire sale of each of the first three impressions, each impression to consist of thirteen hundred copies. He received ten pounds in all, and his widow parted with her interest in the copyright for a further eight pounds, Symmons afterwards reselling all rights for twenty-five pounds. *Paradise Regained* was written either wholly or mainly in 1665 and 1666, and that *Samson Agonistes* in 1667, both of them being published in 1671.

Samson closed Milton's poetical career. He had always intended to write a drama after the Greek model, and he

did it at last. In this magnificent work we cannot but feel that he has an eye to his own experiences—the promise of his youth, the close in blindness and loneliness, the downfall of his cause, and his sufferings as the result of his first marriage with a member of what was to him a Philistine house. The scene with Dalila serves to show how bitter were the poet's memories of that first marital experience. But there is yet another personal experience referred to in Samson—his treatment by his daughters. His relations with at least two of the three girls were deplorable—partly his own fault; but not wholly. The probabilities are that their minds had been turned against him by their mother, who could not have sympathized with his ideas. It is even said that they conspired to rob him of his books, which they sold. Their conduct drove him to his third marriage, with Elizabeth Minshull, who was thirty years his junior. He married her in 1663; and she seems to have made him a good wife.

As we have seen, Milton's fifth and last period of poetic composition ended in 1667; but he lived seven years longer, dying in 1674, almost at the close of his sixty-sixth year. When he died, the world knew that it had lost its greatest poet. Whatever may have been his misfortunes, at least he did not have to wait till after his death to gain appreciation of his genius.

PARADISE LOST

Our classification of poetry has come down to us from the ancient Greeks. Their literature was written to be sung or said not to be perused alone in a study. Orators thundered their impassioned addresses to the people in the public places; Herodotus read his histories to audiences gathered to witness the Olympic games; closet dramas were unknown and poems were classified according to their manner of recital. Lyrics were rendered in accompaniment to the lyre; they were composed to be sung rather than to be read. Epics and dramas alike unfold narratives; in the latter, persons related experiences which had befallen them. In the epic, a narrator recounted the experiences of others, particularly, those of some hero.

Epics are divided into two types; natural or naïve, and artificial. The *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, and *Beowulf* are of the first class. In them the story is the dominating feature; the style, as in *Beowulf*, may be the simplest. The *Aeneid*, on the other hand, belongs to the second type; the poet carefully builds a poem, expending much labor upon the formal expression of his tale.

Paradise Lost is a poem of the second type: an artificial epic. Early in life Milton conceived of writing such a poem, in imitation of the classics. He arranged a list of themes which in turn he seriously considered for this purpose. Some, like King Arthur, possessed patriotic significance; others were of biblical character. He finally determined upon the Fall and Redemption of Man, which had previously been treated directly by Cædmon and indirectly by Dante. He contemplated lofty, vast, sublime proportions and enwrapped his poem in conceptions so mighty that, far from giving offense in treating Scriptural matter in guise of an epic, many of his own generation accepted the poem as only second in importance to the Bible itself.

Paradise Lost falls into twelve books. Only two human beings appear in the entire poem, the other characters being supernatural, whether divine or demoniac. Having invoked Urania, Muse of the astronomical epic, and the Spirit of Creation to assist him, the poet announces his purpose "to justify the ways of God to man." "What led our remote ancestors, Adam and Eve," he inquires, "to sin and so bring down upon humanity the result of their disobedience?" "They were incited," he continues, "by Lucifer, who after his expulsion from heaven, sought to avenge his fall by misleading man, the last great creation of God." The two themes, Lucifer's revolt in heaven, and man's disobedience in the Garden of Eden, are skillfully interwoven. Man's fall is foretold in heaven when Lucifer approaches the earth, whither he has gone to entice man to eat of the Forbidden Tree. It is explained that man has been endowed with the privilege of choice; if he falls, justice must be satisfied ere he can ever hope to win salvation. The Son of God thereupon offers himself a willing sacrifice for man's redemption. Thus the doctrine of freewill and sal-

vation is enunciated. The dialogue between God the Father and the Son calls to mind another, related in the *Book of Job*: both serve to enlighten the reader. The Garden of Eden—Paradise—is described in the fourth book, where Adam and Eve enjoy every good thing. In the fifth, Raphael is sent from heaven to warn Adam of his impending danger, Eve having been previously perturbed by a dream. For Adam's instruction, Raphael recounts the revolt of Lucifer in heaven and tells him of the mighty battle waged ere he was cast out for his presumption. Raphael's discourse with Adam extends through the eighth book; in the ninth, Eve succumbs to the wiles of the tempter, eats of the Forbidden Tree, while Adam follows her example. In the tenth book, the transgression of man is made known in heaven and hell. As Lucifer boastfully relates his triumph, he and his crew are changed to serpents. In the eleventh book, ere Adam and Eve are thrust out of Paradise, St. Michael leads Adam to a hilltop and discloses to him all that shall transpire before the Deluge. Finally, in the last book, the coming of Christ is announced, likewise his mission, death and the establishment of his Church upon earth. Reconciled to their dispossession by these remarkable disclosures, Adam wakens Eve from a slumber that has enfolded her and the fiery sword points their way out of the Garden of Eden, over which cherubim are then set to guard.

Like Shakespeare, Milton used whatever material at hand proved adapted to his purpose. Not only the canonical Scriptures, the legendary writings of the Hebrews, and classical authors served as quarries for his great poem, but plays and poems of his own time as well. Often accused of borrowing, beyond a doubt he did so in much the same way as his even more illustrious countryman; both found inspiration in the writings of others; both, from materials appropriated by them, evolved something entirely new. Much attention has been devoted to the sources of *Paradise Lost*; the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise was the theme of an old miracle play; poems to be found in the literatures of Holland, France and Italy gave suggestions for the epic. Milton had a retentive memory and his

thorough classical training served him well. Illustrations came to his aid with like facility from the realm of mythology, Greek and Latin writers, and the early Christian Fathers. It is the ever recurring references that perplex the general reader and deepen the impression that the poem is difficult to read. Surely it is less involved, less difficult, than the *Divine Comedy*, nor is it burdened with allusions to contemporary political affairs, which often obscure Dante's poem.

To how great an extent symbolism pervades the work has been debated. Certainly to a slight degree, in comparison with Dante's mediæval epic. Milton did not seek to disguise his meaning. The Creation and Garden of Eden stories are variously interpreted by biblical students; naturally they receive different interpretations at the hands of students of poetry.

In characterization Milton was of necessity forced back upon persons familiar to him; unconsciously, Cromwell and his associates were impersonated under guise of biblical characters. It is the irony of fate that many regard Lucifer as the hero of the epic—which has provoked comment such as this: "By the average man or woman of the present day he [Milton] is likely to be remembered by this one characteristic which he had in common with all Puritans: he made the devil irresistibly attractive."¹

It is true that *Paradise Lost* has no such hold upon the average reader today as it held a hundred years ago. A realistic age is scarcely given to visualizing heaven or hell. Even the Bible itself is discussed more often than it is read. Nevertheless, it is unnecessary to grapple with Puritan theology in order to comprehend Milton's poem. A worshipper of Confucius or a follower of Mahomet might read it for the sheer joy of its majestic music, which rolls along like the surging sea or rises to the crescendo of reverberating thunder. Milton's power of expression was marvellous and his epic is unsurpassed in style.

Significant is the penetrating valuation of Moulton, who says: "The *Paradise Lost* is the gift to world literature of Protestantism in its fulness, not disintegrated into its warring sections. When the empire was Christianized,

Rome was grafted upon the biblical tree; Hellenic and Hebraic entered upon their slow coöperation. When the Renaissance attained its full consummation, the *Paradise Lost* presented the Bible as entering into classical literature; Hellenic and Hebraic are seen in their richest combination.’’²

From PARADISE LOST

Book I

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that, on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos. Or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That, to the height of this great argument,
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first—for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell—say first, what cause
Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress His will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?

Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?

The infernal serpent! he it was whose guile
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels, by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equalled the Most High,
If he opposed; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he, with his horrid crew,
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal. But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as angels' ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild.
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
Such place eternal justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordained
In utter darkness, and their portion set,
As far removed from God and light of Heaven
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
Oh, how unlike the place from whence they fell!

There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and, weltering by his side,
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub. To whom the Arch-enemy,
And thence in Heaven called *Satan*, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:—
“If thou beest he—but oh, how fallen! how changed
From him!—who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright! If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest
From what height fallen: so much the stronger proved
He with His thunder; and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in His rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind,
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits armed,
That durst dislike His reign; and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
And shook His throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost—the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall His wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify His power
Who, from the terror of this arm, so late
Doubted His empire—that were low indeed;
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of gods,
And this empyreal substance, cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great event,

In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven."

So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair;
And him thus answered soon his bold compeer:—

"O Prince, O chief of many thronèd powers
That led the embattled seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual King,
And put to proof His high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate!
Too well I see and rue the dire event
That, with sad overthrow and foul defeat,
Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallowed up in endless misery.
But what if He our Conqueror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice His vengeful ire,
Or do Him mightier service, as His thralls
By right of war, whate'er His business be,
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do His errands in the gloomy deep?
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminished, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?"

Whereto with speedy words the Arch-fiend replied:—
"Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure—
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to His high will

Whom we resist. If then His providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to prevent that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve Him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see! the angry Victor hath recalled
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of Heaven: the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery surge that from the precipice
Of Heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there;
And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not, what resolution from despair."

BOOK II

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven; and, by success untaught,
His proud imaginations thus displayed:—

"Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heaven!—
 For, since no deep within her gulf can hold
 Immortal vigour, though oppressed and fallen,
 I give not Heaven for lost: from this descent
 Celestial virtues rising will appear
 More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate!
 Me though just right, and the fixed laws of Heaven,
 Did first create your leader—next, free choice,
 With what besides, in council or in fight,
 Hath been achieved of merit—yet this loss,
 Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
 Established in a safe, unenvied throne,
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state
 In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
 Envy from each inferior; but who here
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
 Of endless pain? Where there is, then, no good
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
 From faction: for none sure will claim in Hell
 Precedence; none whose portion is so small
 Of present pain that with ambitious mind
 Will covet more! With this advantage, then,
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
 More than can be in Heaven, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper than prosperity
 Could have assured us; and by what best way,
 Whether of open war or covert guile,
 We now debate. Who can advise may speak."

He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptred king,
 Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
 That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair.
 His trust was with the Eternal to be deemed
 Equal in strength, and rather than be less
 Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
 Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,
 He recked not, and these words thereafter spake:—

"My sentence is for open war. Of wiles,
 More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
 Contrive who need, or when they need; not now.

For while they sit contriving, shall the rest—
 Millions that stand in arms and longing wait
 The signal to ascend—sit lingering here,
 Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
 Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
 The prison of His tyranny who reigns
 By our delay? No! let us rather choose,
 Armed with Hell flames and fury, all at once
 O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms
 Against the Torturer; when, to meet the noise
 Of His almighty engine, He shall hear
 Infernal thunder, and, for lightning, see
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
 Among His angels; and His throne itself
 Mixed with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
 His own invented torments. But perhaps
 The way seems difficult, and steep to scale
 With upright wing against a higher foe!
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
 That in our proper motion we ascend
 Up to our native seat; descent and fall
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
 When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
 Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
 With what compulsion and laborious flight
 We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy, then;
 The event is feared! Should we again provoke
 Our stronger, some worse way His wrath may find
 To our destruction, if there be in Hell
 Fear to be worse destroyed! What can be worse
 Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end,
 The vassals of His anger, when the scourge
 Inexorably, and the torturing hour
 Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus,
 We should be quite abolished, and expire.

* * * * *

He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled
 The assembly as when hollow rocks retain

The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
 Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by chance,
 Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
 After the tempest. Such applause was heard
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
 Advising peace: for such another field
 They dreaded worse than Hell; so much the fear
 Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
 Wrought still within them; and no less desire
 To found this nether empire, which might rise,
 By policy and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to Heaven.

Which when Beëlzebub perceived—than whom,
 Satan except, none higher sat—with grave
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
 A pillar of state. Deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat and public care;

And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
 Majestic, though in ruin. Sage he stood,
 With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
 Drew audience and attention still as night
 Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake:—

“Thrones and imperial Powers, offspring of Heaven,
 Ethereal Virtues! or these titles now
 Must we renounce, and, changing style, be called
 Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
 Inclines—here to continue, and build up here
 A growing empire; doubtless! while we dream,
 And know not that the King of Heaven hath doomed
 This place our dungeon—not our safe retreat
 Beyond His potent arm, to live exempt
 From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
 Banded against His throne, but to remain
 In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
 Under the inevitable curb, reserved
 His captive multitude. For He, be sure,
 In height or depth, still first and last will reign
 Sole King, and of His kingdom lose no part
 By our revolt, but over Hell extend
 His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
 Us here, as with His golden those in Heaven.

What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determined us and foiled with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will be given

To us enslaved, but custody severe,
And stripes and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But, to our power, hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
May reap His conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault, or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
Err not), another world, the happy seat
Of some new race, called Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favoured more
Of Him who rules above; so was His will
Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath
That shook Heaven's whole circumference confirmed.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould
Or substance, how endued, and what their power
And where their weakness: how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be shut,
And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In His own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of His kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here, perhaps,
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset—either with Hell fire
To waste His whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we are driven,
The puny inhabitants; or, if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish His own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt His joy

In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In His disturbance; when His darling sons,
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss—
Faded so soon! Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires.” Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed: for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes: with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews:—
“Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
Synod of gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate.
Nearer our ancient seat—perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighbouring arms
And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven’s fair light,
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But, first, whom shall we send
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark, unbottomed, infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? What strength, what art, can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection: and we now no less

Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies.”

This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, waiting who appeared
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt. But all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In other's countenance read his own dismay,
Astonished. None among the choice and prime
Of those Heaven-warring champions could be found
So hardy as to proffer or accept,
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till, at last,
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake:—

“O Progeny of Heaven! Empyrean Thrones!
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismayed. Long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light.
Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,
Barred over us, prohibit all egress.
These passed, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential night receives him next,
Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'scape, into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial sovereignty, adorned
With splendour, armed with power, if aught proposed
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honoured sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,
Terror of Heaven, though fallen. Intend at home,

While here shall be our home, what best may ease
 The present misery, and render Hell
 More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
 To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
 Of this ill mansion. Intermit no watch
 Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
 Deliverance for us all. This enterprise
 None shall partake with me." Thus saying, rose
 The monarch, and prevented all reply;
 Prudent lest, from his resolution raised,
 Others among the chief might offer now,
 Certain to be refused, what erst they feared,
 And, so refused, might in opinion stand
 His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
 Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
 Dreaded not more the adventure than his voice
 Forbidding; and at once with him they rose.
 Their rising all at once was as the sound
 Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
 With awful reverence prone, and as a god
 Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven.
 Nor failed they to express how much they praised
 That for the general safety he despised
 His own: for neither do the spirits damned
 Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
 Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
 Or close ambition varnished o'er with zeal.

* * * * *

BOOK IV

So on he fares, and to the border comes
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
 As with a rural mound, the champaign head
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
 Access denied; and overhead up grew
 Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
 A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre

Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung;
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed;
On which the sun more glad impressed his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath showered the earth; so lovely seemed
That landscape. And of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair. Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As, when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabeian odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest, with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles;
So entertained those odorous sweets the fiend
Who came their bane, though with them better pleased
Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume
That drove him, though enamoured, from the spouse
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journeyed on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none; so thick entwined,
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplexed
All path of man or beast that passed that way.
One gate there only was, and that looked east
On the other side; which when the arch-felon saw,
Due entrance he disdained, and, in contempt,
At one slight bound high overleaped all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,

Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve,
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold;
Or as a thief, bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barred and bolted fast, fear no assault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles;
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold:
So since into His church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regained, but sat devising death
To them who lived; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only used
For prospect what, well used, had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.
Beneath him, with new wonder, now he views,
To all delight of human sense exposed,
In narrow room nature's whole wealth; yea, more!—
A Heaven on earth: for blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by Him in the east
Of Eden planted. Eden stretched her line
From Auran eastward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordained.
Out of the fertile ground He caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by—
Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Passed underneath ingulfed; for God had thrown
That mountain, as His garden mould, high raised
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins

Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Watered the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now, divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell
How, from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrowned the noontide bowers. Thus was this place,
A happy rural seat of various view:
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal Spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis

Was gathered—which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne, by Orontes and the inspired
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle,
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove.
Hid Amalthea and her florid son,
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara (though this by some supposed
True Paradise) under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to sight and strange.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
God-like erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seemed lords of all,
And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure—
Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,
Whence true authority in men: though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed;
For contemplation he and valour formed,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declared

Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forlock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadornèd golden tresses wore
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils—which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then concealed;
Then was not guilty shame. Dishonest shame

Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banished from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence!

So passed they naked on, nor shunned the sight
Of God or angel; for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met—
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve.

Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side,
They sat them down; and, after no more toil
Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed
To recommend cool zephyr, and make ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell—
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, sidelong as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damasked with flowers.
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
Fair couple linked in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them frisking played
All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase
In wood or wilderness, forest or den.
Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambolled before them; the unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed
His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly,
Insinuating, wove the Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded. Others on the grass
Couched, and, now filled with pasture, gazing sat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the sun,
Declined, was hastening now with prone career
To the ocean isles, and in the ascending scale
Of Heaven the stars that usher evening rose:
When Satan, still in gaze as first he stood,

Scarce thus at length failed speech recovered sad:—

“O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold?

Into our room of bliss thus high advanced
Creatures of other mould—earth-born perhaps,
Not spirits, yet to heavenly spirits bright
Little inferior—whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love; so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that formed them on their shape hath poured
Ah! gentle pair, ye little think how high
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe—
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy:
Happy, but for so happy ill secured
Long to continue, and this high seat, your Heaven,
Ill fenced for Heaven to keep out such a foe
As now is entered; yet no purposed foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied. Leagued with you I seek,
Our mutual amity, so straight, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me,
Henceforth. My dwelling, haply, may not please,
Like this fair Paradise, your sense; yet such
Accept, your Maker's work; He gave it me,
Which I as freely give. Hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings; there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank Him who puts me, loth, to this revenge
On you, who wrong me not, for Him who wronged.
And, should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just—
Honour and empire with revenge enlarged
By conquering this new world—compels me now
To do what else, though damned, I should abhor.”

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape served best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and, unespied,

To mark what of their state he more might learn
By word or action marked. About them round
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Straight crouches close; then, rising, changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both
Gripped in each paw: when Adam, first of men,
To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,
Turned him all ear to hear new utterance flow:—
“Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all, needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of His good
As liberal and free as infinite;
That raised us from the dust, and placed us here
In all this happiness, who at His hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof He hath need; He who requires
From us no other service than to keep
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only Tree
Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life;
So near grows death to life, whate’er death is—
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know’st
God hath pronounced it death to taste that tree:
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of power and rule
Conferred upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights;
But let us ever praise Him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers;
Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.”

To whom thus Eve replied:—“O thou for whom
And from whom I was formed flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide

And head! what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to Him indeed, all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst nowhere find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed,
Under a shade, on flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain; then stood unmoved,
Pure as the expanse of Heaven. I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appeared,
Bending to look on me. I started back,
It started back; but pleased I soon returned,
Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love. There I had fixed
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warned me: 'What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces; he
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called
Mother of human race.' What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair, indeed, and tall,
Under a plantain; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image. Back I turned;
Thou, following, criedst aloud, 'Return, fair Eve;
Whom fliest thou? Whom thou fliest, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side

Henceforth an individual solace dear:
Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim,
My other half.' With that thy gentle hand
Seized mine: I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excelled by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."
So spake our general mother, and, with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unproved,
And meek surrender, half-embracing leaned
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his, under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid. He, in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers, and pressed her matron lip
With kisses pure. Aside the devil turned
For envy; yet with jealous leer malign
Eyed them askance, and to himself thus plained:—
"Sight hateful, sight tormenting! Thus these two,
Imparadised in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss, while I to Hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least,
Still unfulfilled, with pain of longing pines!
Yet let me not forget what I have gained
From their own mouths. All is not theirs, it seems;
One fatal tree there stands, of Knowledge called,
Forbidden them to taste. Knowledge forbidden?
Suspicious, reasonless! Why should their Lord
Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? And do they only stand
By ignorance? Is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with gods. Aspiring to be such,
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round

This garden, and no corner leave unspied;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wandering spirit of Heaven, by fountain side,
Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw
What further would be learned. Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures; for long woes are to succeed!"

So saying, his proud step he scornful turned,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.
Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where Heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Levelled his evening rays. It was a rock
Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent
Accessible from earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night;
About him exercised heroic games,
The unarmed youth of Heaven; but nigh at hand
Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high, with diamond flaming and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
On a sunbeam, swift as shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired
Impress the air, and shows the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds. He thus began in haste:—

"Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in.
This day at height of noon came to my sphere
A spirit, zealous, as he seemed, to know
More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly man,
God's latest image. I described his way
Bent all on speed, and marked his aery gait,
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discerned his looks
Alien from Heaven, with passions foul obscured.

Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him. One of the banished crew,
I fear, hath ventured from the deep, to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find."

To whom the winged warrior thus returned:
"Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,
See far and wide. In at this gate none pass
The vigilance here placed, but such as come
Well known from Heaven; and since meridian hour
No creature thence. If spirit of other sort,
So minded, have o'erleaped these earthy bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.
But, if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know."

So promised he; and Uriel to his charge
Returned on that bright beam, whose point now raised
Bore him slope downward to the sun, now fallen
Beneath the Azores; whether the prime orb.
Incredible how swift, had thither rolled
Diurnal, or this less volúbil earth,
By shorter flight to the east, had left him there
Arraying with reflected purple and gold
The clouds that on his western throne attend.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.
She all night long her amorous descant sung:
Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw;

When Adam thus to Eve:—"Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep,

Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines
Our eyelids. Other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease.
Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest."

2. GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE PERIOD

It has been shown that so-called Elizabethan literature reached far into the period of the first Stuarts—to the accession of Charles I or even to the Civil War. Similarly, the literary movements of the following century did not coincide with eras marked off from one another in round hundred years; instead, there was literature characteristic of the Commonwealth—the age of Cromwell, of the Restoration; while, after the Revolution of 1688, classicism, that had reached England by way of France at the return of Charles II, became more pervading and insistent.

A century that witnessed the execution of a tyrannical king, the establishment of a republic, its termination by the restitution of the monarchy and exiled dynasty, and finally, a bloodless revolution wherein one ruler was forced out of the country and another set upon the throne—it might be expected that such a period would give rise to a varied literature. Further, since religion was quite as prominent an issue as government in the public mind, it was inevitable that religious writings, as well as those of a political

character, should be forthcoming in profusion. In the very nature of the case such pamphleteering cannot concern us here; drama being elsewhere treated, it is possible only to consider the great Puritan poet, Milton, whose genius has caused the age to be known by his name; the itinerant preacher to the lowly, Bunyan; and the two brilliant diarists whose personal journals supply so much valuable material for the student of political and social England, affording intimate glimpses into seventeenth century society, from the courts of kings to the streets of London, from affairs of the British navy to the cultivation of country places.

Even the casual reader immediately detects fundamental differences between the poetry of the Elizabethan and Restoration periods. Form concerned the contemporary of Shakespeare much less than content; his was a time when men were aglow with the stories which they had to tell, which spontaneously bubbled forth. The Restoration was an era of disillusionment; many of the earlier dreams had melted away unrealized; there was less to say and, consequently, more attention was given to the manner of the telling. Milton spent twenty years making himself "fit" for his supreme effort—*Paradise Lost*. It is inconceivable to imagine the great Elizabethans doing so. Dryden is often classified as first of the artificial school in England, his poems came from his head rather than his heart. Classicism implies restraint, austerity, statuesque qualities. Ere the close of the seventeenth century these were held to be true tests of poetry, while the enthusiasm of an earlier age was gone.

3. JOHN BUNYAN

If Milton's immortal epic could be fully understood only by the more scholarly of Puritan England, the people of simplest piety had their spokesman in Bunyan, whose *Pilgrim's Progress* holds an enduring place in literature.

John, son of Thomas Bunyan, was born in 1628, in Elstow, a hamlet just south of Bedford. His father followed

the humblest trade, being a tinker, or mender of pots and pans. Such men usually led wandering lives but Bunyan had a fixed home and his son John attended school long enough to gain a rudimentary knowledge of reading and writing. When a youth he served for awhile in the Parliamentary army, civil war having begun. When perhaps twenty, he married a girl as poor as he was himself.

Like many another imaginative child who heard hell-fire threatened for all who did not seek salvation, from the age of ten Bunyan suffered mental anguish at intervals, believing that the harmless games which he shared with the village boys were enough to damn his soul to perdition. Although he wrote of himself as a miscreant, investigation has failed to disclose anything worse in these years than the reprehensible crudity of coarse profanity. Nevertheless, in early manhood he passes through a stage of what has been termed "religious insanity." Beset by the notion that he was past redemption, his spiritual distress began to tell upon his physical well-being. Finally he found release from the terrors that pursued him and in time began to preach.

After the Restoration, all non-conformists were persecuted by Parliament. Bunyan, who went about from one hamlet to another preaching the Gospel as he understood it, was cast into prison for failure to conform. For twelve years, or from 1660 until 1672, he spent the major portion of the time in the Bedford jail, although during the months of abated religious zeal on the part of a government bent on compelling all to conform to the Established Church, and especially when lenient jailors had him in charge, he was allowed much liberty, not only being permitted to go about in Bedford but to adjacent places. Unable to follow his regular calling, that of tinker, like his father, during his incarceration he did what he was able to do to support his poor family. His release would have been granted at any time had he but consented to conform; but he frankly notified his judges that as quickly as he should be set at liberty, he would forthwith begin his preaching.

It was during this enforced restraint that he wrote his *Pilgrim's Progress*, wherein the earthly journey of a Christian was treated allegorically. Bunyan had suffered much for his faith; he had wrestled with doubt and at last come into the light. He had observed that others in his midst were either ardent or lukewarm followers of Christ, according to their understanding. Being naturally shrewd, observing and gifted with a lively imagination, his book developed under his hand without effort. Continual study of the Bible had given him a forceful and vivid vocabulary. Without the slightest embellishment or attempt at fine writing, he wrote the immortal tale of Christian and his pilgrimage. Even after it was finished years passed before he allowed it to be published, feeling uncertain as to whether it was sufficiently dignified for religious instruction.

Printed at last, the first edition was soon exhausted and before his death Bunyan knew that it had been set into other languages and was already loved by the people of other lands. However, some time elapsed before the educated placed their stamp of approval upon it. It is claimed that this is the only instance where a book of the people has finally captivated the learned who at first pronounced it worthy of but slight attention.

Bunyan's own harassing experience of religious growth was related by him in his *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*, published in 1665.

Today, when Puritanical austerity no longer leads young men to think of their friends as "vain companions" nor to fear that harmless pastimes, such as games on the village green, will endanger their souls' salvation, the dramatic story of *Pilgrim's Progress* still holds the reader captive. Its utter lack of all pretense, its homely truths and pervading sincerity, bespeak the writer's humility and earnestness, his discrimination and keen penetration. The mere enumeration of some of his characters sets them before us as we know them now, types of the twentieth, as well as of the seventeenth, century.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

IN THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM

As I walk'd through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place, where was a Den; and I laid me down in that place to sleep: and as I slept I dreamed a Dream. I dreamed, and behold *I saw a man cloathed with Rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own House, a Book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back.* I looked, and saw him open the Book, and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled: and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry; saying, *what shall I do?*

In this plight therefore he went home, and refrained himself as long as he could, that his Wife and Children should not perceive his distress; but he could not be silent long, because that his trouble increased; wherefore at length he brake his mind to his Wife and Children; and thus he began to talk to them, *O my dear Wife, said he, and you the Children of my bowels, I your dear friend, am in myself undone, by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me: moreover, I am for certain informed that this our City will be burned with fire from Heaven, in which fearful overthrow, both myself, with thee, my Wife, and you my sweet babes, shall miserably come to ruin; except (the which, yet I see not) some way of escape can be found, whereby we may be delivered.* At this his Relations were sore amazed; not for that they believed that what he had said to them was true, but because they thought that some frenzy distemper had got into his head: therefore, it drawing towards night, and they hoping that sleep might settle his brains, with all haste they got him to bed; but the night was as troublesome to him as the day: wherefore instead of sleeping, he spent it in sighs and tears. So when the morning was come, they would know how he did; he told them, worse and worse. He also set to talking to them again, but they began to be hardened; they also thought to drive away his distemper by harsh and surly carriages to him: sometimes they would deride, sometimes they would chide, and sometimes they would quite neglect him: wherefore he began to retire himself to his Chamber to pray for, and pity them; and also to condole his own misery: he would also walk solitarily in the Fields, sometimes reading, and sometimes praying: and thus for some days he spent his time.

Now, I saw upon a time, when he was walking in the Fields, that he was (as he was wont) reading in his Book, and greatly dis-

tressed in his mind; and as he read, he burst out, as he had done before, crying, *What shall I do to be saved?*

I saw also that he looked this way, and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still, because as I perceived he could not tell which way to go. I looked then, and saw a Man named *Evangelist* coming to him, and asked, *Wherefore doest thou cry?* He answered, Sir, I perceive, by the Book in my hand, that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to Judgement; and I find that I am not willing to do the first, nor able to do the second.

Then said *Evangelist*, Why not willing to die? since this life is attended with so many evils? The Man answered, Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back, will sink me lower than the Grave; and I shall fall into *Tophet*. And Sir, if I be not fit to go to Prison, I am not fit (I am sure) to go to Judgement, and from thence to Execution; and the thoughts of these things make me cry.

Then said *Evangelist*, If this be thy condition, why standest thou still? He answered, Because I know not whither to go. Then he gave him a *Parchment Roll*, and there was written within, *Fly from the wrath to come.*

The Man therefore read it, and looking upon *Evangelist* very carefully; said, Whither must I fly? Then said *Evangelist*, pointing with his finger over a very wide Field, Do you see yonder *Wicket-gate*? The Man said, No. Then said the other, Do you see yonder shining light? He said, I think I do. Then said *Evangelist*, Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the Gate; at which when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do.

So I saw in my Dream, that the Man began to run; now he had not run far from his own door, but his Wife and Children perceiving it, began to cry after him to return: but the Man put his Fingers in his Ears, and ran on crying, Life, Life, Eternal Life: so he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the Plain.

The Neighbors also came out to see him run, and as he ran, some mocked, others threatned; and some cried after him to return. And among those that did so, there were two that were resolved to fetch him back by force: the name of the one was *Obstinate*, and the name of the other *Pliable*. Now by this time the Man was got a good distance from them; But however they were resolved to pursue him; which they did, and in a little time they over-took him. Then said the Man, Neighbors, *Wherefore are you come?* They said, To perswade you to go back with us; but he said, That

can by no means be: You dwell, said he, in the City of Destruction (the place also *where I was born*,) I see it to be so; and dying there, sooner or later, you will sink lower than the Grave, into a place that burns with Fire and Brimstone; Be content good Neighbors, and go along with me.

What! said *Obstinate*, *and leave our Friends, and our comforts behind us!*

Yes, said *Christian*, (for that was his name) because that *all* is not worthy to be compared with a *little* of that I am seeking to enjoy, and if you will go along with me, and hold it, you shall fare as I myself; for there where I go, is enough, and to spare; Come away, and prove my words.

Obs. *What are the things you seek, since you leave all the World to find them?*

Chr. I seek an *Inheritance*, *incorruptible*, *undefiled*, and that *fadeth not away*; and it is laid up in Heaven, and safe there, to be bestowed at the time appointed on them that diligently seek it. Read it so, if you will, in my Book.

Obs. *Tush*, said *Obstinate*, *away with your Book; will you go back with us, or no?*

Chr. No, not I, said the other; because I have laid my hand to the Plough.

Obs. Come then, *Neighbor Pliable*, let us turn again, and go home without him; There is a Company of these Craz'd-headed Coxcombs, that when they take a fancy by the end, are wiser in their own eyes than seven men that can render a Reason.

Pli. Then said *Pliable*, Don't revile; if what the good *Christian* says is true, the things he looks after are better than ours: my heart inclines to go with my Neighbor.

Obs. *What! more Fools still? be ruled by me and go back; who knows whither such a brainsick fellow will lead you? Go back, go back, and be wise.*

Chr. Nay, but do thou come with me *Neighbor Pliable*; there are such things to be had which I spoke of, and many more Glories besides. If you believe not me, read here in this Book; and for the truth of what is exprest therein, behold all is confirmed by the blood of him that made it.

Pli. Well *Neighbor Obstinate* (said *Pliable*), *I begin to come to a point; I intend to go along with this good man, and to cast in my lot with him: But my good Companion, do you know the way to this desired place?*

- Chr.* I am directed by a man whose name is *Evangelist*, to speed me to a little Gate that is before us, where we shall receive instruction about the way.
- Pli.* Come then good Neighbor, let us be going. Then they went both together.
- Obs.* And I will go back to my place, said *Obstinate*. I will be no Companion of such misled fantastical Fellows.

Now I saw in my Dream, that when *Obstinate* was gone back, *Christian* and *Pliable* went talking over the Plain; and thus they began their discourse.

- Chr.* Come Neighbor *Pliable*, how do you do? I am glad you are perswaded to go along with me; and had even *Obstinate* himself but felt what I have felt of the Powers and Terrors of what is yet unseen, he would not thus lightly have given us the back.
- Pli.* Come Neighbor Christian, since there is none but us two here, tell me now further what the things are, and how to be enjoyed, whither we are going?
- Chr.* I can better conceive of them with my Mind, than speak of them with my Tongue: But yet since you are desirous to know, I will read of them in my Book.
- Pli.* And do you think that the words of your Book are certainly true?
- Chr.* Yes verily, for it was made by him that cannot lye.
- Pli.* Well said; what things are they?
- Chr.* There is an endless Kingdom to be inhabited, and everlasting life to be given us, that we may inhabit that Kingdom for ever.
- Pli.* Well said; and what else?
- Chr.* There are Crowns of Glory to be given us; and Garments that will make us shine like the Sun in the Firmament of Heaven.
- Pli.* This is excellent; and what else?
- Chr.* There shall be no more crying, nor sorrow; For he that is owner of the place, will wipe all tears from our eyes.
- Pli.* And what company shall we have there?
- Chr.* There we shall be with *Seraphims*, and *Cherubins*, Creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look on them: There also you shall meet with thousands, and ten thousands that have gone before us to that place; none of them are hurtful, but loving, and holy: every one walking in the sight of God, and standing in his presence with ac-

ceptance for ever. In a word, there we shall see the Elders with their Golden Crowns: there we shall see the Holy Virgins with their Golden Harps: there we shall see Men that by the World were cut in pieces, burned in flames, eaten of Beasts, drowned in the Seas, for the love that they bare to the Lord of the place, all well, and cloathed with Immortality as with a Garment.

Pli. *The hearing of this is enough to ravish ones heart; but are these things to be enjoyed? How shall we get to be Sharers hereof?*

Chr. The Lord, the Governor of that Country, hath recorded *that* in this Book: the substance of which is, If we be truly willing to have it, he will bestow it upon us freely.

Pli. *Well, my good Companion, glad am I to hear of these things: Come on, let us mend our pace.*

Chr. I cannot go so fast as I would, by reason of this burden that is upon my back.

Now I saw in my Dream, that just as they had ended this talk, they drew near to a very *Miry Slough*, that was in the midst of the Plain, and they being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the Slough was *Despond*. Here therefore they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with the dirt; and *Christian*, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink in the Mire.

Pli. *Then said Pliable, Ah, Neighbor Christian, where are you now?*

Chr. Truly, said *Christian*, I do not know.

Pli. At that *Pliable* began to be offended; and angerly said to his Fellow, *Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect, 'twixt this and our Journeys end? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave Country alone for me.* And with that he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the Mire, on that side of the Slough which was next his own House; so away he went, and *Christian* saw him no more.

Wherefore *Christian* was left to tumble in the *Slough of Despond* alone; but still he endeavoured to struggle to that side of the *Slough* that was still further from his own House, and next to the Wicket-gate; the which he did, but could not get out, because of the burden that was upon his back. But I beheld in my Dream,

that a Man came to him, whose name was *Help*, and asked him, *What he did there?*

Chr. Sir, said *Christian*, I was directed this way, by a man called *Evangelist*; who directed me also to yonder Gate, that I might escape the wrath to come: And as I was going thither, I fell in here.

Help. *But why did you not look for the steps?*

Chr. *Fear* followed me so hard, that I fled the next way, and fell in.

Help. *Then*, said he, *Give me thy hand!* So he gave him his hand, and he drew him out, and set him upon sound ground, and bid him go on his way.

Then I stepped to him that Pluckt him out, and said, Sir, wherefore, since over this place is the way from the City of *Destruction* to yonder Gate, is it that *this* Plat is not mended, that poor travellers might go thither with more security? And he said unto me, This *Miry Slough* is such a place as cannot be mended. It is the descent whither the scum and filth that attends conviction for sin doth continually run, and therefore it is called the *Slough of Despond*; for still as the sinner is awakened about his lost condition, there ariseth in his soul many fears and doubts and discouraging apprehensions, which all of them get together, and settle in this place: And this is the reason of the badness of this ground.

It is not the pleasure of the King that this place should remain so bad. His Laborers also have, by the direction of His Majestye's Surveyors, been for above this sixteen hundred years employed about this patch of ground, if perhaps it might have been mended: yea, and to my knowledge, said he, *Here* hath been swallowed up at least twenty million Cart Loads; yea millions, of wholesome Instructions, that have at all seasons been brought from all places of the Kings Dominions; (and they that can tell, say, they are the best Materials to make good ground of the place;) if so be it might have been mended; but it is the *Slough of Despond* still, and so will be, when they have done what they can.

True, there are by the direction of the Lawgiver, certain good and substantial Steps, placed even through the very midst of this *Slough*; but at such time as this place doth much spue out its filth, as it doth against change of Weather, these steps are hardly seen; or if they be, Men through the dizziness of their heads, step besides; and then they are bemired to purpose, notwithstanding the

steps be there; but the ground is good when they are once got in at the Gate.

Now I saw in my Dream, that by this time *Pliable* was got home to his House again. So his Neighbors came to visit him; and some of them called him wise Man for coming back; and some called him Fool, for hazarding himself with *Christian*; others again did mock at his Cowardliness; saying, Surely since you began to venture, I would not have been so base to have given out for a few difficulties. So *Pliable* sat sneaking among them. But at last he got more confidence, and then they all turned their tales, and began to deride poor *Christian* behind his back.

And thus much concerning *Pliable*.

Now as *Christian* was walking solitary by himself, he espied one afar off come crossing over the field to meet him; and their hap was to meet just as they were crossing the way of each other. The Gentleman's name was Mr. Worldly-Wiseman; he dwelt in the Town of *Carnal-Policy*, a very great Town, and also hard by from whence *Christian* came. This man then meeting with *Christian*, and having some inkling of him,—for *Christian*'s setting forth from the City of *Destruction* was much noised abroad, not only in the Town where he dwelt, but also it began to be the *Town-talk* in some other places. Master *Worldly-Wiseman* therefore, having some guess of him, by beholding his laborious going, by observing his sighs and groans, and the like, began thus to enter into some talk with *Christian*.

World. How now, good fellow, whither away after this burdened manner?

Chr. A burdened manner indeed, as ever I think poor creature had. And whereas you ask me, *Whither away*, I tell you, Sir, I am going to yonder Wicket-gate before me; for there, as I am informed, I shall be put into a way to be rid of my heavy burden.

World. Hast thou a Wife and Children?

Chr. Yes, but I am so laden with this burden, that I cannot take that pleasure in them as formerly; methinks, I am as if I had none.

World. Wilt thou hearken to me, if I give thee counsel?

Chr. If it be good, I will; for I stand in need of good counsel.

World. I would advise thee then, that thou with all speed get thyself rid of thy burden; for thou wilt never be settled in thy mind till then: nor canst thou enjoy the benefits of the blessing which God hath bestowed upon thee till then.

Chr. That is that which I seek for, even to be rid of this heavy burden; but get it off myself I cannot: nor is there a man in our Country that can take it off my shoulders; therefore am I going this way, as I told you, that I may be rid of my burden.

World. *Who bid thee go this way to be rid of thy burden?*

Chr. A man that appeared to me to be a very great and honorable person; his name, as I remember, is *Evangelist*.

World. *I beshrow him for his counsel; there is not a more dangerous and troublesome way in the world than is that unto which he hath directed thee; and that thou shalt find if thou wilt be ruled by his counsel. Thou hast met with something (as I perceive) already; for I see the dirt of the Slough of Dispond is upon thee; but that Slough is the beginning of the sorrows that do attend those that go on in that way. Hear me, I am older than thou! thou art like to meet with in the way which thou goest, Wearisomness, Painfulness, Hunger, Perils, Nakedness, Sword, Lions, Dragons, Darkness, and in a word, death and what not? These things are certainly true, having been confirmed by many testimonies. And why should a man so carelessly cast away himself, by giving heed to a stranger?*

Chr. Why, Sir, this burden upon my back is more terrible to me than all these things which you have mentioned: nay, methinks I care not what I meet with in the way, so be I can also meet with deliverance from my burden.

World. *How camest thou by thy burden at first?*

Chr. By reading this Book in my hand.

World. *I thought so; and it is happened unto thee as to other weak men, who meddling with things too high for them, do suddenly fall into thy distractions; which distractions do not only unman men, (as thine I perceive has done thee) but they run them upon desperate ventures, to obtain they know not what.*

Chr. I know what I would obtain; it is ease for my heavy burden.

World. *But why wilt thou seek ease this way, seeing so many dangers attend it, especially, since (hadst thou but patience to hear me), I could direct thee to the obtaining of what thou desirest, without the dangers that thou in this way wilt run thy self into: yea, and the remedy is at hand. Besides, I will add, that instead of those dan-*

gers, thou shalt meet with much safety, friendship, and content.

Chr. Pray, Sir, open this secret to me.

World. Why in yonder Village (*the Village is named Morality*), there dwells a Gentleman, whose name is *Legality*, a very judicious man (and a man of a very good name) that has skill to help men off with such burdens as thine are from their shoulders: yea, to my knowledge he hath done a great deal of good this way: Aye, and besides, he hath skill to cure those that are somewhat crazed in their wits with their burdens. To him, as I said, thou mayest go, and be helped presently. His house is not quite a mile from this place; and if he should not be at home himself, he hath a pretty young man to his Son, whose name is *Civility*, that can do it (to speak on) as well as the old Gentleman himself: There, I say, thou mayest be eased of thy burden, and if thou art not minded to go back to thy former habitation, as indeed I would not wish thee, thou mayest send for thy Wife and Children to thee to this Village, where there are houses now stand empty, one of which thou mayest have at reasonable rates: Provision is there also cheap and good, and that which will make thy life the more happy, is, to be sure there thou shalt live by honest neighbors, in credit and good fashion.

Now was *Christian* somewhat at a stand, but presently he concluded; if this be true which this Gentleman hath said, my wisest course is to take his advice; and with that he thus farther spoke.

Chr. Sir, which is my way to this honest man's house?

World. Do you see yonder high hill?

Chr. Yes, very well.

World. By that *Hill* you must go, and the first house you come at is his.

So *Christian* turned out of his way to go to Mr. *Legality's* house for help; but behold, when he was got now hard by the *Hill*, it seemed so high, and also that side of it that was next the way side did hang so much over, that *Christian* was afraid to venture further, lest the *Hill* should fall on his head: wherefore there he stood still, and he wot not what to do. Also his burden, now, seemed heavier to him than while he was in his way. There came also flashes of fire out of the *Hill*, that made *Christian* afraid that he should be burned. Here therefore he sweat, and did quake for

fear. And now he began to be sorry that he had taken Mr. *Worldly-Wiseman's* counsel; and with that he saw *Evangelist* coming to meet him; at the sight also of whom he began to blush for shame. So *Evangelist* drew nearer and nearer, and coming up to him, he looked upon him with a severe and dreadful countenance: and thus began to reason with *Christian*.

Evan. What doest thou here? *Christian*, said he? at which word *Christian* knew not what to answer: wherefore, at present he stood speechless before him. Then said *Evangelist* farther, *Art not thou the man that I found crying without the walls of the City of Destruction?*

Chr. Yes, dear Sir, I am the man.

Evan. Did not I direct thee the way to the little Wicket-gate?

Chr. Yes, dear Sir, said *Christian*.

Evan. How is it then that thou art so quickly turned aside? for thou art now out of the way.

Chr. I met with a Gentleman, so soon as I had got over the *Slough of Despond*, who persuaded me that I might, in the *Village* before me, find a man that could take off my burden.

Evan. What was he?

Chr. He looked like a Gentleman, and talked much to me, and got me at last to yield; so I came hither: but when I beheld this Hill, and how it hangs over the way, I suddenly made a stand, lest it should fall on my head.

Evan. What said that Gentleman to you?

Chr. Why, he asked me whither I was going, and I told him.

Evan. And what said he then?

Chr. He asked me if I had a Family, and I told him: but, said I, I am so loaden with the burden that is on my back, that I cannot take pleasure in them as formerly.

Evan. And what said he then?

Chr. He bid me with speed get rid of my burden, and I told him, 'twas ease that I sought: And said I, I am therefore going to yonder *Gate* to receive further direction how I may get to the place of deliverance. So he said that he would shew me a better way, and short, not so attended with difficulties, as the way, Sir, that you set me: which way, said he, will direct you to a Gentleman's house that hath skill to take off these burdens: So I believed him, and turned out of that way into this, if haply I might be soon eased of my burden: but when I came to this

place, and beheld things as they are, I stopped for fear (as I said), of danger: but I now know not what to do.

Evan. Then (said Evangelist) stand still a little, that I may shew thee the words of God. So he stood trembling. Then (said Evangelist) See that ye refuse not him that speaketh; for if they escaped not who refused him that spake on Earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from him that speaketh from Heaven. He said moreover, Now the just shall live by faith; but if any man draws back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him. He also did thus apply them, Thou art the man that art running into this misery, thou hast began to reject the counsel of the most high, and to draw back thy foot from the way of peace, even almost to the hazarding of thy perdition.

Then *Christian* fell down at his foot as dead, crying, Woe is me, for I am undone: at the sight of which *Evangelist* caught him by the right hand, saying, all manner of sin and blasphemies shall be forgiven unto men; be not faithless, but believing; then did *Christian* again a little revive, and stood up trembling, as at first, before *Evangelist*.



Now I saw in my Dream, that the highway up which *Christian* was to go, was fenced on either side with a Wall, and that Wall is called *Salvation*. Up this way therefore did burdened *Christian* run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back.

He ran thus till he came at a place somewhat ascending; and upon that place stood a *Cross*, and a little below in the bottom, a Sepulchre. So I saw in my Dream, that just as *Christian* came up with the *Cross*, his burden loosed from off his Shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble; and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the Sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Then was *Christian* glad and lightsome, and said with a merry heart, *He hath given me rest, by his sorrow; and life, by his death*. Then he stood still a while, to look and wonder; for it was very surprising to him, that the sight of the Cross should thus ease him of his burden. He looked therefore, and looked again, even till the springs that were in his head sent the waters down his cheeks. Now as he stood looking and weeping, behold three shining ones came to him, and saluted him, with *Peace be to thee*: so the first

said to him, *Thy sins be forgiven*. The second, stript him of his Rags, and cloathed him with change of Raiment. The third also set a mark in his forehead, and gave him a Roll with a Seal upon it, which he bid him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the Cœlestial Gate; so they went their way.

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So I saw in my Dream, that he made haste and went forward, that if possible he might get Lodging there; now before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong off of the Porter's Lodge, and looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two Lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the dangers that *Mistrust* and *Timorous* were driven back by. (The Lions were chained, but he saw not the Chains.) Then he was afraid, and thought also himself to go back after them, for he thought nothing but death was before him. But the *Porter* at the Lodge, whose Name is *Watchful*, perceiving that *Christian* made a halt, as if he would go back, cried unto him, saying, Is thy strength so small? fear not the Lions, for they are chained: and are placed there for trial of faith where it is; and for discovery of those that have none: keep in the midst of the Path, and no hurt shall come unto thee.

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Then I saw in my Dream, that when they were got out of the Wilderness, they presently saw a Town before them, and that Town is *Vanity*; and at the town there is a *Fair* kept, called *Vanity-Fair*. It is kept all the Year long: it beareth the name of *Vanity-Fair*, because the Town where 'tis kept, is *lighter than Vanity*; and also, because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is *Vanity*. As is the saying of the wise, *All that cometh is Vanity*.

This Fair is no new erected business, but a thing of ancient standing; I will shew you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago, there were Pilgrims walking to the Cœlestial City, as these two honest persons are; and *Beelzebub*, *Apollyon*, and *Legion*, with their Companions, perceiving by the path that the Pilgrims made, that their way to the City lay through *this Town of Vanity*, they contrived here to set up a Fair; a Fair wherein should be sold of *all sorts of Vanity*, and that it should last all the year long. Therefore at *this Fair* are all such Merchandize sold, as Houses, Lands, Trades, Places, Honors, Preferments, Titles, Countries, Kingdoms, Lusts, Pleasures and Delights of all sorts, as . . . Wives, Husbands, Children, Masters, Servants,

Lives, Blood, Bodies, Souls, Silver, Gold, Pearls, Precious Stones, and what not.

And moreover, at this Fair there is at all times to be seen Jugglings, Cheats, Games, Plays, Fools, Apes, Knaves, and Rogues, and that of every kind.

Here are to be seen too, and that for nothing, Thefts, Murders, Adulteries, False-swearers, and that of a blood-red colour.

And as in other fairs of less moment, there are the several Rows and Streets, under their proper names, where such and such Wares are vended: So here likewise, you have the proper Places, Rows, Streets, (viz. Countreys and Kingdoms,) where the Wares of this Fair are soonest to be found: Here is the *Britain Row*, the *French Row*, the *Italian Row*, the *Spanish Row*, the *German Row*, where several sorts of Vanities are to be sold. But as in other *fairs*, some one Commodity is as the chief of all the *fair*, so the Ware of *Rome* and her Merchandize is greatly promoted in *this fair*: Only our *English Nation*, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.

Now, as I said, the way to the *Cœlestial City* lies just through *this Town*, where this lusty Fair is kept; and he that will go to the City, and yet not go through this Town, *must needs go out of the World*. The Prince of Princes himself, when here, went through *this Town* to his own Country, and that upon a *Fair-day too*: Yea, and as I think, it was *Beelzebub* the chief Lord of this *Fair*, that invited him to buy of his Vanities; yea, would have made him Lord of the *Fair*, would he but have done him Reverence as he went through the *Town*. Yea, because he was such a person of Honour, *Beelzebub* had him from *Street to Street*, and shewed him all the Kingdoms of the World in a little time, that he might, if possible, allure that Blessed One, to *cheapen* and *buy* some of his *Vanities*. But he had no mind to the Merchandize, and therefore left the *Town*, without laying out so much as one Farthing upon these *Vanities*. This *Fair* therefore is an Ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great *Fair*.

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They went then, till they came to the Delectable Mountains, which Mountains belong to the Lord of that Hill, of which we have spoken before; so they went up to the Mountains, to behold the Gardens and Orchards, the Vineyards, and Fountains of water; where also they drank, and washed themselves, and did freely eat of the Vineyards. Now there was on the tops of these Mountains Shepherds feeding their flocks, and they stood by the high-way side. The Pilgrims therefore went to them, and leaning upon

their staves (as is common with weary Pilgrims, when they stand to talk with any by the way), they asked, *Whose delectable Mountains are these? and whose be the sheep that feed upon them?*

Shep. These Mountains are *Immanuel's Land*, and they are within sight of his City, and the sheep also are his, and he laid down his life for them.

Chr. *Is this the way to the Cælestial City?*

Shep. You are just in your way.

Chr. *How far is it thither?*

Shep. Too far for any but those that shall get thither indeed.

Chr. *Is the way safe, or dangerous?*

Shep. Safe for those for whom it is to be safe, but transgressors shall fall therein.

Chr. *Is there in this place any relief for Pilgrims that are weary and faint in the way?*

Shep. The Lord of these Mountains hath given us a charge, *Not to be forgetful to entertain strangers:* Therefore the good of the place is even before you.

I saw in my Dream, that when the Shepherds perceived that they were way-faring men, they also put questions to them (to which they made answer as in other places), as, *Whence came you? and, How got you into the way? and, By what means have you so persevered therein?* For but few of them that begin to come hither, do shew their face on these Mountains. But when the Shepherds heard their answers, being pleased therewith, they looked very lovingly upon them; and said, *Welcome to the Delectable Mountains.*

The Shepherds, I say, whose names were *Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere*, took them by the hand, and had them to their Tents, and made them partake of that which was ready at present. They said moreover, We would that you should stay here a while, to be acquainted with us, and yet more to solace yourselves with the good of these Delectable Mountains. They told them, That they were content to stay; and so they went to their rest that night, because it was very late.

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Then I saw that they had them to the top of another Mountain, and the name of that is *Caution*; and bid them look afar off. Which when they did, they perceived as they thought, several men walking up and down among the Tombs that were there. And they perceived that the men were blind, because they stumbled

sometimes upon the Tombs, and because they could not get out from among them. Then said *Christian*, *What means this?*

The Shepherds then answered, Did you not see a little below these Mountains a *Stile* that led into a Meadow on the left hand of this way? They answered, Yes. Then said the Shepherds, From that *Stile* there goes a path that leads directly to *Doubting-Castle*, which is kept by *Giant Despair*; and these men (pointing to them among the Tombs) came once on Pilgrimage, as you do now, even till they came to that same *Stile*. And because the right way was rough in that place, they chose to go out of it into that Meadow, and there were taken by *Giant Despair*, and cast into *Doubting-Castle*; where, after they had a while been kept in the Dungeon, he at last did put out their eyes, and led them among those Tombs, where he has left them to wander to this very day; that the saying of the wise Man might be fulfilled, *He that wandereth out of the way of understanding shall remain in the Congregation of the dead*. Then *Christian* and *Hopeful* looked one upon another, with tears gushing out; but yet said nothing to the Shepherds.

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Now I saw in my Dream, that by this time the Pilgrims were got over the Incharnted Ground, and entering in the Country of *Beulah*, whose Air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of Birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the Turtle in the Land. In this Country the Sun shineth night and day; wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the *Shadow of Death*, and also out of the reach of *Giant Despair*; neither could they from this place so much as see *Doubting-Castle*. Here they were within sight of the City they were going to: also here met them some of the Inhabitants thereof; for in this Land the shining Ones commonly walked, because it was upon the Borders of Heaven. In this Land also the contract between the Bride and Bridegroom was renewed; Yea here, *as the Bridegroom rejoyceth over the Bride, so did their God rejoyce over them*. Here they had no want of Corn and Wine; for in this place they met with abundance of what they had sought for in all their Pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out of the City, loud voices; saying, *Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold thy Salvation cometh, behold, his reward is with him*. Here all the Inhabitants of the Country called them, *The holy People, The redeemed of the Lord, Sought out, etc.*

Now while I was gazing upon all these things, I turned my head to look back, and saw *Ignorance* come up to the River side; but he soon got over, and that without half that difficulty which the other two men met with. For it happened that there was then in that place one *Vain-hope* a Ferry-man, that with his Boat helped him over: so he, as the other I saw, did ascend the Hill to come up to the Gate, only he came alone; neither did any man meet him with the least encouragement. When he was come up to the Gate, he looked up to the writing that was above; and then began to knock, supposing that entrance should have been quickly administered to him. But he was asked by the men that lookt over the top of the Gate, Whence came you? and what would you have? He answered, I have eat and drank in the presence of the King, and he has taught in our Streets. Then they asked him for his Certificate, that they might go in and shew it to the King. So he fumbled in his bosom for one, and found none. Then said they, Have you none? But the man answered never a word. So they told the King, but he would not come down to see him, but commanded the two shining Ones that conducted *Christian* and *Hopeful* to the City, to go out and take *Ignorance* and bind him hand and foot, and have him away. Then they took him up, and carried him through the air to the door that I saw in the side of the Hill, and put him in there. Then I saw that there was a way to Hell, even from the Gates of Heaven, as well as from the City of *Destruction*. So I awoke, and behold it was a Dream.

4. THE DIARISTS

It so happens that the habit of keeping a journal was practiced by two Englishmen of the seventeenth century, to the great advantage of all today who would learn of the social life of the period. Many another at the same time doubtless followed the custom, yet two diaries alone remain to set before us the daily happenings, the signal events and, inadvertently, the changing thought and feeling, during a century conspicuous for its changes. The diary of Samuel Pepys provides a social panorama of London; that of John Evelyn, country gentleman, writer and traveller, pertains especially to rural England while reaching out to the lands of his journeying.

While in some ways these men have much in common, by birth, inheritances and in temperament they were

wholly unlike. Both were royal subjects of the late Stuarts; both welcomed the return of Charles II and were frequent visitors at his court; both were interested in the doings of the Royal Society; Pepys served two years as its president and only poor health forced Evelyn, one of its founders, on two different occasions to decline to act in the same capacity. Both courageously stayed in plague-stricken London in 1665 and helped to preserve order in that unhappy city; both witnessed the great fire, the following year, that left two hundred thousand people desolate and forlorn.

John, son of Richard Evelyn, was born at Wotton, in October, 1620—the year that the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth. He was educated privately and went later to Oxford. Admitted to the Middle Temple, he resided there after 1640 for some time. Evelyn was away on the continent during the trial of Charles I although he aided him as a cavalier in the early part of the war. Not until 1652 did he return to England, with his English wife whom he had married in Paris.

After the Restoration, despite his predilection for his country home and reluctance to leave the experiments which he carried on in the way of tree-planting, garden making and field husbandry, he was forced into active life at the capital, serving on a commission that had for its concern the improvement of London streets, the laying of sewers, and other necessary civic undertakings. During the Dutch war he was entrusted with the care of the wounded. Public duties of a manifold type terminated with the flight of James II, although Evelyn's conduct was such as to place him above reproach. His last years were largely spent in his home library, writing and corresponding with friends.

From early years he kept a journal wherein he entered whatever seemed of particular interest to him. This has been preserved and in the last century has been placed in accessible form for general use. In its pages we become acquainted with Evelyn's family, with his varied interests, his goings and comings, with his friends, public and pri-

vate duties and much beside. The record was irregularly kept by him as a running chronicle, something to which others might have referred without in the least violating his privacy. The student of the seventeenth century, whether interested in English government, economics, or social life, is sure to find therein illuminating material.

Samuel Pepys was born thirteen years later than Evelyn, his birthplace uncertain but probably near London. He attended the grammar school of St. Paul's and went to Cambridge in 1650, first student at Trinity, later at Magdalene, where he took his degree, in 1653. In 1655 he married Elizabeth St. Michel, whose family had left France for England in the train of Henrietta Maria, when she came thither as the bride of Charles I. When it became known that St. Michel had become a Huguenot, he was dismissed from her service. Elizabeth was beautiful but seems to have inherited something of her father's superficial nature. His later years were spent with many impractical inventions which he sought to perfect, a perpetual motion machine among them.

Having no income and a young bride of fifteen whose comely person was her only dowry, Pepys was glad to accept a clerkship to one of the Tellers of the Exchequer, with a salary of fifty pounds per year. His fortunes mended when he became secretary to Sir Edward Montagu and accompanied the latter when he went to Holland to escort Charles II to London. Thenceforward for many years Pepys rose steadily from one post of responsibility to another. As clerk of the Acts, he was virtually a member of the Navy Board and its secretary. This brought him three hundred and fifty pounds a year. He was later on the commission to consider Tangier, which outlying garrison he personally visited. His presence of mind saved the navy office in the great fire, since he brought laborers from the docks to wreck nearby buildings and stay the flames.

During the Dutch war he had charge of the commissary and after it was over, came under the odium that attended an investigation instituted by the House of Commons to

locate responsibility for the utter lack of preparedness and efficiency displayed by the English navy at this time. Pepys spoke for three hours before the Commons and not only exonerated himself but his associates on the Admiralty Board. Congratulated by the king for his able address, he was reinstated as Secretary of the Admiralty, no man being more conversant than he with its far-reaching affairs.

For eight years Pepys never retired at night without inscribing his impressions of the day in a diary, which was written in cipher, hence, as he supposed, intelligible to himself alone. There is reason to believe that this habit had been formed early in life, for the first entry in 1660 gives no hint that it is a new departure; he merely records that his health is excellent as the new year dawns. However, nothing antedating 1660 has been recovered and in 1669 he was compelled to abandon his custom, due to failing eye-sight and the strain which the tiny characters of his peculiar short-hand placed upon him.

In 1825 a portion of this famous diary was set into English and made accessible to the public. Since then the whole journal, so far as is suitable to be printed, has been published. For self-revelation it surpasses anything else known to the reading world. Not only are the daily interests of the navy office mentioned, the concerns of government, king and court as these came to his attention, but the inmost thoughts which few people would ever commit to any form of writing, or more than half admit to themselves, are likewise set down with the frankest revealing. It is as though one were permitted to look into the mind of a man and know the thoughts that flit through his consciousness, worthy and unworthy, creditable and damning.

His account of the great fire of London in 1666 has the invaluable charm of an eye-witness; the description of the return of Charles II, glimpses of his court, public festivals, the city streets, their varied life and sights—all these provide abundantly for the reconstruction of social life at the capital after the Restoration. Further, the minuteness with which he sets forth the details of his family affairs,

his clothing, that of his wife, the order of the household and what they have to eat, is instructive for an understanding of private life at this time.

Pepys was fond of music and was himself accomplished in the art; he was a frequent attendant at the theatre, at church, at public lectures. His comments concerning all these matters are highly illuminating. His account of the plague of 1665, of his personal ills, and those of his friends, his superstitions, which led him, for instance, to carry a hare's foot in his pocket to ward off disease, have keenest interest for us today.

What shall one say of his numerous affairs of the heart, involving a wide range of femininity, from the serving wench, in his own establishment, to an influential and stately dame of the court? Altercations with his wife, her well grounded suspicions, her comely person, her lonely heart and trivial head; his naïve statement, upon the death of one to whom he was bound to pay an annuity of one hundred pounds—probably to restrain him from seeking Pepys' removal from the Admiralty Board—that he was as sorry as a man could be who was thus released from further payment—it is these characteristically Pepysian statements that hold the reader to his diary, nor is it possible, though gazing at cold print, to dismiss the furtive feeling that one is taking a liberty in thus probing a human soul. One can but exclaim with a recent critic: "In heaven's name, whatever induced a man to write such things!" Whatever the inmost impressions of a dozen cultivated men may be when an attractive woman appears before them, they are sure to give utterance to highly decorous comments. Pepys alone, with the candor of a child, confides to his diary his every thought and feeling. No confidence is too sacred to find its place therein; no whispered word to his sleepy wife—married to him when a girl of fifteen, dying after many years of wedded life when only twenty-nine—no argument over the price of a hat or cut of a frock, but some echo of it reaches the pages of the Diary—safe from probing eyes until the last century: now set forth in entirety

at Oxford, where the neatly ciphered original is tenderly preserved.

Pepys, for all his vanity, his purely material outlooks, his brutality, tenderness, fidelity to trust, infidelity to plighted vows, first and last, is likable. It is impossible to harbor his misdeeds against him, for who shall say to exactly what degree they were peculiar to him alone? He only was honest enough to confess them to the secret script of his private journal.

a. From the DIARY OF JOHN EVELYN

29th May, 1660. This day, his Majesty, Charles the Second came to London, after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering both of the King and Church, being seventeen years. This was also his birth-day, and with a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foot, brandishing their swords, and shouting with inexpressible joy; the ways strewn with flowers, the bells ringing, the streets hung with tapestry, fountains running with wine; the Mayor, Aldermen, and all the Companies, in their liveries, chains of gold, and banners; Lords and Nobles, clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windows and balconies, all set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven hours in passing the city, even from two in the afternoon till nine at night.

I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and blessed God. And all this was done without one drop of blood shed, and by that very army which rebelled against him: but it was the Lord's doing, for such a restoration was never mentioned in any history, ancient or modern, since the return of the Jews from their Babylonish captivity; nor so joyful a day and so bright ever seen in this nation, this happening when to expect or effect it was past all human policy.

4th June, 1660. I received letters of Sir Richard Browne's landing at Dover, and also letters from the Queen, which I was to deliver at Whitehall, not as yet presenting myself to his Majesty, by reason of the infinite concourse of people. The eagerness of men, women, and

children, to see his Majesty, and kiss his hands, was so great, that he had scarce leisure to eat for some days, coming as they did from all parts of the nation; and the King being as willing to give them that satisfaction, would have none kept out, but gave free access to all sorts of people.

Addressing myself to the Duke, I was carried to his Majesty, when very few noblemen were with him, and kissed his hands, being very graciously received. I then returned home, to meet Sir Richard Browne, who came not till the 8th, after nineteen years' exile, during all which time he kept up in his chapel the liturgy and offices of the Church of England, to his no small honour, and in a time when it was so low, and as many thought utterly lost, that in various controversies both with Papists and Sectaries, our divines used to argue for the visibility of the Church, from his chapel and congregation.

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5th July, 1660. I saw his Majesty go with as much pomp and splendour as any earthly prince could do to the great City feast, the first they had invited him to since his return; but the exceeding rain which fell all that day much eclipsed its lustres. This was at Guildhall, and there was also all the Parliament-men, both Lords and Commons. The streets were adorned with pageants, at immense cost.

6th July, 1660. His Majesty began first to *touch for the evil!* according to custom, thus: his Majesty sitting under his state in the Banqueting-house, the chirurgeons cause the sick to be brought, or led, up to the throne, where they kneeling, the king strokes their faces, or cheeks with both his hands at once, at which instant a chaplain in his formalities says, 'He put his hands upon them, and he healed them.' This is said to every one in particular. When they have been all touched, they come up again in the same order, and the other chaplain kneeling, and having angel gold strung on white ribbon on his arm, delivers them one by one to his Majesty, who puts them about the necks of the touched as they pass, whilst the first chaplain repeats, 'That is the true light who came into the world.' Then



PORTRAIT BY VAN DYKE, SHOWING ELEGANCE AND FASHION FOR A YOUNG
MATRON AND HER LITTLE GIRL IN STUART DAYS

follows, an epistle (as at first a Gospel) with the Liturgy, prayers for the sick, with some alteration; lastly the blessing; and then the Lord Chamberlain and the Comptroller of the Household bring a basin, ewer and towel, for his Majesty to wash.

The king received a congratulatory address from the city of Cologne, in Germany, where he had been some time in his exile; his Majesty saying they were the best people in the world, the most kind and worthy to him that he ever met with.

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18th September, 1661. This day was read our petition to his Majesty for his royal grant, authorizing our Society to meet as a corporation, with several privileges.

An exceeding sickly, wet autumn.

1st October, 1661. I sailed this morning with his Majesty in one of his yachts (or pleasure-boats), vessels not known among us till the Dutch East India Company presented that curious piece to the King; being very excellent sailing vessels. It was on a wager between his other new pleasure-boat, built frigate-like, and one of the Duke of York's; the wager 100*l.*; the race from Greenwich to Gravesend and back. The King lost it going, the wind being contrary, but saved stakes in returning. There were divers noble persons and lords on board, his Majesty sometimes steering himself. His barge and kitchen boat attended. I brake fast this morning with the King at return in his smaller vessel, he being pleased to take me and only four more, who were noblemen, with him; but dined in his yacht, where we all eat together with his Majesty. In this passage he was pleased to discourse to me about my book inveighing against the nuisance of the smoke of London, and proposing expedients how, by removing those particulars I mentioned, it might be reformed; commanding me to prepare a Bill against the next session of Parliament, being, as he said, resolved to have something done in it. Then he discoursed to me of the improvement of gardens and buildings, now very rare in England comparatively to other countries. He then commanded me to draw up the matter of fact

happening at the bloody encounter which then had newly happened between the French and Spanish Ambassadors near the Tower, contending for precedency, at the reception of the Swedish Ambassador; giving me order to consult Sir William Compton, Master of the Ordnance, to inform me of what he knew of it, and with his favourite, Sir Charles Berkeley, captain of the Duke's life-guard, then présent with his troop and three foot-companies; with some other reflections and instructions, to be prepared with a declaration to take off the reports which went about of his Majesty's partiality in the affairs, and of his officers' and spectators' rudeness whilst the conflict lasted. So I came home that night, and went next morning to London, where from the officers of the Tower, Sir William Compton, Sir Charles Berkeley, and others who were attending at this meeting of the Ambassadors three days before, having collected what I could, I drew up a Narrative in vindication of his Majesty, and the carriage of his officers and standers-by.

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20th November, 1661. At the Royal Society, Sir William Petty proposed divers things for the improvement of Shipping; a versatile keel that should be on hinges, and concerning sheathing ships with thin lead.

24th November, 1661. This night his Majesty fell into discourse with me concerning bees, &c.

26th November, 1661. I saw *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark* played; but now the old plays began to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty's being so long abroad.

28th November, 1661. I dined at Chiffinch's house-warming, in St. James's Park; he was his Majesty's closet-keeper, and had his new house full of good pictures, &c. There dined with us Russell, Popish Bishop of Cape Verd, who was sent out to negotiate his Majesty's match with the Infanta of Portugal, after the Ambassador was returned.

29th November, 1661. I dined at the Countess of Peterborough's, and went that evening to Parson's Green with my Lord Mordaunt, with whom I stayed that night.

1st December, 1661. I took leave of my Lord Peterborough, going now to Tangier, which was to be delivered to the English on the match with Portugal.

3rd December, 1661. By universal suffrage of our philosophic assembly, an order was made and registered, that I should receive their public thanks for the honourable mention I made of them by the name of Royal Society, in my Epistle dedicatory to the Lord Chancellor, before my Traduction of Nadæus. Too great an honour for a trifle.

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16th January, 1662. Having notice of the Duke of York's intention to visit my poor habitation and garden this day, I returned, when he was pleased to do me that honour of his own accord, and to stay some time viewing such things as I had to entertain his curiosity. Afterwards, he caused me to dine with him at the Treasurer of the Navy's house, and to sit with him covered at the same table. There were his Highness, the Duke of Ormond, and several Lords. Then they viewed some of my grounds about a project for a receptacle for ships to be moored in, which was laid aside as a fancy of Sir Nicholas Crisp. After this, I accompanied the Duke to an East India vessel that lay at Blackwall, where we had entertainment of several curiosities. Amongst other spirituous drinks, as punch &c., they gave us Canary that had been carried to and brought from the Indies, which was indeed incomparably good. I returned to London with his Highness. This night was acted before his Majesty *The Widow*, a lewd play.

18th January, 1662. I came home to be private a little, not at all affecting the life and hurry of Court.

24th January, 1662. His Majesty entertained me with his intentions of building his Palace of Greenwich, and quite demolishing the old one; on which I declared my thoughts.

25th January, 1662. I dined with the Trinity-Company at their house, that Corporation being by charter fixed at Deptford.

3rd February, 1662. I went to Chelsea, to see Sir Arthur Gorges' house.

11th February, 1662. I saw a comedy acted before the Duchess of York at the Cockpit. The King was not at it.

17th February, 1662. I went with my Lord of Bristol to see his house at Wimbledon, newly bought of the Queen-Mother, to help contrive the garden after the modern. It is a delicious place for prospect and the thickets, but the soil cold and weeping clay. Returned that evening with Sir Henry Bennett.

This night was buried in Westminster-Abbey the Queen of Bohemia, after all her sorrows and afflictions being come to die in the arms of her nephew, the King: also this night and the next day fell such a storm of hail, thunder, and lightning, as never was seen the like in any man's memory, especially the tempest of wind, being south-west, which subverted, besides huge trees, many houses, innumerable chimneys (amongst others that of my parlour at Sayes Court), and made such havoc at land and sea, that several perished on both. Divers lamentable fires were also kindled at this time; so exceedingly was God's hand against this ungrateful and vicious nation and Court.

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22nd August, 1662. I dined with my Lord Brouncker and Sir Robert Murray, and then went to consult about a new-modelled ship at Lambeth, the intention being to reduce that art to as certain a method as any other part of architecture.

23rd August, 1662. I was spectator of the most magnificent triumph that ever floated on the Thames, considering the innumerable boats and vessels, dressed and adorned with all imaginable pomp, but, above all, the thrones, arches, pageants, and other representations, stately barges of the Lord Mayor and Companies, with various inventions, music and peals of ordnance both from the vessels and the shore, going to meet and conduct the new Queen from Hampton Court to Whitehall, at the first time of her coming to town. In my opinion, it far exceeded all the Venetian Bucentoras, &c., on the Ascension, when they go to espouse the Adriatic.

His Majesty and the Queen came in an antique-shaped open vessel, covered with a state, or canopy, of cloth of gold, made in form of a cupola, supported with high Corinthian pillars, wreathed with flowers, festoons and garlands. I was in our new-built vessel, sailing amongst them.

29th August, 1662. The Council and Fellows of the Royal Society went in a body to Whitehall, to acknowledge his Majesty's royal grace in granting our Charter, and vouchsafing to be himself our Founder; when the President made an eloquent speech, to which his Majesty gave a gracious reply, and we all kissed his hand. Next day, we went in like manner with our address to my Lord Chancellor, who had much promoted our patent; he received us with extraordinary favour. In the evening, I went to the Queen-Mother's Court, and had much discourse with her.

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2nd September, 1666. This fatal night, about ten, began the deplorable fire, near Fish-street, in London.

3rd September, 1666. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner, I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bankside in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the water-side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames-street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed; and so returned, exceeding astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season, I went on foot to the same place; and saw the whole south part of the City burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower-street, Fenchurch-street, Gracious-street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that, from the beginning, I know not by what despondency, or fate, they hardly stirred

to quench it; so that there was nothing heard, or seen, but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments; leaping after a prodigious manner, from house to house, and street to street, at great distances one from the other. For the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here, we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other side, the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewn with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen since the foundation of it, nor can be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles round-about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame! The noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm; and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did, for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length. Thus, I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage—*non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem*: the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but it is no more! Thus, I returned.

4th September, 1666. The burning still rages, and it is now gotten as far as the Inner Temple. All Fleet-street,

the Old Bailey, Ludgate-hill, Warwick-lane, Newgate, Paul's-chain, Watling-street, now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes; the stones of Paul's flew like grenados, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse, nor man, was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward. Nothing but the Almighty power of God was able to stop them; for vain was the help of man.

5th September, 1666. It crossed towards Whitehall; but oh! the confusion there was then at that Court! It pleased his Majesty to command me, among the rest, to look after the quenching of Fetter-lane end, to preserve (if possible) that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts, some at one part, and some at another (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across), and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines. This some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved near the whole City, but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, &c., would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It was, therefore, now commended to be practised; and my concern being particularly for the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, near Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy less. It now pleased God, by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, when almost all was lost infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noon, so as it came no farther than the Temple westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield, north: but continued all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower, as made us all despair. It also brake out again in the Temple; but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and

desolations were soon made, as, with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing near the burning and glowing ruins by near a furlong's space.

The coal and wood-wharfs, and magazines of oil, rosin, &c., did infinite mischief, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Majesty and published, giving warning what probably might be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the City was looked upon as a prophecy.

The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields, and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels, many without a rag, or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition, I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who, in the midst of all this ruin, was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound.

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7th September, 1666. I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet-street, Ludgate-hill by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, &c., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was: the ground under my feet so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime, his Majesty got to the Tower by water to demolish the houses about the graff, which, being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the White Tower, where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At my return, I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly Church, St. Paul's—now a sad ruin, and that beau-

tiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late King) now rent in pieces, flakes of large stones split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced! It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projectures of massy Portland stone, flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six acres by measure) was totally melted. The ruins of the vaulted roof falling, broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the Stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the divers monuments the body of one bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near one hundred more. The lead, iron-work, bells, plate, &c., melted, the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies' Halls, splendid buildings, arches, entries, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke; so that in five or six miles traversing about I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow.

The people, who now walked about the ruins, appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather, in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the Kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces. Also the standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron

chains of the City-streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrow streets, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour, continued so intense, that my hair was almost singed, and my feet unsufferably surbated. The bye-lanes and narrow streets were quite filled up with rubbish; nor could one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some Church, or Hall, that had some remarkable tower, or pinnacle remaining.

I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed, and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss; and, though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief by proclamation for the country to come in, and refresh them with provisions.

In the midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed, but even entering the City. There was, in truth, some days before, great suspicion of those two nations joining; and now that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify, that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult that they run from their goods, and, taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole Court amazed, and they did with infinite pains and great difficulty, reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards, to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repair into the suburbs about the City, where such as had friends, or opportunity, got shelter for

the present; to which his Majesty's proclamation also invited them.

Still, the plague, continuing in our parish, I could not, without danger, adventure to our church.

10th September, 1666. I went again to the ruins; for it was now no longer a city.

13th September, 1666. I presented his Majesty with a survey of the ruins, and a plot for a new City, with a discourse on it; whereupon, after dinner, his Majesty sent for me into the Queen's bed-chamber, her Majesty and the Duke only being present. They examined each particular, and discoursed on them for near an hour, seeming to be extremely pleased with what I had so early thought on. The Queen was now in her cavalier riding-habit, hat and feather, and horseman's coat, going to take the air.

16th September, 1666. I went to Greenwich Church, where Mr. Plume preached very well from this text: 'Seeing, then, all these things shall be dissolved,' &c.: taking occasion from the late unparalleled conflagration to mind us how we ought to walk more holy in all manner of conversation.

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16th June, 1670. I went with some friends to the Bear baiting, it being a famous day for all these butcherly sports, or rather barbarous cruelties. The bulls did exceeding well, but the Irish wolf-dog exceeded, which was a tall greyhound, a stately creature indeed, who beat a cruel mastiff. One of the bulls tossed a dog full into a lady's lap as she sate in one of the boxes at a considerable height from the arena. Two poor dogs were killed, and so all ended with the ape on horseback, and I most heartily weary of the rude and dirty pastime, which I had not seen, I think, in twenty years before.

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27th June, 1674. Mr. Dreyden, the famous poet and now laureate, came to give me a visit. It was the anniversary of my marriage, and the first day I went into my

new little cell and cabinet, which I built below towards the south court, at the east end of the parlour.

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2nd September, 1680. I had an opportunity, his Majesty being still at Windsor, of seeing his private library at Whitehall, at my full ease. I went with expectation of finding some curiosities, but, though there were about 1000 volumes, there were few of importance which I had not perused before. They consisted chiefly of such books as had from time to time been dedicated, or presented to him; a few histories, some Travels and French books, abundance of maps and sea charts, entertainments and pomps, buildings and pieces relating to the Navy, some mathematical instruments; but what was most rare, were three or four Romish breviaries, with a great deal of miniature and monkish painting and gilding, one of which is most exquisitely done, both as to the figures, grotesques, and compartments, to the utmost of that curious art. There is another in which I find written by the hand of King Henry VII, his giving it to his dear daughter, Margaret, afterwards Queen of Scots, in which he desires her to pray for his soul, subscribing his name at length. There is also the process of the philosophers' great elixir, represented in divers pieces of excellent miniature, but the discourse is in high Dutch, a MS. There is another MS. in quarto, of above 300 years old, in French, being an institution of physic, and in the botanical part the plants are curiously painted in miniature; also a folio MS. of good thickness, being the several exercises, as *Themes, Orations, Translations, &c.*, of King Edward VI, all written and subscribed by his own hand, and with his name very legible, and divers of the Greek interleaved and corrected after the manner of schoolboys' exercises, and that exceedingly well and proper; with some epistles to his preceptor, which show that young Prince to have been extraordinarily advanced in learning, and as Cardan, who had been in England affirmed, stupendously knowing for his age. There is likewise his *Journal*, no less testifying his early ripeness and care about the affairs of state.

There are besides many pompous volumes, some embossed with gold, and intaglios on agates, medals, &c. I spent three or four entire days, locked up, and alone, among these books and curiosities. In the rest of the private lodgings contiguous to this, are divers of the best pictures of the great masters, Raphaël, Titian, &c., and, in my esteem, above all, the *Noli me tangere* of our Blessed Saviour to Mary Magdalene after His Resurrection, of Hans Holbein; than which I never saw so much reverence and kind of heavenly astonishment expressed in a picture.

There are also divers curious clocks, watches, and pendules of exquisite work, and other curiosities. An ancient woman who made these lodgings clean, and had all the keys, let me in at pleasure for a small reward, by means of a friend.

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30th November, 1680. The anniversary election at the Royal Society, brought me to London, where was chosen President that excellent person and great philosopher, Mr. Robert Boyle, who indeed ought to have been the very first; but neither his infirmity nor his modesty could now any longer excuse him. I desired I might for this year be left out of the Council, by reason my dwelling was in the country. The Society according to custom dined together.

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11th January, 1682. I saw the audience of the Morocco Ambassador, his retinue not numerous. He was received in the Banqueting-house both their Majesties being present. He came up to the throne without making any sort of reverence, not bowing his head, or body. He spake by a renegado Englishman, for whose safe return there was a promise. They were all clad in the Moorish habit, cassocks of coloured cloth or silk, with buttons and loops, over this an *alhaga*, or white woollen mantle, so large as to wrap both head and body, a sash, or small turban, naked-legged and armed, but with leather socks like the Turks, rich scymitar, and large calico sleeved shirts. The Ambassador had a string of pearls oddly woven in his turban. I fancy the old Roman habit was little different as to the mantle and

naked limbs. He was a handsome person, well-featured, of a wise look, subtle, and extremely civil. Their presents were lions and ostriches; their errand about a peace at Tangier. But the concourse and tumult of the people was intolerable, so as the officers could keep no order, which these strangers were astonished at at first, there being nothing so regular, exact, and performed with such silence, as is on all these public occasions of their country, and indeed over all the Turkish dominions.

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28th January, 1682. Mr. Pepys, late Secretary to the Admiralty, showed me a large folio containing the whole mechanic part and art of building royal ships and men of war, made by Sir Anthony Dean, being so accurate a piece from the very keel to the lead block, rigging, guns, victualing, manning, and even to every individual pin and nail, in a method so astonishing and curious, with a draught, both geometrical and in perspective, and several sections, that I do not think the world can show the like. I esteem this book as an extraordinary jewel.

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9th January, 1684. I went across the Thames on the ice, now become so thick as to bear not only streets of booths, in which they roasted meat, and had divers shops of wares, quite across as in a town, but coaches, carts, and horses passed over. So I went from Westminster-stairs to Lambeth, and dined with the Archbishop: where I met my Lord Bruce, Sir George Wheeler, Colonel Cooke, and several divines. After dinner and discourse with his Grace till evening prayers, Sir George Wheeler and I walked over the ice from Lambeth-stairs to the Horse-ferry.

10th January, 1684. I visited Sir Robert Reading, where after supper we had music, but not comparable to that which Mrs. Bridgeman made us on the guitar with such extraordinary skill and dexterity.

16th January, 1684. The Thames was filled with people and tents, selling all sorts of wares as in the City.

24th January, 1684. The frost continuing more and more severe, the Thames before London was still planted

with booths in formal streets, all sorts of trades and shops furnished, and full of commodities, even to a printing-press, where the people and ladies took a fancy to have their names printed, and the day and year set down when printed on the Thames: this humour took so universally, that it was estimated the printer gained £5 a day, for printing a line only, at sixpence a name, besides what he got by ballads, &c. Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, and from several other stairs to and fro, as in the streets, sleds, sliding with skates, a bull-baiting, horse and coach-races, puppet-plays, and interludes, cooks, tippling, and other lewd places, so that it seemed to be a bacchanalian triumph, or carnival on the water, whilst it was a severe judgment on the land, the trees not only splitting as if lightning-struck, but men and cattle perishing in divers places, and the very seas so locked up with ice, that no vessels could stir out or come in. The fowls, fish, and birds, and all our exotic plants and greens, universally perishing. Many parks of deer were destroyed, and all sorts of fuel so dear, that there were great contributions to preserve the poor alive. Nor was this severe winter much less intense in most parts of Europe, even as far as Spain and the most southern tracts. London, by reason of the excessive coldness of the air hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so filled with the fuliginous steam of the sea-coal, that hardly could one see across the streets, and this filling the lungs with its gross particles, exceedingly obstructed the breast, so as one could scarcely breathe. Here was no water to be had from the pipes and engines, nor could the brewers and divers other tradesmen work, and every moment was full of disastrous accidents.

4th February, 1684. I went to Sayes Court to see how the frost had dealt with my garden, where I found many of the greens and rare plants utterly destroyed. The oranges and myrtles very sick, the rosemary and laurels dead to all appearance, but the cypress likely to endure it.

5th February, 1684. It began to thaw, but froze again. My coach crossed from Lambeth to the Horse-ferry at Milbank, Westminster. The booths were almost all taken down; but there was first a map or landscape cut in copper repre-

sending all the manner of the camp, and the several actions, sports, and pastimes thereon, in memory of so signal a frost.

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14th February, 1685. The King was this night very obscurely buried in a vault under Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster, without any manner of pomp, and soon forgotten after all this vanity, and the face of the whole Court was exceedingly changed into a more solemn and moral behaviour; the new King affecting neither profaneness nor buffoonery. All the great officers broke their staves over the grave, according to form.

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27th January, 1689. I dined at the Admiralty, where was brought in a child not twelve years old, the son of one Dr. Clench, of the most prodigious maturity of knowledge, for I cannot call it altogether memory, but something more extraordinary. Mr. Pepys and myself examined him, not in any method, but with promiscuous questions, which required judgment and discernment to answer so readily and pertinently. There was not any thing in chronology, history, geography, the several systems of astronomy, courses of the stars, longitude, latitude, doctrine of the spheres, courses and sources of rivers, creeks, harbours, eminent cities, boundaries and bearings of countries, not only in Europe, but in any other part of the earth, which he did not readily resolve and demonstrate his knowledge of, readily drawing out with a pen anything he would describe. He was able not only to repeat the most famous things which are left us in any of the Greek or Roman histories, monarchies, republics, wars, colonies, exploits by sea and land, but all the sacred stories of the Old and New Testament; the succession of all the monarchies, Babylonian, Persian, Greek, Roman, with all the lower Emperors, Popes, Heresiarchs, and Councils, what they were called about, what they determined, or in the controversy about Easter, the tenets of the Gnostics, Sabellians, Arians, Nestorians; the difference between St. Cyprian and Stephen about re-baptization; the schisms. We leaped from that to

other things totally different, to Olympic years, and synchronisms; we asked him questions which could not be resolved without considerable meditation and judgment, nay of some particulars of the Civil Laws, of the Digest and Code. He gave a stupendous account of both natural and moral philosophy, and even in metaphysics.

Having thus exhausted ourselves rather than this wonderful child, or angel rather, for he was as beautiful and lovely in countenance as in knowledge, we concluded with asking him if, in all he had read or heard of, he had ever met with anything which was like this expedition of the Prince of Orange, with so small a force to obtain three great kingdoms without any contest. After a little thought, he told us he knew of nothing which did more resemble it than the coming of Constantine the Great out of Britain, through France and Italy, so tedious a march, to meet Maxentius, whom he overthrew at Pons Milvius with very little conflict, and at the very gates of Rome, which he entered and was received with triumph, and obtained the empire, not of three kingdoms only, but of all the then known world. He was perfect in the Latin authors, spake French naturally, and gave us a description of France, Italy, Savoy, Spain, anciently and modernly divided; as also of ancient Greece, Scythia, and northern countries and tracts: we left questioning further. He did this without any set or formal repetitions, as one who had learned things without book, but as if he minded other things, going about the room, and toying with a parrot there, and as he was at dinner (*tanquam aliud agens*, as it were), seeming to be full of play, of a lively, sprightly temper, always smiling, and exceeding pleasant, without the least levity, rudeness, or childishness.

His father assured us he never imposed anything to charge his memory by causing him to get things by heart, not even the rules of grammar; but his tutor (who was a Frenchman) read to him, first in French, then in Latin; that he usually played amongst other boys four or five hours every day, and that he was as earnest at his play as at his study. He was perfect in arithmetic, and now newly entered into Greek. In sum (*horresco referens*), I

had read of divers forward and precocious youths, and some I have known, but I never did either hear or read of anything like to this sweet child, if it be right to call him child who has more knowledge than most men in the world. I counselled his father not to set his heart too much on this jewel,

Immodicis brevis est ætas, et rara senectus

as I myself learned by sad experience in my most dear child Richard, many years since, who dying before he was six years old, was both in shape and countenance and pregnancy of learning, next to a prodigy.

b. FROM THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS
1659-60

Blessed be God, at the end of the last year I was in very good health, without any sense of my old pain, but upon taking of cold. I lived in Axe Yard, having my wife, and servant Jane, and no more in family than us three. . . .

The condition of the State was thus; viz. the Rump, after being disturbed by my Lord Lambert, was lately returned to sit again. The officers of the Army all forced to yield. Lawson lies still in the river, and Monk is with his army in Scotland. Only my Lord Lambert is not yet come into the Parliament, nor is it expected that he will without being forced to it. The new Common Council of the City do speak very high; and had sent to Monk their sword-bearer, to acquaint him with their desires for a free and full Parliament, which is at present the desires, and the hopes, and expectation of all. Twenty-two of the old secluded members having been at the House-door the last week to demand entrance, but it was denied them; and it is believed that [neither] they nor the people will be satisfied till the House be filled. My own private condition very handsome, and esteemed rich, but indeed very poor; besides my goods of my house, and my office, which at present is somewhat uncertain. Mr. Downing master of my office.

Jan. 1st, 1660 (Lord's day). This morning (we living lately in the garret), I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other clothes but them.

Went to Mr. Gunning's chapel at Exeter House, where he made a very good sermon upon these words:—"that in the fulness of time God sent his Son, made of a woman," &c.; showing that, by "made under the law," is meant his circumcision, which is solemnized this day. Dined at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey, and in the doing of it she burned her hand. I staid at home all the afternoon, looking over my accounts; then went with my wife to my father's, and in going observed the great posts which the City have set up at the Conduit in Fleet-street. Supt at my father's, where in came Mrs. The. Turner and Madam Morrice, and supt with us. After that my wife and I went home with them, and so to our own home.

2nd. In the morning before I went forth old East brought me a dozen of bottles of sack, and I gave him a shilling for his pains. Then I went to Mr. Sheply, who was drawing of sack in the wine cellar to send to other places as a gift from my Lord, and told me that my Lord had given him order to give me the dozen of bottles. Thence I went to the Temple to speak with Mr. Calthropp about the £60 due to my Lord, but missed of him, he being abroad. Then I went to Mr. Crew's and borrow £10 of Mr. Andrewes for my own use, and so went to my office, where there was nothing to do. Then I walked a great while in Westminster Hall, where I heard that Lambert was coming up to London; that my Lord Fairfax was in the head of the Irish brigade, but it was not certain what he would declare for. The House was to-day upon finishing the act for the Council of State, which they did; and for the indemnity to the soldiers; and were to sit again thereupon in the afternoon. Great talk that many places have declared for a free Parliament; and it is believed that they will be forced to fill up the House with the old members. From the Hall I called at home, and so went to Mr. Crew's (my wife she was to go to her father's), thinking to have dined, but I came too late, so Mr. Moore and I and another gentleman went out and drank a cup of ale together in the new market, and there I eat some bread and cheese for my dinner. After that Mr. Moore and I went as far as Fleet-street together

and parted, he going into the City, I to find Mr. Calthrop, but failed again of finding him, so returned to Mr. Crew's again, and from thence went along with Mrs. Jemimah home, and there she taught me how to play at cribbage. Then I went home, and finding my wife gone to see Mrs. Hunt, I went to Will's, and there sat with Mr. Ashwell talking and singing till nine o'clock, and so home, there, having not eaten anything but bread and cheese, my wife cut me a slice of brawn which I received from my Lady, which proves as good as ever I had any. So to bed, and my wife had a very bad night of it through wind and cold.

3rd. I went out in the morning, it being a great frost, and walked to Mrs. Turner's to stop her from coming to see me to-day, because of Mrs. Jem's coming, thence I went to the Temple to speak with Mr. Calthrop, and walked in his chamber an hour, but could not see him, so went to Westminster, where I found soldiers in my office to receive money, and paid it them. At noon went home, where Mrs. Jem, her maid, Mr. Sheply, Hawly, and Moore dined with me on a piece of beef and cabbage, and a collar of brawn. We then fell to cards till dark, and then I went home with Mrs. Jem, and meeting Mr. Hawly got him to bear me company to Chancery Lane, where I spoke with Mr. Calthrop, he told me that Sir James Calthrop was lately dead, but that he would write to his Lady, that the money may be speedily paid. Thence back to White Hall, where I understood that the Parliament had passed the act for indemnity to the soldiers and officers that would come in, in so many days, and that my Lord Lambert should have benefit of the said act. They had also voted that all vacancies in the House, by the death of any of the old members, shall be filled up; but those that are living shall not be called in. Thence I went home, and there found Mr. Hunt and his wife, and Mr. Hawly, who sat with me till ten at night at cards, and so broke up and to bed.

4th. Early came Mr. Vanly to me for his half-year's rent, which I had not in the house, but took his man to the office and there paid him. Then I went down into the Hall and to Will's, where Hawly brought a piece of his Cheshire cheese, and we were merry with it. Then into the Hall

again, where I met with the Clerk and Quarter Master of my Lord's troop, and took them to the Swan and gave them their morning's draft, they being just come to town. Mr. Jenkins shewed me two bills of exchange for money to receive upon my Lord's and my pay. It snowed hard all this morning, and was very cold, and my nose was much swelled with cold. Strange the differnece of men's talk! Some say that Lambert must of necessity yield up; others, that he is very strong, and that the Fifth-monarchy-men [will] stick to him, if he declares for a free Parliament. Chillington was sent yesterday to him with the vote of pardon and indemnity from the Parliament. From the Hall I came home, where I found letters from Hinchinbroke and news of Mr. Sheply's going thither the next week. I dined at home, and from thence went to Will's to Shaw, who promised me to go along with me to Atkinson's about some money, but I found him at cards with Spicer and D. Vines, and could not get him along with me. I was vexed at this, and went and walked in the Hall, where I heard that the Parliament spent this day in fasting and prayer; and in the afternoon came letters from the North, that brought certain news that my Lord Lambert his forces were all forsaking him, and that he was left with only fifty horse, and that he did now declare for the Parliament himself; and that my Lord Fairfax did also rest satisfied, and had laid down his arms, and that what he had done was only to secure the country against my Lord Lambert his raising of money, and free quarter. I went to Will's again, where I found them still at cards, and Spicer had won 14s. of Shaw and Vines. Then I spent a little time with G. Vines and Maylard at Vines's at our viols. So home, and from thence to Mr. Hunt's, and sat with them and Mr. Hawly at cards till ten at night, and was much made of by them. Home and so to bed, but much troubled with my nose, which was much swelled.

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March 10th, 1660. In the morning went to my father's, whom I took in his cutting house, and there I told him my resolution to go to sea with my Lord, and consulted with

him how to dispose of my wife, and we resolve of letting her be at Mr. Bowyer's. Thence to the Treasurer of the Navy, where I received £500 for my Lord, and having left £200 of it with Mr. Rawlinson at his house for Sheply, I went with the rest to the Sun tavern on Fish Street Hill, where Mr. Hill, Stevens and Mr. Hater of the Navy Office had invited me, where we had good discourse and a fine breakfast of Mr. Hater. Then by coach home, where I took occasion to tell my wife of my going to sea, who was much troubled at it, and was with some dispute at last willing to continue at Mr. Bowyer's in my absence. After this to see Mrs. Jem and paid her maid £7, and then to Mr. Blackburne, who told me what Mr. Creed did say upon the news of my coming into his place, and that he did propose to my Lord that there should be two Secretaries, which made me go to Sir H. Wright's where my Lord dined and spoke with him about it, but he seemed not to agree to the motion. Hither W. Howe comes to me and so to Westminster. In the way he told me, what I was to provide and so forth against my going. He went with me to my office, whither also Mr. Madge comes half foxed and played the fool upon the violin that made me weary. Then to Whitehall and so home and set many of my things in order against my going. My wife was late making of caps for me, and the wench making an end of a pair of stockings that she was knitting of. So to bed.

11th (Sunday). All the day busy without my band on, putting up my books and things, in order to my going to sea. At night my wife and I went to my father's to supper, where J. Norton and Chas. Glascocke sup't with us, and after supper home, where the wench had provided all things against to-morrow to wash, and so to bed, where I much troubled with my cold and coughing.

12th. This day the wench rose at two in the morning to wash, and my wife and I lay talking a great while. I by reason of my cold could not tell how to sleep. My wife and I to the Exchange, where we bought a great many things, where I left her and went into London, and at Bedells the bookseller's at the Temple gate I paid £12 10s. 6d. for Mr. Fuller by his direction. So came back and at

Wilkinson's found Mr. Sheply and some sea people, as the cook of the Nazeby and others, at dinner. Then to the White Horse in King Street, where I got Mr. Buddle's horse to ride to Huntsmore to Mr. Bowyer's, where I found him and all well, and willing to have my wife come and board with them while I was at sea, which was the business I went about. Here I lay and took a thing for my cold, namely a spoonful of honey and a nutmeg scraped into it, by Mr. Bowyer's direction, and so took it into my mouth, which I found did do me much good.

13th. It rained hard and I got up early, and got to London by 8 o'clock at my Lord's lodgings, who told me that I was to be secretary, and Creed to be deputy treasurer to the Fleet, at which I was troubled, but I could not help it. After that to my father's to look after things, and so at my shoemaker's and others. At night to Whitehall, where I met with Simons and Luellin at drink with them at Roberts at Whitehall. Then to the Admiralty, where I talk with Mr. Creek till the Brothers, and they were very seemingly willing and glad that I have the place since my Lord would dispose of it otherwise than to them. Home and to bed. This day the Parliament voted all that had been done by the former Rump against the House of Lords be void, and to-night that the writes go out without any qualification. Things seem very doubtful what will be the end of all; for the Parliament seems to be strong for the King, while the soldiers do all talk against.

14th. To my Lord, where infinitely of applications to him and to me. To my great trouble, my Lord gives me all the papers that was given to him, to put in order and give him an account of them. Here I got half-a-piece of a person of Mr. Wright's recommending to my Lord to be Preacher of the Speaker frigate. I went hence to St. James's and Mr. Pierce the surgeon with me, to speak with Mr. Clerke, Monk's secretary, about getting some soldiers removed out of Huntingdon to Oundle, which my Lord told me he did to do a courtesy to the town, that he might have the greater interest in them, in the choice of the next Parliament; not that he intends to be chosen himself, but that he might have Mr. G. Montagu and my Lord Mandeville

chose there in spite of the Bernards. This done (where I saw General Monk and methought he seemed a dull heavy man), he and I to Whitehall, where with Luellin we dined at Marsh's. Coming home telling my wife what we had to dinner, she had a mind to some cabbage, and I sent for some and she had it. Went to the Admiralty, where a strange thing how I am already courted by the people. This morning among others that came to me I hired a boy of Jenkins of Westminster and Burr to be my clerk. This night I went to Mr. Creed's chamber where he gave me the former book of the proceedings in the fleet and the Seal. Then to Harper's where old Beard was and I took him by coach to my Lord's, but he was not at home, but afterwards I found him out at Sir H. Wright's. Thence by coach, it raining hard, to Mrs. Jem, where I staid a while, and so home, and late in the night put up my things in a sea-chest that Mr. Shepley lent me, and so to bed.

15th. Early packing up my things to be sent by cart with the rest of my Lord's. So to Will's, where I took leave of some of my friends. Here I met Tom Alcock, one that went to school with me at Huntingdon, but I had not seen him these sixteen years. So in the Hall paid and made even with Mrs. Mitchell; afterwards met with old Beale, and at the Axe paid him this quarter to Ladyday next. In the afternoon Dick Mathews comes to dine, and I went and drank with him at Harper's. So into London by water, and in Fish Street my wife and I bought a bit of salmon for 8*d.* and went to the Sun Tavern and ate it, where I did promise to give her all that I have in the world but my books, in case I should die at sea. From thence homewards; in the way my wife bought linen for three smocks and other things. I went to my Lord's and spoke with him. So home with Mrs. Jem by coach and then home to my own house. From thence to the Fox in King-street to supper on a brave turkey of Mr. Hawly's, with some friends of his there, Will Boyer, &c. After supper I went to Westminster Hall, and the Parliament sat till ten at night, thinking and being expected to dissolve themselves to-day, but they did not. Great talk to-night that the discontented officers did think this night to make a stir, but prevented. To the Fox

again. Home with my wife, and to bed extraordinary sleepy.

16th. No sooner out of bed but troubled with abundance of clients, seamen. My landlord Vanly's man came to me by my direction yesterday, for I was there at his house as I was going to London by water, and I paid him rent for my house for this quarter ending at Lady day, and took an acquittance that he wrote me from his master. Then to Mr. Sheply, to the Rhenish Tavern House, where Mr. Pim, the tailor, was, and gave us a morning draft and a neat's tongue. Home and with my wife to London, we dined at my father's, where Joyce Norton and Mr. Armiger dined also. After dinner my wife took leave of them in order to her going to-morrow to Huntsmore. In my way home I went to the Chapel in Chancery Lane to bespeak papers of all sorts and other things belonging to writing against my voyage. So home, where I spent an hour or two about my business in my study. Thence to the Admiralty, and staid a while, so home again, where Will Bowyer came to tell us that he would bear my wife company in the coach to-morrow. Then to Westminster Hall, where I heard how the Parliament had this day dissolved themselves, and did pass very cheerfully through the Hall, and the Speaker without his mace. The whole Hall was joyful thereat, as well as themselves, and now they begin to talk loud of the King. To-night I am told, that yesterday, about five o'clock in the afternoon, one came with a ladder to the Great Exchange, and wiped with a brush the inscription that was upon King Charles, and that there was a great bonfire made in the Exchange, and people called out "God bless King Charles the Second!" From the Hall I went home to bed, very sad in mind to part with my wife, but God's will be done.

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May 9th, 1660. Up very early, writing a letter to the King, as from the two Generals of the fleet, in answer to his letter to them, wherein my Lord do give most humble thanks for his gracious letter and declaration; and promises all duty and obedience to him. This letter was carried this

morning to Sir Peter Killigrew, who came hither this morning early to bring an order from the Lords' House to my Lord, giving him power to write an answer to the King. This morning my Lord St. John and other persons of honour were here to see my Lord, and so away to Flushing. After they were gone my Lord and I to write letters to London, which we sent by Mr. Cook, who was very desirous to go because of seeing my wife before she went out of town. As we were sitting down to dinner, in comes Noble with a letter from the House of Lords to my Lord, to desire him to provide ships to transport the Commissioners to the King, which are expected here this week. He brought us certain news that the King was proclaimed yesterday with great pomp, and brought down one of the Proclamations, with great joy to us all; for which God be praised. After dinner to ninepins and lost 5s. This morning came. Mr. Saunderson, that writ the story of the King, hither, who is going over to the King. He calls me cozen and seems a very knowing man. After supper to bed betimes, leaving my Lord talking in the Coach with the Captain.

10th. This morning came on board Mr. Pinkney and his son, going to the King with a petition finely writ by Mr. Whore, for to be the King's embroiderer; for whom and Mr. Saunderson I got a ship. This morning come my Lord Winchelsea and a great deal of company, and dined here. In the afternoon, while my Lord and we were at musique in the great cabin below, comes in a messenger to tell us that Mr. Edward Montagu, my Lord's son, was come to Deal, who afterwards came on board with Mr. Pickering with him. The child was sick in the evening. At night, while my Lord was at supper, in comes my Lord Lauderdale and Sir John Greenville, who supped here, and so went away. After they were gone, my Lord called me into his cabin, and told me how he was commanded to set sail presently for the King, and was very glad thereof, and so put me to writing of letters and other work that night till it was very late, he going to bed. I got him afterwards to sign things in bed. After I had done some more work I to bed also.

November 22d, 1660. This morning came the carpenters to make me a door at the other side of my house, going into the entry, which I was much pleased with. At noon my wife and I walked to the Old Exchange, and there she bought her a white whisk and put it on, and I a pair of gloves, and so we took coach for Whitehall to Mr. Fox's, where we found Mrs. Fox within, and an alderman of London paying £1,000 or £1,400 in gold upon the table for the King, which was the most gold that ever I saw together in my life. Mr. Fox came in presently and did receive us with a great deal of respect; and then did take my wife and I to the Queen's presence-chamber, where he got my wife placed behind the Queen's chair, and I got into the crowd, and by and by the Queen and the two Princesses came to dinner. The Queen a very little plain old woman, and nothing more in her presence in any respect nor garb than any ordinary woman. The Princess of Orange I had often seen before. The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frized short up to her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she. Dinner being done, we went to Mr. Fox's again, where many gentlemen dined with us, and most princely dinner, all provided for me and my friends, but I bringing none but myself and wife, he did call the company to help eat up so much good victuals. At the end of dinner, my Lord Sandwich's health was drunk in the gilt tankard that I did give to Mrs. Fox the other day. After dinner I had notice given me by Will my man that my Lord did inquire for me, so I went to find him, and met him and the Duke of York in a coach going towards Charing Cross. I endeavoured to follow them but could not, so I returned to Mr. Fox, and after much kindness and good discourse we parted from thence. I took coach for my wife and me homewards, and I light at the Maypole in the Strand, and sent my wife home. I to the new playhouse and saw part of the "Traitor," a very good Tragedy; Mr. Moon did act the

Traitor very well. So to my Lord's, and sat there with my Lady a great while talking. Among other things, she took occasion to inquire (by Madame Dury's late discourse with her) how I did treat my wife's father and mother. At which I did give her a good account, and she seemed to be very well opinioned of my wife. From thence to White Hall at about 9 at night, and there, with Laud the page that went with me, we could not get out of Henry the Eighth's gallery into the further part of the boarded gallery, where my Lord was walking with my Lord Ormond; and we had a key of Sir S. Morland's, but all would not do; till at last, by knocking, Mr. Harrison the door-keeper did open us the door, and, after some talk with my Lord about getting a catch to carry my Lord St. Alban's goods to France, I parted and went home on foot, it being very late and dirty, and so weary to bed.

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1660-61. At the end of the last and the beginning of this year, I do live in one of the houses belonging to the Navy Office, as one of the principal officers, and have done now about half a year. After much trouble with workmen I am now almost settled; my family being, myself, my wife, Jane, Will, Hewan, and Wayneman, my girle's brother. Myself in constant good health, and in a most handsome and thriving condition. Blessed be Almighty God for it. I am now taking of my sister to come and live with me. As to things of State.—The King settled, and loved of all. The Duke of York matched to my Lord Chancellor's daughter, which do not please many. The Queen upon her return to France with the Princess Henrietta. The Princess of Orange lately dead, and we into new mourning for her. We have been lately frighted with a great plot, and many taken up on it, and the fright not quite over. The Parliament, which had done all this great good to the King, beginning to grow factious, the King did dissolve it December 29th last, and another likely to me chosen speedily. I take myself now to be worth £300 clear in money, and all my goods and all manner of debts paid, which are none at all.

January 21st, 1665. At the office all the morning. Thence my Lord Bruncker carried me as far as Mr. Povy's, and there I 'light and dined, meeting Mr. Sherwin, Creed, &c., there upon his accounts. After dinner they parted and Mr. Povy carried me to Somersett House, and there showed me the Queene-Mother's chamber and closett, most beautiful places for furniture and pictures; and so down the great stone stairs to the garden, and tried the brave echo upon the stairs; which continues a voice so long as the singing three notes, concords, one after another, they all three shall sound in consort together a good while most pleasantly. Thence to a Tangier Committee at White Hall, where I saw nothing ordered by judgment, but great heat and passion and faction now in behalf of my Lord Bellasses, and to the reproach of my Lord Tiviott, and dislike as it were of former proceedings. So away with Mr. Povy, he carrying me homeward to Mark Lane in his coach, a simple fellow I now find him, to his utter shame in his business of accounts, as none but a sorry foole would have discovered himself; and yet, in little, light, sorry things very cunning; yet, in the principal, the most ignorant man I ever met with in so great trust as he is. To my office till past 12, and then home to supper and to bed, being now mighty well, and truly I cannot but impute it to my fresh hare's foote. Before I went to bed I sat up till two o'clock in my chamber reading of Mr. Hooke's Microscopicall Observations, the most ingenious book that ever I read in my life.

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January 30th, 1665. This is solemnly kept as a Fast all over the City, but I kept my house, putting my closett to rights again, having lately put it out of order in removing my books and things in order to being made clean. At this all day, and at night to my office, there to do some business, and being late at it, comes Mercer to me, to tell me that my wife was in bed, and desired me to come home; for they hear, and have, night after night, lately heard noises over their head upon the leads. Now it is strange to think how, knowing that I have a great sum of money in my house, this puts me into a most mighty affright, that

for more than two hours, I could not almost tell what to do or say, but feared this and that, and remembered that this evening I saw a woman and two men stand suspiciously in the entry, in the darke; I calling to them, they made me only this answer, the woman said that the men came to see her; but who she was I could not tell. The truth is, my house is mighty dangerous, having so many ways to be come to; and at my windows, over the stairs, to see who goes up and down; but, if I escape to-night, I will remedy it. God preserve us this night safe! So at almost two o'clock, I home to my house, and, in great fear to bed, thinking every running of a mouse really a thiefe; and so to sleep, very brokenly, all night long, and found all safe in the morning.

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July 20th, 1665. Up, in a boat among other people to the Tower, and there to the office, where we sat all the morning. So down to Deptford and there dined, and after dinner saw my Lady Sandwich and Mr. Carteret and his two sisters over the water, going to Dagenhams, and my Lady Carteret towards Cranburne. So all the company broke up in most extraordinary joy, wherein I am mighty contented that I have had the good fortune to be so instrumental, and I think it will be of good use to me. So walked to Redriffe, where I hear the sickness is, and indeed is scattered almost every where, there dying 1,089 of the plague this week. My lady Carteret did this day give me a bottle of plague-water home with me. So home to write letters late, and then home to bed, where I have not lain these 3 or 4 nights. I received yesterday a letter from my Lord Sandwich, giving me thanks for my care about their marriage business, and desiring it to be dispatched, and no disappointment may happen therein, which I will help on all I can. This afternoon I waited on the Duke of Albemarle, and so to Mrs. Croft's, where I found and saluted Mrs. Burrows, who is a very pretty woman for a mother of so many children. But, Lord! to see how the plague spreads. It being now all over King's Streete, at the Axe, and next door to it, and in other places.

November 24th, 1665. Up, and after doing some business at the office, I to London, and there, in my way, at my old oyster shop in Gracious Streete, bought two barrels of my fine woman of the shop, who is alive after all the plague, which now is the first observation or inquiry we make at London concerning everybody we knew before it. So to the 'Change, where very busy with several people, and mightily glad to see the 'Change so full, and hopes of another abatement still the next week. Off the 'Change I went home with Sir G. Smith to dinner, sending for one of my barrels of oysters, which were good, though come from Colchester, where the plague hath been so much. Here a very brave dinner, though no invitation; and, Lord! to see how I am treated, that come from so mean a beginning, is matter of wonder to me. But it is God's great mercy to me, and His blessing upon my taking pains, and being punctual in my dealings. After dinner Captain Cocke and I about some business, and then with my other barrel of oysters home to Greenwich, sent them by water to Mrs. Pennington, while he and I landed, and visited Mr. Evelyn, where most excellent discourse with him; among other things he showed me a ledger of a Treasurer of the Navy, his great grandfather, just 100 years old; which I seemed mighty fond of, and he did present me with it, which I take as a great rarity; and he hopes to find me more, older than it. He also shewed us several letters of the old Lord of Leicester's, in Queen Elizabeth's time, under the very handwriting of Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Mary, Queen of Scotts; and others, very venerable names. But, Lord! how poorly, methinks, they wrote in those days, and in what plain uncut paper. Thence, Cocke having sent for his coach, we to Mrs. Pennington, and there sat and talked and eat our oysters with great pleasure, and so home to my lodging late and to bed.

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September 2nd, 1666 (Lord's day). Some of our mayds sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose

and slipped on my night-gowne, and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back-side of Marke-lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was and further off. So to my closett to set things to rights after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish-street by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding-lane, and that it hath burned St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish-street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steele-yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows, and balconys till they were, some of them burned, their wings, and fell down. Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steele-yard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the City; and every thing,

after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. —— lives, and whereof my old school-fellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down: I to White Hall (with a gentleman with me who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat); to White Hall, and there up to the King's closett in the Chappell, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of Yorke what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him that if he would have any more soldiers he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's, and there walked along Watling-street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and here and there sicke people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods, carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning-street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home, seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tarr, in Thames-street; and warehouses of oyle, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Isaake Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty, at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brothers' things, whose houses were on fire; and, as he says, have been removed twice

already; and he doubts (as it soon proved) that they must be in a little time removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, which was Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Sheldon, and also Mr. Moone: she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closett and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. While at dinner Mrs. Batelier come to enquire after Mr. Woolfe and Stanes (who, it seems, are related to them), whose houses in Fish-street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright. Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people and horses and carts loden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning-streete (which received goods in the morning) into Lumbard-streete, and further; and among others I now saw my little goldsmith, Stokes, receiving some friend's Goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the streete, and carried them below and above bridge to and again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the water-side; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttolph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we

know not by the water-side what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water, and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of Virginalls in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Parke, and there met my wife and Creed and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still encreasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of about a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine. So home with a sad heart, and there find every body discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which is burned upon Fish-streete Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the newes coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our owne goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine (it being brave dry, and moonshine, and warm weather) carry much of my goods into the garden, and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the

safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and by chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallys into a box by themselves. So great was our fear, as Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr. Hater, poor man, to bed a little; but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house, taking down of goods. . . .

4th. Up by break of day to get away the remainder of my things; which I did by a lighter at the Iron gate: and my hands so few, that it was the afternoon before we could get them all away. Sir W. Pen and I to Tower-streete, and there met the fire burning three or four doors beyond Mr. Howell's, whose goods, poor man, his trayes, and dishes, shovells, &c., were flung all along Tower-street in the kennels, and people working therewith from one end to the other; the fire coming on in that narrow streete, on both sides, with infinite fury. Sir W. Batten not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in the garden, and laid it in there; and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening Sir W. Pen and I did dig another and put our wine in it; and I my Parmazan cheese, as well as my wine and some other things. The Duke of Yorke was at the office this day, at Sir W. Pen's; but I happened not to be within. This afternoon, sitting melancholy with Sir W. Pen in our garden, and thinking of the certain burning of this office, without extraordinary means, I did propose for the sending up of all our workmen from Woolwich and Deptford yards (none whereof yet appeared), and to write to Sir W. Coventry to have the Duke of Yorke's permission to pull down houses, rather than lose this office, which would much hinder the King's business. So Sir W. Pen he went down this night, in order to the sending them up to-morrow morning; and I wrote to Sir W. Coventry about the business, but received no answer. This night Mrs. Turner (who, poor woman, was removing her goods all this day, good goods into the garden, and knows not how to dispose of them), and her husband supped with my wife and I at night, in the office, upon a shoulder of mutton from the cook's, without any napkin or any thing, in a sad

manner, but were merry. Only now and then walking into the garden, and saw how horridly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits; and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us, and the whole heaven on fire. I after supper walked in the darke down to Tower-streete, and there saw it all on fire, at the Trinity House on that side, and the Dolphin Taverne on this side, which was very near us; and the fire with extraordinary vehemence. Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower-streete, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than any thing; but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing down the houses to the ground in the same places they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it, though it kindled nothing almost. W. Hewer this day went to see how his mother did, and comes late home, telling us he hath been forced to remove her to Islington, her house in Pye-corner being burned; so that the fire is got so far that way, and all the Old Bayly, and was running down to Fleete-streete; and Paul's is burned, and all Cheapside. I wrote to my father this night, but the post-house being burned, the letter could not go.

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May 1st, 1669. Up betimes. Called up by my tailor, and there first put on a summer suit this year; but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest, and coloured camelott tunique, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the hands, that I was afeared to be seen in it; but put on the stuff suit I made the last year, which is now repaired; and so did go to the Office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be fowle. At noon home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty; and, indeed, was fine all over; and mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards there gilt with varnish, and all clean, and

green reines, that people did mightily look upon us; and, the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours, all the day. But we set out, out of humour—I because Betty, whom I expected was not come to go with us; and my wife that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine: and she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did in the Pell Mell, and, against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach, but was sullen all day almost, and little complaisant: the day also being unpleasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling rain; and, what made it worst, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's; and so we had little pleasure. But here was W. Batelier and his sister in a borrowed coach by themselves, and I took them and we to the lodge; and at the door did give them a syllabub, and other things, cost me 12 s., and pretty merry. And so back to the coaches, and there till evening, and then home, leaving Mr. Sheres at St. James's Gate, where he took leave of us for altogether, he being this night to set out for Portsmouth post, in his way to Tangier, which troubled my wife mightily, who is mighty, though not, I think, too fond of him.

¹ Ernest Boyd: *A New Way with Old Masterpieces*, Harper's—March, 1925.

² Moulton: *World Literature*, p. 219.

HANOVERIAN ENGLAND

1. FOREIGN RELATIONS

DURING the last three centuries the dominating ambition of European statesmen has been to maintain what has been called *balance of power*. Beyond question, throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries this determined the foreign policy of every important state. Consequently it is impossible to understand the development of eighteenth century England without first giving attention to the great family of nations among which she filled a prominent place.

Only a decade ago the civilized world was staggered by the discovery of Germany's ambition to dominate other countries. The consternation this presented to the minds of men has not yet entirely faded away. The dawning years of the eighteenth century witnessed a similar situation, France then being determined to become the leading power.

How France, drenched in blood by continuous wars between Catholics and Protestants in the previous century, had rallied under Henry IV, and under his grandson, Louis XIV, to be the foremost state in Europe, belongs not to English but to French narrative. Suffice it to say that she had become the strongest European state. Suddenly unusual circumstances caused alarm lest the thrones of France and Spain might fall to one and the same heir. Such a possibility created greatest alarm. The conditions which brought about such a singular state of affairs were these: Spain, at one time the leading European power, embracing possessions of tremendous resource, had entered upon a premature decline. In 1665 a four-year old babe inherited the crown under the name of Charles II; his frail health had made his survival a matter of gravest concern. After his coronation he ruled for years in a feeble way but as the century and his life grew concurrently to a close, the settlement of the Spanish crown became a matter of endless negotiation. There were several possible candidates but Austrian and French claims were surest and since France

was the more powerful state, it was surmised that she would be best able to enforce her rights. No less than three secret arrangements were committed to paper by diplomats representing the foremost countries. In 1668, 1698 and again in 1700, by consent of several powers, the numerous territories of Spain had been divided in different ways among them. However, the Spanish people deeply resented such partitions of their realm and, in the end, Charles II acknowledged Philip, grandson of Louis XIV of France, as his successor to the kingdom intact. Knowing well that unless this settlement were accepted the son of the Austrian Emperor who had been named as second choice, would succeed, Louis XIV cast to the winds all earlier agreements exclaiming: "The Pyrenees no longer exist." Spain acquiesced in this solution and France was exultant. The rest of Europe was seized with profound dismay.

William III of England had long desired war with France but Parliament opposed it. When the English at length consented and preparations were well under way, the king died and Queen Anne succeeded him. It was during her reign that the War of Spanish Succession was waged, Marlborough commanding the allied forces. No general was ever hampered more by petty jealousies that operated against solidarity of military action. Nevertheless, due to remarkable military genius, he fought the war successfully, never losing a single battle.

The English went into the war with added zeal because, upon the death of James II, Louis XIV aroused their indignation by hailing the Stuart heir as James III, notwithstanding that he had previously recognized William III as England's king. The Stuarts had taken refuge at his court and Louis XIV had aided James II in an unsuccessful attempt to occupy Ireland. The Peace of Utrecht, 1714, concluded the contested succession by leaving Philip V on the Spanish throne; however, it was distinctly agreed that the thrones of France and Spain should never be united under a single ruler. England profited for her part in the conflict by gaining Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and the Hudson Bay country in the New World and Gibraltar and Minorca, which gave her a foothold in the Mediterranean;

trade advantages were also conceded. In short, for the rôle she had played in this great European upheaval, she was now recognized as one of the two leading powers.

Queen Anne died in 1714. To prevent disturbance at her death, since she had no direct heirs, Parliament had passed the Act of Succession in 1701, granting to Sophia, daughter of Elizabeth (and granddaughter of James I), the English crown. It so happened that Sophia died before Queen Anne; consequently her son came to the throne under the name of George I. This brought the House of Hanover to England.

For fifty years after the accession of the Hanoverians, there was continual danger that those dissatisfied with the government might make common cause with the descendents of James II. Beyond the slightest question a war would have been precipitated had it not been that a return of the Stuarts meant a revival of religious persecution and the attempt to restore Catholicism in England. This the great majority of the English people would not tolerate. Those who negotiated the affairs of James II's son, known in France as James III, were dismayed and disgusted when he refused to renounce his religion as a prerequisite to the throne.

George I awakened no enthusiasm in London when he came to claim the crown. He could not speak English and his heart was ever with his German possession of Hanover. He was thankful to leave the administration of the English government to his ministers and was best pleased when able to quit the country and return to his native land. Consequently, when James attempted in 1715 to invade the country over which his forefathers had ruled, some flocked to his standard. Yet, except in Scotland, there was no whole-hearted response. The danger to the Established Church constituted an impassible barrier, for it was generally known that James had invoked the aid of the Pope and considered Catholic interests as inseparable with his own. So the effort to recover the throne was futile as had been that of his father before him. But the possibility of a future uprising was not removed.

The peace which settled over Europe at the close of the

War of Spanish Succession was doomed to be broken several times in course of the century. In 1539 the English clamored for war with Spain because of the monopoly of South American trade which she tried to maintain. In 1740 Charles II died and his daughter, Maria Theresa, attempted to occupy his throne and hold the Austrian possessions intact in spite of aggressions of Prussia. England gave her help at first and in the battle of Dettingen King George II commanded English troops; this is remembered as the last time an English ruler ever participated in battle.

Austria was dissatisfied with the amount of aid furnished her by England and presently allied herself with France, while England supported Prussia. After the question of Austrian succession had been settled, the Seven Years' War was fought. At its close, according to the Treaty of Paris, France was practically forced out of India and surrendered Canada and Louisana to England. Whereas the opening century found France menacing Europe, before its close, monarchy and democracy were locked in deadly grapple. Out of bloody civil war was born the French Republic, whose story belongs to the nineteenth century and to French history.

Thus did England progress, from a country somewhat isolated and aloof from continental affairs, when hand in hand with the European policy of checking France in her attempt to dominate the continent. Warring at first to maintain the balance of power, her successes on the sea brought an empire into existence with astounding rapidity.

2. AFFAIRS AT HOME

The internal affairs of England underwent transformations no less significant in their way than her territorial expansion. These for convenience sake may well be considered under two general divisions: first, the political changes, and second, the great economic revolution.

The development of Cabinet and party government in England belongs largely to the reign of George I. Despite the fact that he had been placed in direct line of succession

to the English throne by the Parliamentary Act of 1701—and had, as it proved, thirteen years' warning—this German prince did not take the trouble to acquire the language of the people over whom he might be called at any time to rule. Although it had been the custom of Queen Anne to be present at Cabinet meetings, the new king did not attend them, since he was unable to follow the deliberations. In his absence the Cabinet, which had evolved from the king's Privy Council of earlier times, became an adjunct of Parliament. In the absence of the sovereign its private meetings were presided over by the leading minister. Walpole was first to be called Prime Minister.

The critical situation that brought Robert Walpole to place of highest responsibility in the realm is illuminating for its bearing on the times. It is well understood that the termination of a war often finds money in the possession of those who previously lacked it. After the anxious times that accompanied the War of Spanish Succession a wave of prosperity swept over the land and many, little accustomed to riches, found themselves with more than they needed to meet their necessities. Various speculations were presently offered the public, borne out of a desire to get rich quickly, which the momentary success of the South Sea Company stimulated.

During the reign of Queen Anne, her minister Harley sought to lessen the burden of the national debt, aggregating about ten million pounds. To this end he organized the creditors into the South Sea Company and gave this corporation special trade privileges. Due to the late war the debt had reached nearly fifty million pounds. Some of the bonds bore as high as eight per cent and would not mature for many years. The South Sea Company and the Bank of England both bid for the opportunity of handling the debt—excepting such portions as had been provided for by new bond issues bearing low rates of interest. The South Sea Company offered to pay a bonus of seven million pounds for the privilege of controlling the national indebtedness, and was accorded the right. Up to this point it is plain that the company had carried on a legitimate business. It was granted the monopoly of the trade with Spanish America,

lately conceded by Spain. However, it now called in government bonds and gave the owners shares of its own stock. Because rumors were circulated of great returns to result from its wide financial transactions, there was an unprecedented rush for its stock, which rapidly rose from a little above par to nearly one hundred times its normal value. Because the government was involved to some extent in its affairs, the people took it for granted that the company was sound. Perceiving how ready people were to part with their money, a variety of fraudulent operators now appeared with many schemes: some feasible, others devised to swindle the public. One scheme was to salvage wrecked vessels; one would develop perpetual motion. One did not disclose its field of activity but stated that this would be revealed thereafter.

The South Sea Company began investigation of certain of its discreditable rivals—thus hastening its own downfall. For as quickly as it was unfolded to a credulous public how thoroughly many had been deceived, those who had invested heavily in South Sea stock began to throw their shares on the market so fast that a crash followed. The multitudes, who had once necessitated the stationing of clerks in the street to provide them with shares, now thronged around the House of Parliament imploring the members to save their earnings for them and calling for revenge upon those who had led to their undoing.

It was when the national finances were thus smirched with highhanded scandal that Walpole, who had disapproved of this whole scheme and who had unusual facility with figures, was called to the treasury and soon became Prime Minister. For twenty years he labored to keep England out of war, to maintain the Hanoverian dynasty upon the throne, to build up trade and to oppose any measures that would divert the people from pursuing material prosperity. This was an age notorious for its political corruption. Walpole was determined to hold the Whig party in power. What politicians could not secure by other means, they openly paid for. Bribery prevailed on every hand. It is to Walpole's lasting credit that he never appropriated public funds to his private advantage; this was enough to distinguish

him among his compeers. Nevertheless, he frankly claimed that "every man had his price" and bought whatever and whomsoever he needed to attain his ends.

Walpole was not a man who made friends; he was almost indifferent to them. He was opposed by prominent members of his own party throughout; the Tories were out of all content with his policy; the king never liked him although obliged to depend upon him. Yet, in spite of such opposition, he was retained by George II when he succeeded his father as king in 1727.

George II had the advantage of his father in that he understood English perfectly and spoke it fairly well. He was scarcely more popular with his English subjects than his predecessor; like him, his heart was in Hanover. His wife, Queen Caroline, by her gracious manner and unfailing tact, did much to propitiate those offended by the king.

A trade war with Spain, the war over Austrian Succession and the Seven Years' War were all waged during his reign, after Walpole, with his insistence for peace, had been forced from office. William Pitt became the popular leader, for years carrying the Commons by his eloquence, as he held their respect for his noble principles.

It was during the time of George II that the final effort was made to place "Bonnie Prince Charlie" on the throne. He possessed the traditional Stuart charm and aroused loyalty and devotion in his adherents. The Scottish Highlanders espoused his cause and rallied the clans to hew his way to London. There were many in England who had never ceased to drink the health of the Stuart, over the water; but the strange misfortune that ever dogged his line pursued him. Those who had believed themselves waiting for the opportunity to go over to his side hesitated in the end. The invasion was turned back before it had gone far: not so much because of strong defensive action as through conviction that this was a lost cause. Prince Charles escaped to France and gave himself over to dissipations that shortened his life. This was the last attempt to reëstablish the Stuarts.

Severe penalties were visited upon the Highlanders.

Their chieftains were reduced and never after were their clans able to precipitate terror upon the country.

George III came to the throne made vacant by the death of his grandfather in 1760. He reigned for some sixty years, with the exception of years clouded by insanity. Troublous times marked his era but these were not apparent at his accession. Under the two preceding reigns the king had been little more than a figurehead. George I and his son had prevented the Stuarts from occupying the throne. They had permitted the ministers to stand at the helm and themselves played no conspicuous part. George III was born in England and regarded himself as an out-and-out Englishman. Notwithstanding, the spirit of his German antecedents survived in him. Coming to the throne with the intention of recovering the power exercised by earlier English rulers, a continent was lost to England before his policy was abandoned.

While England had been engrossed in domestic affairs, a new nation had been in the making on the other side of the Atlantic, although, to be sure, it required the misdirected efforts of George III and his statesmen to weld the colonies into one body politic. The masterly leadership of a Washington, the suffering of the colonists who struggled valiantly through defeat and humiliation, were needed to shape the thirteen original colonies first, into a Confederation, later, into a Union.

While England had been absorbed with European wars, the colonies had been left largely to themselves. These wars having ceased, more attention was given to the trade regulations which had been considerably ignored. Navigation laws forbade the importing of French and other foreign products save in English ships; they forbade the exporting of American products to foreign countries. Because it was impossible to enforce these regulations, a great smuggling trade had grown up on the western side of the Atlantic; this the British government determined to stop.

The thirteen colonies were not strong enough to protect themselves against French aggression and it was thought best to station at least ten thousand British soldiers in America to afford safety against the Indians and against

France and Spain. At least half of this expense should be borne by the colonists, in the opinion of English statesmen. Accordingly, stamped paper was sent to America to be used for all legal purposes and for the printing of newspapers.

This Stamp Act, passed in 1766, raised such a protest among the colonists that it was shortly repealed. However, Parliament passed an act declaring its right to tax the colonies and new duties were levied on glass, paper and tea.

For many years the internal affairs of the various colonies had been regulated by representative assemblies while foreign trade had been directed by the mother country. Now the right of England to impose taxes on the colonies was hotly debated. In Parliament it was maintained, and with truth, that the House of Commons was not actually representative of various parts of England although theoretically it was representative of all England and her colonies. By unwise measures the differences between Englishmen at home and abroad grew into open rupture and by one tactless act after another, war was precipitated, despite the efforts of Pitt, Burke and Fox to avert it.

In July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was promulgated. When the war was plainly going against England, France and Spain came to the aid of the rebelling colonies. Holland presently joined them. Russia and Prussia had their own grievances. Ultimately the situation in Europe, in the West Indies and in India made it impossible for the English to dispatch efficient troops to America. Worst of all, on the seas, defeated at Yorktown, they were compelled to recognize the independence of the colonists.

The war had cost Great Britain much in money and men; it had also deprived her of leadership on the sea. Yet time alone was to reveal how great a loss she had sustained. She was ridiculed abroad for having "saved a rock (Gibraltar) and lost a continent"; but it is safe to say that none realized fully what the loss meant.

The last years of the century brought fears born of the excesses of the French Revolution. England is near to France. When Louis XVI and his beautiful wife, Marie Antoinette, scarcely more than children, met their fate at

the guillotine, danger stalked before every throne. Refugees from France struggled to secure aid to put down the rising power of the people, in order to restore the old régime. Then came the greater menace of a would-be world conqueror, who emulated the example of an Alexander. On the whole, it is not strange that a German king on the English throne lost his mental equilibrium.

The early century had been characterized by a general determination, on the part of European states, to check the alarming ascendancy of France. But of this struggle had come a new conception of English imperial possibilities. This had been fostered by increased facility of the English upon the seas.

At home, the establishment of party rule had resulted in more and more power being wielded by the Cabinet.

Accompanying these political transformations had come the beginnings of an economic revolution, so far reaching and important that it is impossible to point to another of equal significance accomplished in so brief a period of time.

3. INDUSTRIAL ENGLAND

The dawning eighteenth century found an industrial situation in England that had altered little for several hundred years; nor did any marked changes appear until the latter part of the century. There were still nobles in the island who held large estates, but civil war had further decimated a nobility almost destroyed by dynastic strife between Lancastrians and Yorkists. Speaking generally, rural England was a land of small farmers, known as yeomen, who still followed the open field system of the Middle Ages.

The roads were notoriously poor, being far behind those of the continent. Before our era the Romans had laid down their substantial arteries of travel which, despite the flight of two thousand years, remained the best highways the country boasted. In mediæval times the feudal lords had found it imperative that they be able to move about with some degree of freedom; consequently for their own convenience they repaired the roads. Later, the monks, whose monasteries served as inns before these came into existence,

regarded the upkeep of the highways, which gave access to the outer world, as a duty. After the suppression of religious houses the roads were left to fare as best they might. The result was that it became virtually impossible to travel the length and breadth of England by coach. Those who attempted to journey from one place to another told of perilous situations, of overturned vehicles, deep mud, impassable rivers and floundered horses. Merchants transported goods by pack animals. When wheeled carts were taken over roads it was often necessary to send men ahead with axes to open a passage. Not until the invasion of Prince Charles in 1745 was it demonstrated that dilapidated roads endangered the very survival of the nation, since troops could not be moved expeditiously under such conditions. Thereupon measures were taken to correct this grave nuisance.

Numerous inlets along the coast of Britain, with several navigable rivers, had made communication in early times easier by sea than land. The advantage of water-ways became so apparent that under the reign of George II a system of canals was constructed by private enterprise, with the result that regions long isolated from influences of progress suddenly were placed in direct contact with London and thus, indirectly, in touch with Europe.

As late as 1730 one-half of rural England was still wild and uncultivated. Few landowners had begun to study intensive cultivation. Rotation of crops was already understood by the most inquiring minds but rarely had it or other progressive principles of agriculture been put into practical operation. Although the feudal age had long since passed away, its methods of tillage still persisted. Much of the farming regions was still held according to the mediæval custom, whereby several owned a considerable area in common, sharing arable, wooded, meadow and waste portions in unequal parts, according to their inheritances. One-half a given area might be owned by one person while the other half was shared by several. The result was that each tilled his land as had his fathers before him and the attempt to introduce improved methods on the part of one was futile if the rest doggedly adhered to time-honored ways.

There were other complications to an already perplexing situation. The poor had frequently been allowed to erect little shacks on waste lands merely by the right of sufferance. Any change in the *status quo* jeopardized their very existence.

Let us assume, for example, that a great feudal estate had become divided so that a gentleman, one Sir Thomas Spence, owned two or three hundred acres, while three yeomen owned each approximately twenty acres of it. As a matter of fact, none of the four owners would think of his holdings in such a way, for all would obtain fire-wood from the waste land; the cattle would graze in the meadow—although, to be sure, Sir Thomas would keep a small herd, while the others might own but one cow each; the arable part, divided into strips of perhaps one acre, would be under cultivation. Despite the fact that Spence possessed acreage far in excess of the others, any attempt on his part to introduce new agricultural methods might be rendered useless because of neglect on the part of the others.

It sometimes happened that all parties concerned saw the disadvantages of the open fields, as they were called, and would voluntarily file in the Court of Chancery the agreement which had to be registered before the land might be divided, to forestall any litigation which might otherwise arise upon the death of one or more of the contracting parties. Far more frequently there would be utter lack of accord; those with large holdings usually favored division; the small owners, apprehensive lest they fare badly by any change, were likely to oppose it. In case of disagreement it was necessary to obtain the signatures of owners possessing four-fifths of the tract prior to further action. Such a petition was then sent to London where negotiations relative to it were usually costly. When formal consent was finally obtained from Parliament, then only did each receive his due apportionment, after which he might enclose it. Therefore hedges were usually planted around each holding. This explains the many sightly hedges which still make rural England beautiful.

The actual division of the land often worked deep injury to the small holders. They could not afford to engage in

litigation, and so as a result they were generally imposed upon. Usually they had no conception of how to secure their rights; the least productive corners were therefore allotted to them, in cases without number. Much injustice had already been done before the government forbade interested persons serving on the commissions that determined the allotments.

Disheartened by the character of land bestowed upon them, many of these small holders soon sold to the more extensive ones. Together with their families they turned toward the cities, to take up life anew. Likewise the "squatters," evicted from the wastes—where they had no legal claims, yet where their people had lived before them—drifted toward the towns. Those who were able often sailed away to find homes in the New World. The majority were too poor to do aught but trudge along the dusty roads to seek work where they might find it.

We may judge of the far-reaching transformation in rural England by the fact that within half a century fifty thousand small farms disappeared, having been swallowed up by the great enclosures.

Concurrently with this agricultural revolution, another, even more significant for the future, was taking place in the towns. Whereas in past generations many a cottager had eked out his support by having some part in the hand production of woollen fabrics, more and more what is called the *domestic* system of wool manufacture gave way before the *factory* system.

Even today men are not wholly agreed as to the relative merits of the two methods, although it is undeniable that greater efficiency is attained by the factory system. However, in the generations that witnessed this tremendous change, tens of thousands of people suffered grievously. In earlier times the wool had been carded, spun into yarn and woven into cloth, all by hand. Various members of a family would perform different parts of the work, or two or three families might divide the tasks among themselves. They went about their usual duties in the cottage, in the fields, and, when the harvest was gathered, the hours of daylight were spent with the loom, the spinning wheel and distaff.

Inventions appeared as time went on whereby far greater results could be achieved in one hour than had formerly been accomplished in a week. The flying shuttle, the spinning jenny and numerous other appliances and devices lessened the number of workers required to manufacture a hundred yards of cloth. Not comprehending in the least the ultimate advantage of such innovations, mindful only of their own impending misery and want, mobs of poor workers often destroyed in blind rage the factories, the machinery and habitations of those who, as they saw it, had wrought injury upon them.

It is a pitiable story, the narrative of the early factory workers. The law threw no protection whatever around them. Employers exploited them for their own profit. Little children, as a result of the new inventions, could perform parts of the work which hitherto had needed skilled hands. Nothing is more revolting than the cruelty which was visited upon hapless children of the poor, sometimes wards of the county and utterly at the mercy of brute force. They were held under the lash to tasks beyond their strength, until the sleep of exhaustion completed their twenty-four hours and the routine began once more. Young girls were unprotected and the buildings in which long hours were spent were usually unsanitary, dark and unwholesome. Worst of all, perhaps, the work no longer required the employment of all the faculties but became mere repetition. Pride in work disappeared and a deadly grind settled down as the price of "efficiency."

The nineteenth century dawned before the transition from domestic to factory system was completed. Even today some of the evils of congested labor are unremoved. Even now, in some places in our own land, little children are exploited by greedy employers, not only to their own undoing but to the irreparable loss of future generations. However, it is no longer possible to parallel the one-time suffering of women and children in factories and mines; for legal requirements are set upon manufacturers and the conditions attending labor have been greatly improved.

Except in obscure lines of production, the domestic sys-



GAINSBOROUGH'S PORTRAIT OF THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE
A society leader of the mid-eighteenth century.

tem is no longer to be found. It would be wholly impossible to return to it; nor was it ever as desirable as some would have us think.

4. SOCIAL CHANGES

Specimens of the products of distant lands which modern discovery made known had been brought to England by returning explorers ever since the voyages of Columbus. However, not until the eighteenth century did new fruits and vegetables, beverages and commodities, become available in sufficient quantities to bring their cost within the reach of the average person. It is difficult for us to imagine a world devoid of tea, coffee or chocolate and without tobacco. All these had been found in far away places some time before, but it was only in the eighteenth century that they came into general use in England. Before this, beer, ale and intoxicating drinks had been the only alternatives for water; while bread, meat and ale supplied the food for people generally. Such a heavy diet was conducive to the somewhat sluggish temperament that country population generally exhibited.

Life speedily underwent a transformation when coffee-houses were opened, first in London and presently spread to other populous centers. For the first time a liberal indulgence of drink did not cloud men's minds, but, on the contrary, made them alert and inclined to the discussion of public affairs. In the days of Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, men had gathered in groups at the Mermaid and other taverns; in the age of Dr. Johnson and Addison, they met regularly at the coffee-houses. These had appeared in the time of Charles II when anxiety lest they prove beds of sedition led to their temporary suppression. However, so loud was the clamour for their restoration that the prohibition placed against them was removed. By the eighteenth century there was a coffee-house for every type of society and some of them were visited by women. Dryden made *Will's Coffee House* in Covent Garden a rendezvous for literary men; in the Strand, the *Grecian*—so-called because established by a Greek—became a headquarters for

lawyers; *Jonathan's* in Exchange Alley was the resort for merchants. Did one prefer chocolate, *White's Chocolate House* or the *Cocoa-Tree* were ready to minister to his needs. It is said that most of these places were founded by waiters who saw the trend of popular taste and had saved enough to establish themselves in business. Of these resorts, a contemporary wrote: "The Houses, which are very numerous in London are extremely convenient. You have all Manner of News there: You have a good Fire, which you may sit by as long as you please; you have a Dish of Coffee; you meet your Friends for the Transaction, and all for a Penny, if you don't care to spend more." In the numerous advertisements for these places the excellent effects of coffee-drinking are emphasized. Not only is it claimed to be a tonic, invigorating to the consumer, but it is said "to diffuse a genial warmth that cherishes the animal spirits."

Tea, previously known only to the rich, came to be commonly seen on the tables of working people. It was imported from India and China. Of course there were not lacking those who decried the use of all these new beverages. One mourns: "There is not quite so much beauty in this land as there was. Your very chambermaids have lost their bloom by sipping Tea. . . . I am persuaded we shall not enjoy a blooming health whilst we continue the use of Tea." Some said it debilitated nature and so made one susceptible to scurvy; others, that it prevented sleep; most amusing perhaps was the fear that English men would lose their military strength as a result of indulging in it, since, it was said, the Chinese, being a nation of "tea-sippers," were unwarlike. Those addicted to the new drinks praised them because they provoked genial spirits without the pernicious effect of making them inebriates.

Sugar, known formerly if at all, as a luxury, grew to be a common commodity in the households of even the laboring class. It was used to sweeten tea and coffee, and for confections and pastry. So highly were the West Indies valued for the sugar-producing possibilities that when an eighteenth century treaty was being negotiated, one of these

islands was offset against all of Canada as outweighing it in importance.

Tobacco, so little known in the late sixteenth century that a courtier discovered smoking was deluged with water by a well meaning onlooker, who supposed him to be afire, became such a popular appendage of life that in a single year the output of Maryland and Virginia to England was thirty million pounds. In his discussion of English society at this time, Botsford quotes a few lines from an unknown rhymster who extols its qualities:¹

Divine Tobacco! which gives Ease
To all our Pains and Miseries;
Composes Thought, makes Minds sedate,
Adds Gravity to Church and State;
Courtied by Kings, and Men of Conscience,
The Throne's perfume, the Altar's Incense;
Arch-Bishops, Bishops, Priests and Deacons,
Most reverently can Fire their Beacons.
When Rheums, Catarrhs, and Colds molest us,
Doctor Tobacco must assist us.
Divine Tobacco! Indian God!
The Courtier's Feast, the Poor Man's Food;
In Summer cool, in Winter warm,
Julep and Cordial for each Harm.

The fad of snuff-taking was adopted by those of high and low estate. Whenever man finds a practice agreeable he is certain to prove resourceful in offering excellent reasons for his habit. Those trading in a certain brand of the nasty stuff advertised it as "the most effectual Remedy ever known for all Distempers of the Head and Brain; it immediately cures the Headache, be the Pain ever so violent; instantly removes Drowsiness, Sleepiness, Giddiness and Vapours; it is most excellent against Deafness and Noise in the Ears; cures Stopages or Colds in the Head and far exceeds all other Snuff for all Humours of the Eyes and Dimness of Sight, and certainly prevents Apoplexies and Falling Sickness."²

Not since the time of the Crusades were so many strange articles introduced into Western Europe. To Eng-

land from her American colonies came potatoes, molasses, Indian corn, turkeys, rum from Jamaica, fish, cod fish and oil from Newfoundland, as well as seal skins; from Canada, pelts and a wide variety of furs. Pitch, tar and turpentine were brought from the north, as well as timber. From Africa came ebony, ivory, ostrich feathers, beeswax and gum arabic; from Asia, rice, tea, spices, indigo, drugs, sandalwood, while the cotton fabrics imported from India caused the deepest consternation among wool merchants, who succeeded, during the reign of Charles II, in having a law passed forbidding the dead to be apparelled in any but woolen materials. In Scotland, on the other hand where the culture of hemp was important, linen was ordained the one material to be used for the laying away of the departed. Muslins, cambrics and calicoes, woven of the finest cotton and immediately popular among English women, were legislated against to little avail. The famous Calico Laws were passed, but as usual it proved too great a task to regulate matters of dress by legislation.

Patent medicines appear to have had their beginnings in eighteenth century England—ingenious combinations of various drugs whose properties, unhappily, were all too little understood. Perfumes, first imported, came to be manufactured. Present day advertisers might gain new ideas for their wares were they to peruse the alluring notices of these years. Setting forth the value of his delectable perfumes, one manufacturer says of them: "By their delicious smell they comfort, revive and refresh all the senses, natural, vital and animal, enliven the spirits; cheer the heart, and drive away melancholy; they also perfume rooms, beds, presses, drawers, boxes, making them smell surprisingly fine and odoriferous. They perfume the hands excellently, are an extraordinary scent for the pocket, and in short, are so exceedingly pleasant and delightful, so admirably curious and delicate, and of such general use, that nothing in the world can compare with them."

To mention but a few other innovations, canes gradually replaced swords; umbrellas, brought from the East where they had been used from time immemorial to shield the

bearer from hot rays of the sun, were set to a new purpose and employed, first by women, later by men, to protect them from the discomfort of rain.

Sailors away on long voyages, grew to understand the efficacy of lime and lemon juices in preventing scurvy. When possible they carried along citrus fruits, which had lately become an ordinary article of diet at home, or obtained pineapples on their voyages to alleviate the unfortunate results of salt meats which had long been the principal food of the sea. New vegetables—such as squash—which were introduced into England at this time, could not be taken away for long voyages, although they had improved the meals of those at home. Hygiene, particularly the value of the morning bath, attracted more and more attention, whereas, during the preceding century, Pepys attributed a cold in his head to the fact that he had lately bathed his feet.

It is interesting to note that our present-day life preservers are an outgrowth of a device adopted by sailors in uncertain seas. They learned that by tying the canes of bamboo around themselves, before a disabled ship staggered blindly on the rocks, they could keep afloat in water until by good fortune they might swim to shore or reach safety.

The Royal Society, chartered under Charles II, was tireless in investigating all that was new. It sent forth Captain Cook in 1767 to the South Seas; he reached Australia and raised the British flag in a new continent. He explored Botany Bay—so-called because botanists and scientists accompanying him recorded all that was unfamiliar. This afterwards became a penal station for the relief of English prisons. Cook later explored the Sandwich Islands and those known as Cook's islands, where he was killed by hostile natives.

As early as 1769 a paper was read before the Society on the food value of the peanut and the "love-apples," cultivated first in English gardens for the beauty of their fruit, which was regarded as deadly poisonous, were made known to the public generally as quite harmless and

possessing excellent food properties under the familiar name of tomatoes.

The rapid change which came about in the industrial world, whereby the rural districts became depopulated and factory sites over-populated, gave rise to wide distress and the direst poverty. In the country people can at least keep clean; this is impossible in grimy cities where smoke settles over the flat regions where lowly laborers dwell. When men are starving, they are bound to steal and the history of crime in the eighteenth century is appalling, the more because of the inexorable laws which were passed in a vain effort to check it. It was physically impossible to hang the number sentenced to such a fate on every hanging day. They were chained and placed in prison ships in the river and when this system was proved to be both inhumane and ineffectual, ship loads of them were sent into the colonies. Time was to prove that such a class of human derelicts is poor stuff of which to build a new nation. Yet, in Australia where large numbers of convicts were landed, many of them did begin life anew. Passing through hardships of incredible suffering, those who survived were sometimes regenerated by the process.

In London pickpockets and robbers abounded. People found it unsafe to be abroad on the streets at night. The fact that men advanced in years and disqualified for other occupation were employed as watchmen made it possible for thugs to hold the public at bay. An entirely different system was now inaugurated; the streets were lighted and able bodied police installed to protect life and property. After the daily mail coach between the capital and the port of Bristol had been robbed every day for five consecutive days, it was sent out under an armed guard and the bandits retired to more sequestered districts.

Dickens' stories have made the prisons of the early nineteenth century familiar to us. Those of earlier times defy description. The poor were unprotected and if guilty of petty thieving or misdemeanors or even if wrongfully accused, they were utterly helpless. Small crimes were punished as severely as large ones, after the manner of Draco, who claimed that the stealing of a cabbage justified

slaying and that he knew no more severe penalty for homicide. The first work of prison reform constitutes a bright page in English history.

The early Hanoverians were not cultivated rulers and it was scarcely to be expected that the life of the age would exhibit social graces greatly in advance of those displayed at Court. There were notable leaders who worked for the improvement of society. Lady Montagu exerted a considerable influence in behalf of women, holding salons after the manner of the French whither they were invited to meet with men. Prior to this, English women had not been seen very much in public places. The coarseness of the theatre and the inordinate drinking doubtless explain to a great extent their somewhat secluded life. The education of women had not prepared them for participation in public affairs, save as favored daughters, reared in highly cultivated families, afforded notable exceptions to the rule.

Science made mighty strides. New inventions and a truer understanding of the world around them enabled pioneers to pave the way for the marvellous scientific advancement of the succeeding century. The establishment of several news journals and papers and the increasing number of people who could read led to numerous changes. For the first time in London, houses were numbered and the old signs, which had served generations scarcely at ease with numbers, were removed.

Among the brighter aspects was the manifestation of a more tolerant religious spirit than had characterized Reformation years; a substantial middle class had arisen and, through prosperity of trade, was able to bridge class distinctions that had marked the age of privileged orders; Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* revealed the fact that money and wealth are not synonymous, but that money is only the measure of wealth. This transformed theories of trade which had operated unhappily against permanence and stability. In spite of the excessive use of intoxicants and the coarseness of the period, there were signs of growing refinement and culture. On the other hand, the dark side of the picture is dark indeed. It bespeaks the exploitation of little children for the benefit of greedy taskmasters;

it records the fact that women and children were exposed to dangerous machinery without the shadow of legal protection thrown around them. It describes prisons, loathsome and unventilated, where the accused were huddled promiscuously together, children learning from the depraved all the wickedness these could teach. The latter part of the eighteenth and first of the nineteenth are usually called the "dark ages of modern times" and undeniably they present many features that are revolting in the extreme. Nevertheless, the period was transitional. England was passing from an agricultural to a manufacturing state; the making of articles was taken suddenly from the private home and shop into the factory. The transition was too abrupt for the government to cope with it. Years had to elapse and much suffering ensue before society could adapt itself to the new state of affairs. Such periods are inevitably times of hardship for the laboring classes.

Mention should be made of the change in the calendar which was effected in 1751. Heretofore England had followed the Julian calendar, instituted by Julius Cæsar in Rome. According to this, each year was a few hours too long, but the extra day in leap years left it a few minutes too short and as early as 1582 Italian astronomers had corrected the reckoning and brought forward the Gregorian calendar, as it was called, after Pope Gregory XIII. It was adopted in all Catholic lands, but England, Sweden and Russia would not accept it; it was thought by the English to savour too much of what was collectively termed "popery." The 25th of March was accepted as the first day of the new year and the twelve months were divided into four quarters, each introduced by a holiday: March 25 was known as Lady's Day, from a church anniversary of the annunciation of the Mother Mary; June 21, as Midsummer Day; September 29, as Michaelmas; and December 25 as Christmas. There had come to be a difference of eleven days between the English and continental system of reckoning time and it was enacted by Parliament that the days from September 2nd until September 14th should be passed over, so that the reformed calendar might be established. Failing to understand the significance of the change, mobs of workers thronged the

streets, demanding that they should be given back their "eleven days." This explains the fact that a date may sometimes be given, as 1715-6, for example, to indicate that according to the old reckoning the first date is true, while the new calendar would place it in the following year. Some historians employ this double system; others use the old method for all dates before 1751; some transpose all dates into the new system. Consequently variations are sure to appear wherever historical events prior to 1751 are mentioned by different writers.

5. THE RISE OF EMPIRE

England dominates one-fourth of the earth's land-surface; twenty-five per cent of the world's population inhabits this area. When Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne in 1558 her kingdom did not embrace the entire island, whose area is less than that of the state of Oregon. The rise of the British Empire constitutes one of the most thrilling stories modern history has to narrate. Thrown into dramatic form, its three acts might be said to correspond to the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, with the sixteenth century for the prologue and the twentieth for the epilogue. Each part essential to the whole, none was more significant than the eighteenth century; while without the propitious prologue, the later scenes would have been far different from those actually unfolded.

To pass in quick review the earlier portions of the fascinating story, England's part in western discovery began with the patent issued to John Cabot by Henry VII, authorizing him to discover lands not already appropriated by Christian nations, and his subsequent discovery, on St. John's Day, June 24, 1497, of Newfoundland—or possibly Labrador, for this is uncertain. For years nothing more was accomplished in winning new territories in the New World for England.

Before the time of Henry VIII, England did not boast a royal navy. Instead, sovereigns bargained with private individuals to protect the seacoast and, speaking generally, danger was apprehended only on the south, along the Channel. For many years the Barons of the Cinque Ports, as

they were called, received valuable trade privileges in turn for guarding the harbors of Sandwich, Dover, Hastings, Romney and Hythe and for supplying vessels to the king in time of need. Similar arrangements were made later with other ports along the narrow sea which separates England from the continent of Europe.

Trade and conquest have frequently gone hand in hand, and knowledge of the expansion of English trade is imperative for an understanding of territorial growth. Under Richard II navigation laws were passed to encourage English trade but not until the reign of Henry VII did a sovereign thoroughly grasp the necessity of building up commerce as the basis of national prosperity. The prohibition made by him against importing wares in other than English bottoms was modified during Elizabeth's time so that English merchants importing in foreign ships were obliged to pay the duty required of aliens.

The explorations of sixteenth century England were carried on exclusively by private enterprise. Whereas sea battles had previously been land battles fought at sea, and any bark that could float was deemed sufficient to transport troops for hand-to-hand grapples, knowledge of the ocean gained by the daring mariners of the Elizabethan era led to the discarding of old methods and the adoption of new ones. Hawkins, Drake, Raleigh, Frobisher, Davis, Gilbert and many others, battling with storms, sailing uncharted waters, learned the science of nautical affairs. It was knowledge so gained, at the sacrifice of untold lives and by sustained courage, that enabled doughty seamen to reduce Philip II's splendid Armada to wreckage.

The seventeenth century witnessed the formation of those great trading companies that were destined to carry the flag of their country east and west and open the way for permanent settlement. The Muscovy or Russian company was formed under Queen Mary; in 1581 the Levant or Turkey company received official sanction, its purpose being to trade with Ottoman lands. On the last day of the year 1600, the aged Elizabeth issued royal patent to the East India company. Such commercial bodies multiplied under the Stuarts. Chartered companies were authorized to plant

settlements as well as make discoveries and the first English colonies in America were made by the London company, in 1607 at Jamestown and by the Plymouth company in 1620 at Plymouth. The Hudson's Bay company was formed in 1670 and the Royal African Company of England, two years later. The flagrant mismanagement of the American settlements which proved so irritating to the colonists and often appear inexplicably stupid to the student of our colonial history, resulted from the fact that each plantation was directed by a mercantile company in England whose money was invested in the project with a hope of realizing good returns at no distant time. When additional outlay was required instead of fabulous wealth discovered, the enthusiasm at home soon abated and the settlers were left to shift for themselves.

The tiny island of Bombay and the garrison of Tangier came to England as part of the dowry of the Portuguese princess who became the unhappy wife of Charles II. Pepys visited Tangier and agreed with other members of the Admiralty Board that it was best for England to abandon it. Bombay was leased indefinitely to the East India company and presently became the center of British interest in India. Some time before, Madras had been acquired by an East Indian agent, Francis Day, and a fort, called Ft. St. George, had been erected there. In such simple and inconspicuous ways British influence became permanently established in India.

It cannot be repeated too often that the dominating motive urging men to undergo the greatest physical ordeals and endless suffering throughout the age of discovery and exploration was the hope of finding new trade routes to the East, whose coveted wares meant certain wealth for whatever country might search out waterways not yet appropriated by other nations.

The eighteenth century, destined to bring about so many changes in colonial affairs, opened in England by the passage of the Act of Union by both English and Scottish Parliaments. The two kingdoms were at this time permanently joined together as the Kingdom of Great Britain. The war of Spanish Succession closed with England foremost of

sea powers. Further, by the capture of Gibraltar in 1704, her activities in the Mediterranean began.

We have seen that several wars were fought during this century to check the expansion of France, the policy of Louis XIV being to establish preponderance of power in Europe. As quickly as hostilities between the two nations broke out in Europe it inevitably followed that the French and English in India and in America attacked one another's settlements and tried to cut off all trade. In North America the English settlements reached along the Atlantic seaboard from Maine to Georgia. The French had established themselves in the interior, confident that if they could hold the mouths of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, they would be able to build up an inland empire, accommodated by waterways, thus setting definite limits on English westward expansion. The despoilation of Acadia—Nova Scotia—the taking of Louisbourg, and the battle for Quebec all resulted from efforts made by the English to frustrate these plans. The treaty of Utrecht, 1713, left England in possession of Gibraltar and Minorca in the Mediterranean; Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and the Hudson Bay country, and one of the West Indies; also she was permitted, by contract with Spain, to send one vessel yearly to Panama, to sell wares to the Spanish colonists. Very amusing tales survive of a string of boats anchored out of sight of the harbor, which slipped up, one after another, in the dead of night and reloaded the one favored vessel, time and again, until her cargo must have seemed as inexhaustible as a wishing well.

The first Austrian war, settled by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, accomplished little, despite its wanton destruction; in so far as possible it was agreed that everything should be restored to its former status. However, the Peace of Paris, 1763, terminating the Seven Years' War, found the French driven from Canada and the Mississippi basin, left England with four of the West Indies—highly valued for their sugar production—with possessions in Africa and material gains in India.

a. LOSS OF AMERICAN COLONIES

Ere twenty years had passed, her colonies in North America had been lost to England. Their independence terminated what is sometimes called the *old* British Empire, whose policy was to make the trade of the colonies subservient to the profit of the home country. The Georges were German kings whom chance set down in a freedom loving land. Due to the slight participation taken by the first two, no serious results accrued to the realm. George III determined to win back such power as his predecessors had wielded. Moreover, absorbed in personal affairs, he gave slight attention to the dilapidated state into which the navy had fallen.

The exploitation of American colonies for the benefit of the mother land led those imbued with the principles of English liberty on both sides of the Atlantic to protest. It was not wholly because the French exulted in the high tenets of the Declaration of Independence that they sent help thither; the chance to strike a blow to England was far too good to lose. The failure of England to preserve her revolting colonies was due in part, to be sure, to the sacrifices made by the colonists and to their redoubtable general, Washington; it was also due to the deplorable condition of the British army and navy. Callender says with astute penetration: "Two bonds unite England and her Empire together—affection and battleships. George III had the unique misfortune of simultaneously dissolving both." And again: "Nobody today hesitates to affirm that the capitulation of Yorktown established the independence of the United States. But nobody today can doubt that, if the fleet which fought for Britain at the Chesapeake had been the fleet which won Quebec in 1759, General Washington might well have sighed in vain for deliverance from King George."³

A new colonial system was inaugurated after the loss of the thirteen colonies. England's misfortune was Canada's gain. It had been demonstrated that Englishmen could not be bound but would fight to the end for the liberties won by their forbears in the Magna Charta and subsequent state papers insuring their rights.

“A present-day view of the Empire on its better side would rightly credit it with having been a great dispenser of freedom throughout the world, both of political freedom and of freedom of trade, and also with having been in the front rank in ruling native races with justice and sense of responsibility. It has been seen that British citizens took freedom with them when they crossed the ocean, and it is fair to the home government to bear in mind that they did not withhold but countenanced and granted representative institutions and local assemblies even as, within narrower limits, the Romans in their Empire planted *coloniæ* and *municipia*. . . . The fateful twenty years, 1763 to 1783, in which Great Britain fell so low after having been so high, were in reality years of a great and salutary awakening. The downfall of the old Empire was a necessary prelude to building up a structure on a broader base, with better cement, and in these disastrous years were laid the foundations of the coming time. When the best men in England ranged themselves on the side of the revolting colonists, they were standing for freedom in the Old Country as well as in America; they were standing for responsible government which did not exist under George III.”⁴

b. FROM EDMUND BURKE'S "CONCILIATION
WITH AMERICA"*

The capital leading questions on which you must this day decide, are these two: first, whether you ought to concede; and secondly, what your concession ought to be. To enable us to determine both on the one and the other of these great questions with a firm and precise judgment, I think it may be necessary to consider distinctly the true nature and the peculiar circumstances of the object which we have before us. Because after all our struggle, whether we will or not, we must govern America according to that nature, and to those circumstances; and not according to our own imaginations; nor according to abstract ideas of right; by no means according to mere general theories of government. . . .

America, gentlemen say is a noble object. It is an object well worth fighting for. Certainly it is, if fighting a people

is the best way of gaining them. Gentlemen in this respect will be led to their choice of means by their complexions and their habits. Those who understand the military art will of course have some predilection for it. Those who wield the thunder of the state may have more confidence in the efficacy of arms. But I confess, possibly for want of this knowledge, my opinion is much more in favor of prudent management than of force,—considering force not as an odious but a feeble instrument, for preserving a people so numerous, so active, so growing, so spirited as this, in a profitable and subordinate connection with us.

First, sir, permit me to observe that the use of force alone is but *temporary*. It may subdue for a moment, but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again; and a nation is not governed, which is perpetually to be conquered.

My next objection is its *uncertainty*. Terror is not always the effect of force, and an armament is not a victory. If you do not succeed, you are without resource; for conciliation failing, force remains; but, force failing, no further hope of reconciliation is left. Power and authority are sometimes bought by kindness; but they can never be begged as alms by an impoverished and defeated violence.

A further objection to force is, that you *impair the object* by your very endeavors to preserve it. The thing you fought for is not the thing you recover; but depreciated, sunk, wasted, and consumed in the contest. Nothing less will content me, than *whole America*. I do not choose to consume its strength along with our own; because in all parts it is the British strength that I consume. I do not choose to be caught by a foreign enemy at the end of this exhausting conflict; still less in the midst of it. I may escape; but I can make no insurance against such an event. Let me add that I do not choose wholly to break the American spirit; because it is the spirit that has made the country.

Lastly, we have no sort of *experience* in favor of force as an instrument in the rule of our colonies. Their growth and their utility has been owing to methods altogether different. Our ancient indulgence has been said to be pursued

to a fault. It may be so. But we know, if feeling is evidence, that our fault was more tolerable than our attempt to mend it; and our sin far more salutary than our penitence.

These, sir, are my reasons for not entertaining that high opinion of untried force, by which many gentlemen, for whose sentiments in other particulars I have great respect, seem to be so greatly captivated. But there is still behind a third consideration concerning this object, which serves to determine my opinion on the sort of policy which ought to be pursued in the management of America, even more than its population and commerce—I mean its *temper and character*.

In this character of the Americans, a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole; and as an ardent is always a jealous affection, your colonies become suspicious, restive, and untractable, whenever they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force, or shuffle from them by chicane, what they think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English colonies probably than in any other people of the earth; and this from a great variety of powerful causes, which, to understand the true temper of their minds, and the direction which this spirit takes, it will not be amiss to lay open somewhat more largely.

First, the people of the colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, sir, is a nation which still, I hope, respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The colonists emigrated from you when this part of your character was most predominant, and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are therefore not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas, and on English principles. Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object; and every nation has formed to itself some favorite point, which by way of eminence becomes the criterion of their happiness. It happened, you know, sir, that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing. Most of the contests in the ancient commonwealths turned primarily on the right of election of magistrates,



LADY RUSSELL

A beauty of the end of the eighteenth century. Portrait by Romney.

or on the balance among the several orders of the state. The question of money was not with them so immediate. But in England it was otherwise. On this point of taxes the ablest pens and most eloquent tongues have been exercised; the greatest spirits have acted and suffered. In order to give the fullest satisfaction concerning the importance of this point, it was not only necessary for those who in argument defended the excellence of the English Constitution, to insist on this privilege of granting money as a dry point of fact, and to prove that the right had been acknowledged in ancient parchments, and blind usages, to reside in a certain body called a House of Commons. They went much further: they attempted to prove, and they succeeded, that in theory it ought to be so, from the particular nature of a House of Commons, as an immediate representative of the people, whether the old records had delivered this oracle or not. They took infinite pains to inculcate as a fundamental principle, that in all monarchies the people must in effect themselves, mediately or immediately, possess the power of granting their own money, or no shadow of liberty could subsist. The colonies draw from you, as with their lifeblood, those ideas and principles. Their love of liberty, as with you, fixed and attached on this specific point of taxing. Liberty might be safe, or might be endangered in twenty other particulars, without their being much pleased or alarmed. Here they felt its pulse; and as they found that beat they thought themselves sick or sound. I do not say whether they were right or wrong in applying your general arguments to their own case. It is not easy indeed to make a monopoly of theorems and corollaries. The fact is, that they did thus apply those general arguments; and your mode of governing them, whether through lenity or indolence, through wisdom or mistake, confirmed them in the imagination, that they, as well as you, had an interest in these common principles.

They were further confirmed in this pleasing error by the form of their provincial legislative assemblies. Their governments are popular in a high degree; some are merely popular; in all, the popular representative is the most weighty; and this share of the people in their ordinary

government never fails to inspire them with lofty sentiments, and with a strong aversion from whatever tends to deprive them of their chief importance.

If anything were wanting to this necessary operation of the form of government, religion would have given it a complete effect. Religion, always a principle of energy, in this new people is no way worn out or impaired; and their mode of professing it is also one main cause of this free spirit. The people are Protestants; and of that kind which is most adverse to all implicit submission of mind and opinion. This is a persuasion not only favorable to liberty, but built upon it. I do not think, sir, that the reason of this averseness in the dissenting churches, from all that looks like absolute government, is so much to be sought in their religious tenets, as in their history. Every one knows that the Roman Catholic religion is at least cœval with most of the governments where it prevails; that it has generally gone hand in hand with them, and received great favor and every kind of support from authority. The Church of England too was formed from her cradle under the nursing care of regular government. But the dissenting interests have sprung up in direct opposition to all the ordinary powers of the world, and could justify that opposition only on a strong claim to natural liberty. Their very existence depended on the powerful and unremitted assertion of that claim. All Protestantism, even the most cold and passive, is a sort of dissent. But the religion most prevalent in our northern colonies is a refinement on the principle of resistance; it is the dissidence of dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion. This religion, under a variety of denominations agreeing in nothing but in the communion of the spirit of liberty, is predominant in most of the northern provinces; where the Church of England, notwithstanding its legal rights, is in reality no more than a private sect, not composing most probably the tenth of the people. The colonists left England when this spirit was high, and in the emigrants was highest of all; and even that stream of foreigners which has been constantly flowing into these colonies has for the greatest part been composed of dissenters from the establishments of their several countries,

and have brought with them a temper and character far from alien to that of the people with whom they mixed.

Sir, I can perceive by their manner that some gentlemen object to the latitude of this description; because in the southern colonies the Church of England forms a large body, and has a regular establishment. It is certainly true. There is, however, a circumstance attending these colonies, which, in my opinion, fully counterbalances this difference, and makes the spirit of liberty still more high and haughty than in those to the northward. It is, that in Virginia and the Carolinas they have a vast multitude of slaves. Where this is the case in any part of the world, those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. Freedom is to them not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege. Not seeing there, that freedom, as in countries where it is a common blessing, and as broad and general as the air, may be united with much abject toil, with great misery, with all the exterior of servitude, liberty looks, amongst them, like something that is more noble and liberal. I do not mean, sir, to commend the superior morality of this sentiment, which has at least as much pride as virtue in it; but I cannot alter the nature of man. The fact is so; and these people of the southern colonies are much more strongly, and with a higher and more stubborn spirit, attached to liberty, than those to the northward. Such were all the ancient commonwealths; such were our Gothic ancestors; such in our days were the Poles; and such will be all masters of slaves, who are not slaves themselves. In such a people, the haughtiness of domination combines with the spirit of freedom, fortifies it, and renders it invincible.

Permit me, sir, to add another circumstance in our colonies, which contributes no mean part towards the growth and effect of this untractable spirit. I mean their education. In no country, perhaps, in the world is the law so general a study. The profession itself is numerous and powerful; and in most provinces it takes the lead. The greater number of the deputies sent to the congress were lawyers. But all who read, and most do read, endeavor to obtain some smattering in that science. I have been told by an eminent bookseller that in no branch of his business, after tracts of

popular devotion, were so many books as those on the law exported to the plantations. The colonists have now fallen into the way of printing them for their own use. I hear that they have sold nearly as many of Blackstone's Commentaries in America as in England.

The last cause of this disobedient spirit in the colonies is hardly less powerful than the rest, as it is not merely moral, but laid deep in the natural constitution of things. Three thousand miles of ocean lie between you and them. No contrivance can prevent the effect of this distance in weakening government. Seas roll, and months pass, between the order and execution; and the want of a speedy explanation of a single point is enough to defeat a whole system. You have, indeed, winged ministers of vengeance, who carry your bolts in their pounces to the remotest verge of the sea. But there a power steps in, that limits the arrogance of raging passions and furious elements, and says, "So far shalt thou go, and no farther." Who are you, that should fret and rage, and bite the chains of nature? Nothing worse happens to you than does to all nations who have extensive empire; and it happens in all the forms into which empire can be thrown.

Then, sir, from these six capital sources: of descent; of form of government; of religion in the northern provinces; of manners in the southern; of education; of the remoteness of situation from the first mover of government; from all these causes a fierce spirit of liberty has grown up. It has grown with the growth of the people in your colonies, and increased with the increase of their wealth; a spirit that unhappily meeting with an exercise of power in England, which, however lawful, is not reconcilable to any ideas of liberty, much less with theirs, has kindled this flame that is ready to consume us.

¹ Botsford: *English Society in the 18th Century*, p. 71. Highly instructive for this period.

² *Ibid.*, p. 73.

³ Callender: *Naval Side of British History*, 167; 170.

⁴ Lucas: *The Story of the Empire*, 124.

* Delivered March 22, 1775.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE

1. THE AGE OF POPE

THE eighteenth century is remembered for its prose rather than its poetry, yet during the first third of the cycle Pope held the popular ear and was accounted one of the world's great poets. He is still acknowledged to have been foremost of the versifiers of his day but regarding his rank among English poets as a whole, there is wide difference of opinion.

Dryden had been a conspicuous exponent of classicism, which had reached England by way of France in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Pope frankly admitted his debt to his illustrious predecessor. During those years in which classicism dominated, writers of poetry exhibited a spirit of criticism rather than creative thought. Society and institutions demanded attention; less was heard of the individual than in Shakespearean times. Perfection of form, well polished lines and pithy sayings received careful attention; original ideas were lacking. It was assumed that there was no longer anything new under the sun and the apogee of genius was manifested by the clothing an old idea in novel garb. The rhymed couplet, which had been made so popular by Dryden, retained its hold. In the very nature of the case it hampered spontaneous expression and set an artificial limitation upon the poet.

Alexander Pope was born in 1688, the son of a linen merchant. His parents were Catholics, which at the outset closed to him the best schools of the day. He was privately educated and early exhibited an ability for writing verses. An only child, instructed by private tutors, he grew to early manhood accustomed to having his own way, impatient of criticism and mentally undisciplined. As he came into his teens, as a result of excessive application to his books, lack of physical exercise and properly directed living, he was stunted in growth and deformed; his health throughout was poor and he developed an erotic disposition. It is impos-

sible to pass over Pope's physical handicaps, for they explain his continual warfare with his contemporaries who happened to incur his displeasure. Indeed, few among his associates failed at one time or another to arouse his ire. Touched at birth with the magic wand of satire, his pen was dipped in venom and his shafts of wit were sharp.

Pope's *Pastorals* were published in 1709. Their shepherds and shepherdesses savoured of London, despite imitation of Virgil and other classic writers of idylls. In his *Essay on Criticism*, which appeared in 1711, the poet's facility with the heroic couplet was established. *The Rape of the Lock*, a mock-heroic poem, built out of the slight material supplied by a social rupture between two families, a popular gallant having surreptitiously cut a curl from the head of a social belle, won its author immediate fame.

It was in the dozen years following 1713 that Pope turned his attention to translating the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* into English. Regrettably, his knowledge of Greek was superficial. An advanced subscription was made of the work ere it came from the press; consequently Pope received considerably more than five thousand pounds sterling for the *Iliad* and somewhat less for the *Odyssey*. Money then having a far greater purchasing power than now, this undertaking made him independent and is remembered because it was the earliest example of a writer, having but a slight competence or none at all, being able to win his income directly from the public, thus set free from need of wealthy patrons in order to gain leisure to pursue a literary career.

"A very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer." So said the foremost Greek scholar of his acquaintance. Not only was Pope hampered by his linguistic deficiencies but he was not well grounded in early Greek history. As a result, under his pen the Homeric heroes, as someone has said, became eighteenth century English politicians and leaders. The more discerning who had subscribed for the work expressed considerable disappointment and Pope's peace of mind was disturbed since he was compelled to admit in his own mind the justice of some of the objections proffered against him. However,

due to his poetical genius, his *Iliad* possessed its own charm; part of the *Odyssey* was translated for him by others.

He was now possessed of sufficient means to purchase a country place at Twickenham, a suburb of London, on the Thames. Here his literary associates visited him and here he wrote his *Essay on Man*, published in 1732. Here too the *Dunciad*, a satire on his contemporary poets whose genius he denied, first saw the light.

Pope's poetical works are so permeated with his personal venom that it is difficult to appraise him aright. His philosophy is always superficial, for he was never a profound thinker; he saw life on the surface and was content to express commonplaces uncommonly well. Policy rather than conviction frequently radiates from his lines:

"Be not the first by whom the new is tried
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

Scores of his couplets that are the common possession of mankind—and are constantly repeated by those who could not always give their origin—call to mind the advice given by Polonius to his son Laertes before he embarked for his journey.

Pope was the chief exponent of the classical, sometimes called the artificial, school. The fact that he was endowed with the faculty of taking pains, that he was withal a poet, enabled him to write poems that still impel attention and wrung admiration even from his contemporary foes. In his personal life he was far from admirable; deception and trickery were among his unhappy traits. Demonstrating the capacity for spite often displayed by those to whom nature has been unkind, Pope used every opportunity, permissible and insupportable, to further his own cause and to obtain his own way.

Nevertheless, his genius cannot be gainsaid and even today, when the qualities he esteemed and the ideals that dominated his age are no longer defended and blank verse has triumphed over the artificial couplet which he so generally employed, it is possible to read with enjoyment his

poetical essays, his satires in verse and his mock-heroic poem. His "application of common sense to the problems of the universe and man" produced pleasurable results. Yet, in truth it must be added, that while many read his pages with enjoyment and find his sarcasm exhilarating, it is inconceivable that any should turn to him for inspiration or for consolation in time of sorrow, as they turn to poets who sang from their hearts.

a. From AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

PART I

'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing or in judging ill;
 But of the two less dangerous is th' offence
 To tire our patience than mislead our sense:
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
 A fool might once himself alone expose;
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
 In Poets as true Genius is but rare,
 True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
 Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.
 Let such teach others who themselves excel,
 And censure freely who have written well;
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
 But are not Critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
 Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
 The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right:
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
 Is by ill col'ring but the more disgraced,
 So by false learning is good sense defaced:
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools:
 In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn Critics in their own defence:
 Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,

Or with a rival's or an eunuch's spite.
 All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
 There are who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for Wits, then Poets pass'd;
 Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain Fools at last.
 Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 Those half-learn'd wittings, numerous in our isle,
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal;
 To tell them would a hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain Wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
 And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
 Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
 How far your Genius, Taste, and Learning go,
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
 And mark that point where Sense and Dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
 As on the land while here the ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
 Thus in the soul while Memory prevails,
 The solid power of Understanding fails;
 Where beams of warm Imagination play,
 The Memory's soft figures melt away.
 One Science only will one genius fit;
 So vast is Art, so narrow human wit:
 Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
 Like Kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more;
 Each might his sev'ral province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same;
 Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
 One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of Art.

Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp presides.
In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole;
Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains,
Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more to turn it to its use;
For Wit and Judgment often are at strife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide than spur the Muse's steed,
Restrain his fury than provoke his speed:
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those rules of old, discover'd, not devised,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodized;
Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites
When to repress and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urged the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they derived from Heav'n.
The generous Critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following Wits from that intention stray'd:
Who could not win the mistress woo'd the maid;
Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctors' bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey;
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they;
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made;
These leave the sense their learning to display,

And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each ancient's proper character;
His fable, subject, scope in every page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
Still with itself compared, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind
A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw;
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design,
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine
As if the Stagyrte o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy Nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky license answer to the full
Th' intent proposed, that license is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of Art,
Which, without passing thro' the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus some objects please our eyes,
Which out of Nature's common order rise,

The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
But tho' the ancients thus their rules invade,
(As Kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have at least their precedent to plead;
The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and misshaped appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His powers in equal ranks and fair array,
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay, seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands,
Secure from flames, from Envy's fiercer rage
Destructive war, and all-involving Age.
See from each clime the learn'd their increase bring!
Hear in all tongues consenting pæans ring!
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days,
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that most not yet be found!
O may some spark of your celestial fire
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights,
Glow while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain Wits a science little known,
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own.

PART II

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride, the never failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth denied
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride:
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits swell'd with wind:
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of Sense:
If once right Reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind:
But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where Nature moves, and Rapture warms the mind:
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That shunning faults one quiet tenor keep,

We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well proportion'd dome,
(The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length, appear;
The whole at once is bold and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors must the less commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of Principles, but Notions prize,
And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.

Once on a time La Mancha's Knight, they say,
A certain bard encount'ring on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian Stage;
Concluding all were desperate sots and fools
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produced his play, and begg'd the knight's advice;
Made him observe the Subject and the Plot,
The Manners, Passions, Unities; what not?
All which exact to rule were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
'What! leave the combat out?' exclaims the knight.
'Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrte.'
'Not so, by Heaven! (he answers in a rage)
Knights, squires, and steeds must enter on the stage.'
'So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.'
'Then build a new, or act it in a plain.'

Thus critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form short ideas, and offend in Arts
(As most in Manners), by a love to parts.

Some to Conceit alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit.
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of Art.
True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit:
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still—the Style in excellent;
The Sense they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;
The face of Nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay;
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable.
A vile Conceit in pompous words express'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
As sev'ral garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile;

Unlucky as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets drest.
In words as fashions the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tired,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by Numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong.
In the bright Muse tho' thousands charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find 'the cooling western breeze,'
In the next line, it 'whispers thro' the trees,'
If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs creep,'
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with 'sleep';
Then, at the last and only couplet, fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigour of a line
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from Art, not Chance.,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,

The line, too, labours, and the words move slow:
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
 Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
 While at each change the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
 And the world's Victor stood subdued by sound!
 The power of music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
 At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence;
 That always shows great pride or little sense:
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
 Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
 As things seem large which we thro' mist descry,
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
 The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
 Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is applied
 To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
 Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
 And force that sun but on a part to shine,
 Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
 But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
 Which from the first has shone on ages past.
 Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
 Tho' each may feel increases and decays,
 And see now clearer and now darker days.
 Regard not then if wit be old or new,
 But blame the False and value still the True.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
 But catch the spreading notion of the town;
 They reason and conclude by precedent,
 And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
 Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
 Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.

Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
 That in proud dulness joins with quality;
 A constant critic at the great man's board,
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
 What woful stuff this madrigal would be
 In some starv'd hackney sonneteer or me!
 But let a lord once own the happy lines,
 How the Wit brightens! how the Style refines!
 Before his sacred name flies every fault,
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

The vulgar thus thro' imitation err,
 As oft the learn'd by being singular;
 So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong.
 So schismatics the plain believers quit,
 And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
 Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
 But always think the last opinion right.
 A Muse by these is like a mistress used,
 This hour she's idolized, the next abused;
 While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
 Ask them the cause; they're wiser still they say;
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
 We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
 Our wiser sons no doubt will think us so.
 Once school-divines this zealous isle o'er-spread;
 Who knew most sentences was deepest read.
 Faith, Gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted.
 Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Ducklane.
 If Faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
 What wonder modes in Wit should take their turn?
 Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current Folly proves the ready Wit;
 And authors think their reputation safe,
 Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
 Fondly we think we honour merit then,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men.
 Parties in wit attend on those of state,

And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux:
But sense survived when merry jests were past;
For rising merit will buoy up to the last.
Might he return and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbournes must arise.
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will Merit as its shade pursue,
But like a shadow proves the substance true;
For envied Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that Golden Age appears,
When patriarch wits survived a thousand years:
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare three score is all ev'n that can boast:
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings:
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-lived vanity is lost;
Like some fair flower the early Spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.

What is this Wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife that other men enjoy;
Then most our trouble still when most admired,
And still the more we give, the more required;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure come to vex, but never all to please,
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If Wit so much from Ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not Learning too commence its foe!
Of old those met rewards who could excel.
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well;
Tho' triumphs were to gen'als only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
Now they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools;
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise!
Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost!
Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
Not yet purged off, of spleen and sour disdain,
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Tho' Wit and Art conspire to move your mind;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease
Sprung the rank weed, and thrived with large increase;
When love was all an easy monarch's care,
Seldom at council, never in a war;
Jilts ruled the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit;
The Fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimprov'd away;
The modest fan was lifted up no more,

And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
 The following license of a foreign reign
 Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
 Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
 Where Heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute,
 Lest God himself should seem too absolute;
 Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
 And vice admired to find a flatt'rer there!
 Encouraged thus, Wit's Titans braved the skies,
 And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
 These monsters, Critics! with your darts engage,
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
 Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice:
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

2. WRITERS OF PROSE

Since the study of fiction is reserved for special treatment, it is enough to observe that the English novel made its appearance in the latter portion of the eighteenth century. The fiction of Richardson, Fielding, Sterne and Smollett enjoys no great popularity among average readers today, eager for stories fresh from the press. Notwithstanding, their books were in wide demand a hundred years ago. As novels multiplied, the theatre fell into decay; by their own firesides people were now able to experience many of the sensations which plays had stimulated. Although the rise of fiction does not wholly account for the decline of drama, its effect upon it was indisputable. The writings of Defoe may be appropriately considered in connection with the novel since he was the first Englishman to discover that it is possible to write something imaginary so that it will pass as truthful narrative.

a. TWO HISTORIANS

Two historians of widely different parts belong to this period: Edward Gibbon and David Hume. So many manuscripts have been discovered during the last century, so frequently have disclosures long sealed up within the earth overthrown conclusions that had previously appeared to be

well grounded, that neither the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* nor Hume's *History of England* now rank as they did formerly. However, the latter work at no time deserved to stand by the monumental treatise of Gibbon.

Edward Gibbon was born in 1737; he died in 1794. As a child he was continually hampered by delicate health and afterwards attributed his survival to the tireless devotion of his aunt, who not only nursed him into a fair degree of health but taught him in infancy to read and write. At the age of fifteen he entered Magdalen College, Oxford. When his father, a Protestant, learned that his son believed himself won over to the teachings of Catholicism, he withdrew him from college and sent him into Switzerland, where he felt that his "mental malady" would soon disappear. As a matter of fact, French scepticism affected the young man profoundly and the most serious criticism which greeted his history was that he treated religious questions of early centuries with unmistakable irony.

His interest in political affairs and the details of his personal life have no place here. Suffice it to say that the first volume of his work appeared in 1776; the sixth and last, twelve years later.

Gibbon brought a well disciplined mind to a task thoroughly congenial to him. Whenever possible, he examined records and consulted the sources. He traveled in Italy to gain familiarity with places already known to him through the works of Latin writers. The first portion of his history is still useful to the historical student—despite the astute comment made upon it recently to the end that "no country can decline for five hundred years." The second portion is misleading. Gibbon did not adequately comprehend the importance of the Eastern Empire nor the part it played in saving Europe from early invasion.

David Hume (1711-1776) was the descendent of an ancient Scotch line. He was educated at the university of Edinburgh. It must be said in all candour that his training was insufficient to enable him to prepare an authentic history of England; neither did he appreciate the importance of verifying his statements or getting back to the sources for his facts. His disappointment at the small sale of his

work when the first volume appeared in 1754 led him to the erroneous conclusion that this was to be explained only by indifference on the part of Englishmen to his country and its writers. This delusion biased his later work and impaired its value. While his history possesses comparatively small value for the student today, it is noteworthy as the first attempt to prepare a popular treatise wherein social and industrial affairs were considered second only in importance to political development.

Hume's compeer and friend, Adam Smith (1723-1790), was sent first to the university of Glasgow and afterwards spent seven years at Oxford. He returned to accept the chair of logic in Glasgow where he afterwards for twelve years filled the chair of moral philosophy. He was an extensive writer on this subject but it is as an economist that he is now remembered. His *Inquiry into the Nature and Origins of the Wealth of Nations* was an epoch-making book. While not the first by any means to pursue this subject, he was the first to make it accessible to English readers and although his was not a book to be easily comprehended, as some of the Adams' literary associates agreed, it produced a marked affect and had much to do with the disappearance of what is known as the mercantile system in trade.

The century was rich in political pamphleteering—a matter of present day interest only to those closely concerned with the politics of the age. However, for the part he played in the struggle between Great Britain and her American colonies, it is fitting to mention the writings of Edmund Burke, born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1729. For nearly half a century he was active in the political life of his country. His oratorical powers made him a leader in the House of Commons. Standing with Englishmen who, on this west side of the Atlantic, opposed taxation without representation, he was later found doing his utmost to stem the tide of the French Revolution as it spread beyond French borders. The first crisis he regarded as concerning a detail of government; the second, as jeopardizing government itself. His speech on the *Conciliation of the American Colonies** and his *Reflections on the French Revolution* are read more widely than his other writings. Trail says that he expressed

himself "through a vocabulary the richest and most various that ever served the tongue or pen of man."¹

b. ADDISON AND STEELE

The early eighteenth century was favorably disposed toward periodicals that were issued weekly, containing news as well as short essays or discussions of social or moral themes. Conspicuous among the journalists who ministered to this demand were Joseph Addison and Richard Steele. Addison is the better known today. Steele (1672-1729), a soldier and temperamentally a restless man, was the innovator; Addison continued what Steele began. Steele established the *Tatler* in April, 1709, during Addison's absence from London. The latter came upon a copy of the weekly and recognized his friend's writing from some familiar expression. Later he joined Steele in the enterprise, writing some fifty out of nearly three hundred essays which were printed in the *Tatler*. Presently the disadvantage of printing political news in a periodical that treated of social matters led Steele to establish the *Spectator*, which was issued regularly for two years. Addison wrote more than half the essays contained in it.

Joseph Addison (1672-1719) was a poet as well as essayist and journalist. He was gifted with a sense of humor and by his amusing satires, written always in a gentle vein, he labored to correct many of the trifling abuses of his time. He poked mild fun at the crudities that characterized social intercourse of the middle class in London. Prosperity had wrought marked changes and many were reaching out for some of the refinements that had once been the possession of court and nobility. Slyly ridiculing the fop, the superficial, the vulgar, Addison called attention to the sterling qualities of merchants, whose trade reached away in distant lands; they had been too often patronized by the people of leisure. He treated the fine art of living and aroused enthusiasm for music, painting and literature. Being of a pious temperament, he discussed moral questions from a religious rather than a philosophical viewpoint. A series of essays appearing in the *Spectator* discussed Mil-

ton's great poem, *Paradise Lost*. These were written by Addison and stimulated considerable interest in the poem.

At length, in 1714, the *Spectator* had served its purpose and ceased to be; Steele soon after launched the *Guardian*, somewhat similar in character.

To sustain attention in a sheet which was distributed among its five hundred subscribers *occasionally* in the word of Addison, and actually two or three times each week, the *Spectator* purported to be the organ of a club of which Sir Roger de Coverly was the influential member around whom the others gathered; de Coverly represented the refined English gentleman; Addison was himself the Specator; other characters personating the merchant, the fashionable young man, and so on, were included. Essays on a variety of subjects were interspersed among the "de Coverly papers," as those were called that dealt with Sir Roger and his friends.

Addison is read today by students of social life in England during the reign of Queen Anne, to be sure; but he is perused by more who give this division of history scant attention. They appreciate his easy, conversational style, which is intimate without being familiar; accurate without being pedantic, and lucid although never labored. He himself embodies those qualities which we instinctively associate with gentlemen of the old school: courtesy, nobility of character, high standards of conduct, and a genuine interest in mankind. By humorous allusion, honest criticism, and subtle wit, he accomplished more by his short essays than the sermons of a lifetime could have effected. Stevenson and other distinguished writers of admirable style have acknowledge their debt to his charming essays.

c. FROM THE SPECTATOR

No. 9.

[ADDISON.]

Man is said to be a Sociable Animal, and, as an Instance of it, we may observe, that we take all Occasions and Pretences of forming ourselves into those little Nocturnal Assemblies, which are commonly known by the name of

Clubs. When a Sett of Men find themselves agree in any Particular, tho' never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of Fraternity, and meet once or twice a Week, upon the account of such a Fantastick Resemblance. I know a considerable Market-town, in which there was a Club of fat Men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with Sprightliness and Wit, but to keep one another in Countenance: The Room where the Club met was something of the largest, and had two Entrances, the one by a Door of a moderate Size, and the other by a Pair of Folding-doors. If a Candidate for this Corpulent Club could make his Entrance through the first, he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he stuck in the Passage, and could not force his Way through it, the Folding-Doors were immediately thrown open for his Reception, and he was saluted as a Brother. I have heard that this Club, though it consisted but of fifteen Persons, weighed above three Tun.

In Opposition to this Society, there sprung up another composed of Scare-crows and Skeletons, who being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the Designs of their Bulky Brethren, whom they represented as Men of Dangerous Principles; till at length they worked them out of the Favour of the People, and consequently out of the Magistracy. These Factions tore the Corporation in Pieces for several Years, till at length they came to this Accommodation; that the two Bailiffs of the Town should be annually chosen out of the two Clubs; by which means the principal Magistrates are at this Day coupled like Rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the Club, or rather the Confederacy, of the *Kings*. This grand Alliance was formed a little after the Return of King *Charles* the Second, and admitted into it Men of all Qualities and Professions, provided they agreed in this Sirname of *King*, which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared the Owners of it to be altogether untainted with Republican and Anti-Monarchical Principles.

A Christian Name has likewise been often used as a Badge of Distinction, and made the Occasion of a Club.

That of the *Georges*, which used to meet at the Sign of the *George*, on *St. George's Day*, and swear *Before George*, is still fresh in every one's Memory.

There are at present in several Parts of this City what they call *Street-Clubs*, in which the chief Inhabitants of the Street converse together every Night. I remember, upon my enquiring after Lodgings in *Ormond-Street*, the Landlord, to recommend that Quarter of the Town, told me, there was at that time a very good Club in it; he also told me, upon further Discourse with him, that two or three noisie Country Squires, who were settled there the Year before, had considerably sunk the Price of House-Rent; and that the Club (to prevent the like Inconveniences for the future) had Thoughts of taking every House that became vacant into their own Hands, till they had found a Tenant for it, of a sociable Nature and good Conversation.

The *Hum-Drum Club*, of which I was formerly an unworthy Member, was made up of every honest Gentlemen, of peaceable Dispositions, that used to sit together, smook their Pipes, and say nothing till Midnight. The *Mum Club* (as I am informed) is an Institution of the same Nature, and as great an Enemy to Noise.

After these two innocent Societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very mischievous one, that was erected in the Reign of King *Charles the Second*: I mean *the Club of Duellists*, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his Man. The President of it was said to have killed half a dozen in single Combat; and as for the other Members, they took their Seats according to the Number of their Slain. There was likewise a Side-Table, for such as had only drawn Blood, and shewn a laudable Ambition of taking the first Opportunity to qualifie themselves for the first Table. This Club, consisting only of Men of Honour, did not continue long, most of the Members of it being put to the Sword, or hanged, a little after its Institution.

Our Modern celebrated Clubs are founded upon Eating and Drinking, which are Points wherein most Men agree, and in which the Learned and Illiterate, the Dull and the Airy, the Philosopher and the Buffoon, can all of them bear

a Part. The *Kit-Cat* itself is said to have taken its Original from a Mutton-Pye. The *Beef-Steak*, and *October Clubs*, are neither of them averse to Eating and Drinking, if we may form a Judgment of them from their respective Titles.

When Men are thus knit together, by a Love of Society, not a Spirit of Faction, and don't meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another; When they are thus combined for their own Improvement, or for the Good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the Business of the Day, by an innocent and cheerful Conversation, there may be something very useful in these little Institutions and Establishments.

I cannot forbear concluding this Paper with a Scheme of Laws that I met with upon a Wall in a little Ale-house: How I came thither I may inform my Reader at a more convenient time. These Laws were enacted by a Knot of Artizans and Mechanicks, who used to meet every Night; and as there is something in them which gives us a pretty Picture of low Life, I shall transcribe them Word for Word.

Rules to be observed in the Two-penny Club, erected in this Place, for the Preservation of Friendship and good Neighbourhood.

I. Every Member at his first coming in shall lay down his Two-Pence.

II. Every Member shall fill his Pipe out of his own Box.

III. If any Member absents himself he shall forfeit a Penny for the Use of the Club, unless in case of Sickness or Imprisonment.

IV. If any Member swears or curses, his Neighbour may give him a Kick upon the Shins.

V. If any Member tells Stories in the Club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third Lie an Half-penny.

VI. If any Member strikes another wrongfully, he shall pay his Club for him.

VII. If any Member brings his Wife into the Club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smoaks.

VIII. If any Member's Wife comes to fetch him home from the Club, she shall speak to him without the Door.

IX. If any Member calls another Cuckold, he shall be turned out of the Club.

X. None shall be admitted into the Club that is of the same Trade with any Member of it.

XI. None of the Club shall have his Cloaths or Shoes made or mended, but by a Brother-Member.

XII. No Non-juror shall be capable of being a Member.

The Morality of this little Club is guarded by such wholesome Laws and Penalties, that I question not but my Reader will be as well pleased with them, as he would have been with the *Leges Convivales* of *Ben Johnson*, the *Regulations* of an old *Roman* Club cited by *Lipsius*, or the Rules of a *Symposium* in an ancient Greek Author.

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No. 12.

[ADDISON.]

Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.—Pers.

At my coming to *London*, it was some time before I could settle my self in a House to my liking. I was forced to quit my first Lodgings, by reason of an officious Landlady, that would be asking me every Morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest Family, and lived very happily for above a Week; when my Landlord, who was a jolly good-natured Man, took it into his Head that I wanted Company, and therefore would frequently come into my Chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three Days; but telling me one Day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new Lodgings that very Night. About a Week after, I found my jolly Landlord, who, as I said before, was an honest hearty Man, had put me into an Advertisement of the *Daily Courant*, in the following Words. *Whereas a melancholy Man left his Lodgings on Thursday last in the Afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Islington; If any one can give Notice of him to R. B. Fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be very well rewarded for his pains.* As I am the best Man in the World to keep my own Counsel, and my Landlord the

Fishmonger not knowing my Name, this Accident of my Life was never discovered to this very Day.

I am now settled with a Widow-woman, who has a great many Children, and complies with my Humour in every thing. I do not remember that we have exchanged a Word together these Five Years; my Coffee comes into my Chamber every Morning without asking for it; if I want Fire I point to my Chimney, if Water to my Bason: Upon which my Landlady nods, as much as to say she takes my Meaning, and immediately obeys my Signals. She has likewise model'd her Family so well, that when her little Boy offers to pull me by the Coat, or prattle in my Face, his eldest Sister immediately calls him off, and bids him not disturb the Gentleman. At my first entering into the Family, I was troubled with the Civility of their rising up to me very time I came into the Room; but my Landlady observing that upon these Occasions I always cried Pish, and went out again, has forbidden any such Ceremony to be used in the House; so that at present I walk into the Kitchen or Parlour without being taken notice of, or giving any Interruption to the Business or Discourse of the Family. The Maid will ask her Mistress (tho' I am by) whether the Gentleman is ready to go to Dinner, as the Mistress (who is indeed an excellent Housewife) scolds at the Servants as heartily before my Face as behind my Back. In short, I move up and down the House and enter into all Companies, with the same Liberty as a Cat or any other Domestick Animal, and am as little suspected of telling any thing that I hear or see.

I remember last Winter there were several young Girls of the neighbourhood sitting about the Fire with my Landlady's Daughters, and telling Stories of Spirits and Apparitions. Upon my opening the Door the young Women broke off their Discourse, but my Landlady's Daughters telling them that it was no Body but the Gentleman (for that is the Name which I go by in the Neighbourhood as well as in the Family) they went on without minding me. I seated my self by the Candle that stood on a Table at one end of the Room; and pretending to read a Book that I took out of my Pocket, heard several dreadful Stories of Ghosts

as pale as Ashes that had stood at the Feet of a Bed, or walked over a Church-yard by Moon-light: And of others that had been conjured into the *Red-Sea*, for disturbing People's Rest, and drawing their Curtains at Midnight; with many other old Women's Fables of the like nature. As one Spirit raised another, I observed that at the End of every Story the whole Company closed their Ranks, and crouded about the Fire: I took Notice in particular of a little Boy, who was so attentive to every Story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to Bed by himself this Twelve-month. Indeed they talked so long, that the Imaginations of the whole Assembly were manifestly crazed, and I am sure will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the Girls, that had looked upon me over her Shoulder, asking the Company how long I had been in the Room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some Apprehensions that I should be forced to explain my self if I did not retire; for which Reason I took the Candle in my Hand, and went up into my Chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable Weakness in reasonable Creatures, that they should love to astonish and terrifie one another. Were I a Father, I should take a particular Care to preserve my Children from these little Horrors of Imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in Years. I have known a Soldier that has entered a Breach, affrighted at his own Shadow; and look pale upon a little scratching at his Door, who the Day before had marched up against a Battery of Cannon. There are Instances of Persons, who have been terrified, even to Distraction, at the Figure of a Tree, or the shaking of a Bull-rush. The Truth of it is, I look upon a sound Imagination as the greatest Blessing of Life, next to a clear Judgment and a good Conscience. In the mean time, since there are very few whose Minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful Thoughts and Apprehensions, we ought to arm our selves against them by the Dictates of Reason and Religion, to *pull the old Woman out of our Hearts* (as *Persius* expresses it in the Motto of my Paper) and extinguish those impertinent Notions which we imbibed at a

Time that we were not able to judge of their Absurdity. Or if we believe, as many wise and good Men have done, that there are such Phantoms and Apparitions as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to our selves an Interest in him who holds the Reins of the whole Creation in his Hand, and moderates them after such a Manner, that it is impossible for one Being to break loose upon another without his Knowledge and Permission.

For my own Part, I am apt to join in Opinion with those who believe that all the Regions of Nature swarm with Spirits; and that we have Multitudes of Spectators on all our Actions, when we think our selves most alone: But instead of terrifying myself with such a Notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable Society, in searching out the Wonders of the Creation, and joining in the same Consort of Praise and Adoration.

Milton has finely described this mixed Communion of Men and Spirits in Paradise; and had doubtless his Eye upon a Verse in old *Hesiod*, which is almost Word for Word the same with his third Line in the following Passage.

*Nor think, though Men were none,
That Heav'n would want Spectators, God want Praise:
Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless Praise his Works behold
Both Day and Night. How often from the Steep
Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard
Celestial Voices to the midnight Air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's Note,
Singing their great Creator? Oft in Bands
While they keep Watch, or nightly rounding walk
With heav'nly Touch of instrumental Sounds,
In full harmonick Number join'd, their Songs
Divide the Night, and lift our Thoughts to Heav'n.*

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No. 49.

[STEELE.]

It is very natural for a Man, who is not turned for Mirthful Meetings of Men, or Assemblies of the fair Sex, to

delight in that sort of Conversation which we find in Coffee-houses. Here a Man, of my Temper, is in his Element; for, if he cannot talk, he can still be more agreeable to his Company, as well as pleased in himself, in being only an Hearer. It is a Secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the Conduct of Life, that when you fall into a Man's Conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater Inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. The latter is the more general Desire, and I know very able Flatterers that never speak a Word in Praise of the Persons from whom they obtain daily Favours, but still practise a skilful Attention to whatever is uttered by those with whom they converse. We are very Curious to observe the Behaviour of Great Men and their Clients; but the same Passions and Interests move Men in lower Spheres; and I (that have nothing else to do, but make Observations) see in every Parish, Street, Lane, and Alley of this Populous City, a little Potentate that has his Court, and his Flatterers who lay Snares for his Affection and Favour, by the same Arts that are practised upon Men in higher Stations.

In the Place I most usually frequent, Men differ rather in the Time of Day in which they make a Figure, than in any real Greatness above one another. I, who am at the Coffee-house at Six in a Morning, know that my Friend *Beaver* the Haberdasher has a Levy of more undissembled Friends and Admirers, than most of the Courtiers or Generals of *Great Britain*. Every Man about him has, perhaps, a News-Paper in his Hand; but none can pretend to guess what Step will be taken in any one Court of *Europe*, 'till Mr. *Beaver* has thrown down his Pipe, and declares what Measures the Allies must enter into upon this new Posture of Affairs. Our Coffee-house is near one of the Inns of Court, and *Beaver* has the Audience and Admiration of his Neighbours from Six 'till within a Quarter of Eight, at which time he is interrupted by the Students of the House; some of whom are ready dress'd for *Westminster*, at eight in a Morning, with Faces as busie as if they were retained in every Cause there; and others come in their Night-Gowns to saunter away their Time, as if they never

designed to go thither. I do not know that I meet, in any of my Walks, Objects which move both my Spleen and Laughter so effectually, as those Young Fellows at the *Grecian, Squire's, Searle's*, and all other Coffee-houses adjacent to the Law, who rise early for no other Purpose but to publish their Laziness. One would think these young *Virtuosos* take a gay Cap and Slippers, with a Scarf and Party-coloured Gown, to be Ensigns of Dignity; for the vain Things approach each other with an Air, which shews they regard one another for their Vestments. I have observed, that the Superiority among these proceeds from an Opinion of Gallantry and Fashion: The Gentleman in the Strawberry Sash, who presides so much over the rest, has, it seems, subscribed to every Opera this last Winter, and is supposed to receive Favours from one of the Actresses.

When the Day grows too busie for these Gentlemen to enjoy any longer the Pleasures of their *Deshabillé*, with any manner of Confidence, they give place to Men who have Business or good Sense in their Faces, and come to the Coffee-house either to transact Affairs, or enjoy Conversation. The Persons to whose Behaviour and Discourse I have most regard, are such as are between these two sorts of Men: Such as have not Spirits too Active to be happy and well pleased in a private Condition, nor Complexions too warm to make them neglect the Duties and Relations of Life. Of these sort of Men consist the worthier Part of Mankind; of these are all good Fathers, generous Brothers, sincere Friends, and faithful Subjects. Their Entertainments are derived rather from Reason than Imagination: Which is the Cause that there is no Impatience or Instability in their Speech or Action. You see in their Countenances they are at home, and in quiet Possession of the present Instant, as it passes, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any Passion, or prosecuting any new Design. These are the Men formed for Society, and those little Communities which we express by the Word *Neighbourhoods*.

The Coffee-house is the Place of Rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to relish calm and ordi-

nary Life. *Eubulus* presides over the middle Hours of the Day, when this Assembly of Men meet together. He enjoys a great Fortune handsomely, without launching into Expence; and exerts many noble and useful Qualities, without appearing in any publick Employment. His Wisdom and Knowledge are serviceable to all that think fit to make use of them; and he does the Office of a Council, a Judge, an Executor, and a Friend to all his Acquaintance, not only without the Profits which attend such Offices, but also without the Deference and Homage which are usually paid to them. The giving of Thanks is displeasing to him. The greatest Gratitude you can shew him, is to let him see you are the better Man for his Services; and that you are as ready to oblige others, as he is to oblige you.

In the private Exigencies of his Friends he lends, at legal Value, considerable Sums, which he might highly increase by rolling in the Publick Stocks. He does not consider in whose Hands his Mony will improve most, but where it will do most Good.

Eubulus has so great an Authority in his little Diurnal Audience, that when he shakes his Head at any Piece of Publick News, they all of them appear dejected; and on the contrary, go home to their Dinners with a good Stomach and cheerful Aspect, when *Eubulus* seems to intimate that Things go well. Nay, their Veneration towards him is so great, that when they are in other Company they speak and act after him; are Wise in his Sentences, and are no sooner sate down at their own Tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or despond as they saw him do at the Coffee-house. In a word, every Man is *Eubulus* as soon as his Back is turned.

Having here given an Account of the several Reigns that succeed each other from Day-break 'till Dinner-time, I shall mention the Monarchs of the Afternoon on another occasion, and shut up the whole Series of them with the History of *Tom* the Tyrant; who, as first Minister of the Coffee-house, takes the Government upon him between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve at Night, and gives his Orders in the most Arbitrary manner to the Servants below him, as to the Disposition of Liquors, Coal and Cinders.

No. 119.

[ADDISON.]

The first and most obvious Reflections which arise in a Man who changes the City for the Country, are upon the different Manners of the People whom he meets with in those two different Scenes of Life. By Manners I do not mean Morals, but Behaviour and Good Breeding, as they shew themselves in the Town and in the Country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great Revolution that has happened in this Article of Good Breeding. Several obliging Deferencies, Condescensions and Submissions, with many outward Forms and Ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer Part of Mankind who lived in Courts and Cities, and distinguished themselves from the Rustick part of the Species (who on all Occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual Complaisance and Intercourse of Civilities. These Forms of Conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the Modish World found too great a Constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the *Romish* Religion, was so encumbered with Show and Ceremony, that it stood in need of a Reformation to retrench its Superfluities, and restore it to its natural good Sense and Beauty. At present therefore an unconstrained Carriage, and a certain Openness of Behaviour, are the height of Good Breeding. The Fashionable World is grown free and easie; our Manners sit more loose upon us: Nothing is so modish as an agreeable Negligence. In a word, Good Breeding shows it self most, where to an ordinary Eye it appears the least.

If after this we look on the People of Mode in the Country, we find in them the Manners of the last Age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the Fashion of the Polite World, but the Town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first State of Nature than to those Refinements which formerly reigned in the Court, and still prevail in the Country. One may now know a Man that never conversed in the World by his Excess of Good Breeding. A Polite Country Squire shall make you as many Bows

in half an hour, as would serve a Courtier for a Week. There is infinitely more to do about Place and Precedency in a Meeting of Justices' Wives, than in an Assembly of Dutchesses.

This Rural Politeness is very troublesome to a Man of my Temper, who generally take the Chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the Front or in the Rear, as Chance directs. I have known my Friend Sir ROGER'S Dinner almost cold before the Company could adjust the Ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down; and have heartily pitied my old Friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his Guests, as they sat at the several Parts of his Table, that he might drink their Healths according to their respective Ranks and Qualities. Honest *Will. Wimble*, whom I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with Ceremony, gives me abundance of Trouble in this Particular. Though he has been fishing all the Morning, he will not help himself at Dinner 'till I am served. When we are going out of the Hall, he runs behind me; and last Night, as we were walking in the Fields, stopped short at a Stile till I came up to it, and upon my making Signs to him to get over, told me, with a serious Smile, that sure I believed they had no Manners in the Country.

There has happened another Revolution in the Point of Good Breeding, which relates to the Conversation among Men of Mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first Distinctions of a well-bred Man, to express every thing that had the most remote Appearance of being obscene, in modest Terms and distant Phrases; whilst the Clown, who had no such Delicacy of Conception and Expression, clothed his *Ideas* in those plain homely Terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of Good Manners was perhaps carried to an Excess, so as to make Conversation too stiff, formal and precise; for which Reason (as Hypocrisy in one Age is generally succeeded by Atheism in another). Conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the first Extream; So that at present several of our Men of the Town, and particularly those who have been polished in

France, make use of the most coarse uncivilized Words in our Language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a Clown would blush to hear.

This infamous Piece of Good Breeding, which reigns among the Coxcombs of the Town, has not yet made its way into the Country; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of Conversation to last long among a People that make any Profession of Religion, or Show of Modesty, if the Country Gentlemen get into it they will certainly be left in the Lurch. Their Good Breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a parcel of lewd Clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like Men of Wit and Pleasure.

As the two Points of Good Breeding, which I have hitherto insisted upon, regard Behaviour and Conversation, there is a third which turns upon Dress. In this too the Country are very much behind hand. The Rural Beaus are not yet got out of the Fashion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the Country in red Coats and laced Hats, while the Women in many Parts are still trying to outvie one another in the Height of their Head Dresses.

But a Friend of mine who is now upon the Western Circuit, having promised to give me an Account of the several Modes and Fashions that prevail in the different Parts of the Nation through which he passes, I shall defer the enlarging upon his last Topick till I have received a Letter from him, which I expect every Post.

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No. 403.

[ADDISON.]

When I consider this great City in its several Quarters and Divisions, I look upon it as an Aggregate of various Nations distinguished from each other by their respective Customs, Manners and Interests. The Courts of two Countries do not so much differ from one another, as the Court and City in their peculiar ways of Life and Conversation.

In short, the Inhabitants of *St. James's*, notwithstanding they live under the same Laws, and speak the same Language, are a distinct People from those of *Cheapside*, who are likewise removed from those of the *Temple* on the one side, and those of *Smithfield* on the other, by several Climates and Degrees in their way of Thinking and Conversing together.

For this Reason, when any publick Affair is upon the Anvil, I love to hear the Reflections that arise upon it in the several Districts and Parishes of *London* and *Westminster*, and to ramble up and down a whole Day together, in order to make my self acquainted with the Opinions of my ingenious Countrymen. By this means I know the Faces of all the principal Politicians within the Bills of Mortality; and as every Coffee-house has some particular Statesman belonging to it, who is the Mouth of the Street where he lives, I always take care to place my self near him, in order to know his Judgment on the present Posture of Affairs. The last Progress that I made with this Intention, was about three Months ago, when we had a Current Report of the King of *France's* Death. As I foresaw this would produce a new Face of things in *Europe*, and many curious Speculations in our British Coffee-houses, I was very desirous to learn the Thoughts of our most eminent Politicians on that Occasion.

That I might begin as near the Fountain-head as possible, I first of all called in at *St. James's*, where I found the whole outward Room in a Buzz of Politics. The Speculations were but very indifferent towards the Door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the Room, and were so very much improved by a Knot of Theorists, who sate in the inner Room, within the Steams of the Coffee-Pot, that I there heard the whole *Spanish* Monarchy disposed of, and all the Line of *Bourbon* provided for in less than a Quarter of an Hour.

I afterwards called in at *Giles's*, where I saw a Board of *French* Gentlemen sitting upon the Life and Death of their *Grand Monarque*. Those among them who had espoused the Wigg Interest, very positively affirmed, that he departed this Life about a Week since, and therefore proceeded

without any further Delay to the Release of their Friends on the Gallies, and to their own Reestablishment; but finding they could not agree among themselves, I proceeded on my intended Progress.

Upon my Arrival at *Jenny Man's*, I saw an *alerte* young Fellow that cocked his Hat upon a Friend of his who entered just at the same time with my self, and accosted him after the following manner. Well *Jack*, the old Prig is dead at last. Sharp's the Word. Now or never Boy. Up to the Walls of *Paris* directly. With several other deep Reflections of the same Nature.

I met with very little variation in the Politics between *Charing-Cross* and *Covent-Garden*. And upon my going into *Will's* I found their Discourse was gone off from the Death of the *French King* to that of *Monsieur Boileau, Racine, Corneille*, and several other Poets, whom they regretted on this Occasion, as Persons who would have obliged the World with very noble Elegies on the Death of so great a Prince, and so eminent a Patron of Learning.

At a Coffee-house near the *Temple*, I found a couple of young Gentlemen engaged very smartly in a Dispute on the Succession to the *Spanish Monarchy*. One of them seemed to have been retained as Advocate for the Duke of *Anjou*, the other for his Imperial Majesty. They were both for regulating the Title to that Kingdom by the Statute Laws of *England*; but finding them going out of my Depth I passed forward to *Paul's Church-yard*, where I listned with great Attention to a learned Man, who gave the Company an Account of the deplorable State of *France* during the Minority of the *deceased King*.

I then turned on my right Hand into *Fish-street*, where the chief Politician of that Quarter, upon hearing the News, (after having taken a Pipe of Tobacco, and ruminated for some time), if, says he, the King of *France* is certainly dead, we shall have plenty of Mackerel this Season; our Fishery will not be disturbed by Privateers, as it has been for these ten Years past. He afterwards considered how the Death of this great Man would affect our Pilchards, and by several other Remarks infused a general Joy into his whole Audience.

I afterwards entered a By-Coffee-house that stood at the upper End of a narrow Lane, where I met with a Nonjuror, engaged very warmly with a Laceman who was the great Support of a neighbouring Conventicle. The Matter in Debate was, whether the *late French King* was most like *Augustus Cæsar*, or *Nero*. The Controversie was carried on with great Heat on both sides, and as each of them looked upon me very frequently during the Course of their Debate, I was under some Apprehension that they would appeal to me, and therefore laid down my Penny at the Barr, and made the best of my way to *Cheapside*.

I hear gazed upon the Signs for some time before I found one to my Purpose. The first Object I met in the Coffee-room was a Person who expressed a great Grief for the Death of the *French King*; but upon his explaining himself, I found his Sorrow did not arise from the Loss of the Monarch, but for his having sold out of the Bank about three Days before he heard the News of it: Upon which a Haberdasher, who was the Oracle of the Coffee-house, and had his Circle of Admirers about him, called several to witness that he had declared his Opinion above a Week before, that the *French King* was certainly dead; to which he added, that considering the late Advices we had received from *France*, it was impossible that it could be otherwise. As he was laying these together, and dictating to his Hearers with great Authority, there came in a Gentleman from *Garraway's*, who told us that there were several Letters from *France* just come in, with Advice that the King was in good Health, and was gone out a Hunting the very Morning the Post came away: Upon which the Haberdasher stole off his Hat that hung upon a Wooden Pegg by him, and retired to his Shop with great Confusion. This Intelligence put a Stop to my Travels, which I had prosecuted with much Satisfaction; not being a little pleased to hear so many different Opinions upon so great an Event, and to observe how naturally upon such a Piece of News every one is apt to consider it with a regard to his particular Interest and Advantage.

No. 512.

[ADDISON.]

There is Nothing which we receive with so much Reluctance as Advice. We look upon the Man who gives it us as offering an Affront to our Understanding, and treating us like Children or Ideots. We consider the Instruction as an implicit Censure, and the Zeal which any one shews for our Good on such an Occasion as a Piece of Presumption or Impertinence. The Truth of it is, the Person who pretends to advise, does, in that Particular, exercise a Superiority over us, and can have no other Reason for it, but that, in comparing us with himself, he thinks us defective either in our Conduct or our Understanding. For these Reasons, there is Nothing so difficult as the Art of making Advice agreeable; and indeed all the Writers, both Ancient and Modern, have distinguished themselves among one another, according to the Perfection at which they have arrived in this Art. How many Devices have been made use of, to render this bitter Potion palatable? Some convey their Instructions to us in the best chosen Words, others in the most harmonious Numbers, some in Points of Wit, and others in short Proverbs.

But among all the different Ways of giving Counsel, I think the finest, and that which pleases the most universally, is *Fable*, in whatsoever Shape it appears. If we consider this Way of instructing or giving Advice, it excels all others, because it is the least shocking, and the least subject to those Exceptions which I have before mentioned.

This will appear to us, if we reflect, in the first Place, that upon the Reading of a Fable we are made to believe we advise our selves. We peruse the Author for the Sake of the Story, and consider the Precepts rather as our own Conclusions, than his Instructions. The Moral insinuates it self imperceptibly, we are taught by Surprise, and become wiser and better unawares. In short, by this Method a Man is so far over-reached as to think he is directing himself, while he is following the Dictates of another, and consequently is not sensible of that which is the most unpleasant Circumstance in Advice.

In the next Place, if we look into Human Nature, we shall find that the Mind is never so much pleased, as when she exerts her self in any Action that gives her an Idea of her own Perfections and Abilities. This natural Pride and Ambition of the Soul is very much gratified in the reading of a Fable; for in Writings of this Kind, the Reader comes in for half of the Performance; Every Thing appears to him like a Discovery of his own; he is busied all the While in applying Characters and Circumstances, and is in this Respect both a Reader and a Composer. It is no Wonder therefore that on such Occasions, when the Mind is thus pleased with it self, and amused with its own Discoveries, that it is highly delighted with the Writing which is the Occasion of it. For this Reason the *Absalon* and *Achitophel* was one of the most popular Poems that ever appeared in *English*. The Poetry is indeed very fine, but had it been much finer it would not have so much pleased, without a Plan which gave the Reader an Opportunity of exerting his own Talents.

This oblique Manner of giving Advice is so inoffensive, that if we look into ancient Histories, we find the wise Men of old very often chose to give Counsel to their Kings in Fables. To omit many which will occur to every one's Memory, there is a pretty Instance of this Nature in a *Turkish* Tale, which I do not like the worse for that little oriental Extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the Sultan *Mahmoud*, by his perpetual Wars abroad, and his Tyranny at home, had filled his Dominions with Ruin and Desolation, and half-unpeopled the *Persian* Empire. The Visier to this great Sultan, (whether an Humorist or an Enthusiast we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain Dervise to understand the Language of Birds, so that there was not a Bird that could open his Mouth but the Visier knew what it was he said. As he was one Evening with the Emperor, in their return from Hunting, they saw a couple of Owls upon a Tree that grew near an old Wall out of an Heap of Rubbish. *I would fain know*, says the Sultan, *what those two Owls are saying to one another; listen to their Discourse, and give me an Account of it.* The Visier

approached the Tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two Owls. Upon his Return to the Sultan, *Sir*, says he, *I have heard Part of their Conversation, but dare not tell you what it is.* The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an Answer, but forced him to repeat Word for Word every Thing the Owls had said. *You must know then*, said the Visier, *that one of these Owls has a Son, and the other a Daughter, between whom they are now upon a Treaty of Marriage. The Father of the Son said to the Father of the Daughter, in my Hearing, Brother, I consent to this Marriage, provided you will settle upon your Daughter fifty ruined Villages for her Portion. To which the Father of the Daughter replied, Instead of fifty I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long Life to Sultan Mahmoud! whilst he reigns over us we shall never want ruined Villages.*

The Story says, the Sultan was so touched with the Fable, that he rebuilt the Towns and Villages which had been destroyed, and from that Time forward consulted the Good of his People.

To fill up my Paper, I shall add a most ridiculous Piece of natural Magick, which was taught by no less a Philosopher than *Democritus*, namely, that if the Blood of certain Birds, which he mentioned, were mixed together, it would produce a Serpent of such a wonderful Virtue that whoever did eat it should be skill'd in the Language of Birds, and understand every Thing they said to one another. Whether the Dervise abovementioned might not have eaten such a Serpent, I shall leave to the Determinations of the Learned.

3. SAMUEL JOHNSON

The outstanding figure in the literary world of the eighteenth century beyond a doubt is Samuel Johnson. Few men of fame have ever been more handicapped by physical disabilities. His maladies, which would have overpowered one of less determination, marked him with peculiarities which he shrank from exhibiting; yet, so keen was his appetite for new ideas, so thoroughly did he enjoy

human intercourse, that he begrudged the day wherein he failed to make a new acquaintance.

Beyond doubt Johnson was fortunate in his biographer. Boswell appreciated him while he lived and foresaw that his daily conversation, his comments concerning affairs of state and the literary world, would have a value for those who should come after him. Consequently he prepared the fullest biography that was ever written of any man, illuminating it by letters inscribed by Dr. Johnson to his acquaintances and by them to him. Every scrap of information that might satisfy the most inquiring was resurrected by this ardent admirer of the gruff old literary lion of his day; and the result is as fascinating as a story. Of fibre less adamant, we may be sure that it was his long association with Johnson that led him to record in detail the less admirable traits of his idol as well as those which distinguished him, albeit he could rarely restrain himself from excusing such characteristics as attributable to Johnson's habitual depression or bodily ills. Twenty years' constant communion with a man possessing Johnson's honesty and sane judgment could not fail to have its effect upon him. When, for example, Boswell learned that, according to the publisher's arrangement with Dr. Johnson in preparing prefaces to the works of English poets, the particular poets to be treated would be determined by the printer rather than the writer, he exclaimed: "But suppose they require you to write of one who was a dunce?" "I should write it," Johnson returned, "and say he was a dunce." Nor can one acquainted with his frankness of expression for a moment doubt that he would have done so.

Samuel Johnson was born in Lichfield in 1709. His father was a stationer and book seller. Unhappily he seems to have been pursued by anxieties of dire results that might befall him, since he was unable by this means to make a sufficient living, and he bequeathed a tendency to depression and melancholy to his son, who had to contend with it all his life. Further, he was the victim of a serious blood disorder that deprived him of the sight of one eye and may have been the cause of a nervous trouble that some-

times brought on contortions that were distressing to behold. That he should have been able to dominate such afflictions and leave the impression of his powerful mentality upon his age is indeed remarkable; his fine intellect towered above a diseased frame so that this became no barrier between him and other conversationalists of his generation.

From first to last he was unfortunate in his schooling, failing to come under the instruction of teachers who could lose sight of his shortcomings and bring his mind under the beneficial discipline of regular study. Throughout his life he read, studied and wrote by fits and starts. He entered Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1728. When his lecturer proved uninteresting to him, he remained away and occupied himself by other means. That he was desperately poor during these years there is no doubt. At length he left Oxford without securing a degree.

While still in his twenties he married a widow of twice his age. Strange to say, they proved to be well suited to one another and he was disconsolate at her death. Her commendation of his writing served as a strong incentive to him and if the wide difference between their years caused him any regrets, at least he never voiced them. On the contrary, to the end of his life he held the anniversary of her death as a day sacred to memory.

Johnson became an occasional contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. In 1747 his monumental work—his dictionary—was announced. At best he was an erratic workman and his publishers, who had advanced him money from the outset of his task, found it difficult to hold him regularly at it. The work, begun several years before, was finished only in 1755. Boswell relates that “Mr. Andrew Millar, bookseller in the Strand, took the principal charge of conducting the publication of Johnson’s *Dictionary*; and as the patience of the proprietors was repeatedly tried and almost exhausted, by their expecting that the work would be completed within the time which Johnson had sanguinely supposed, the learned author was often goaded to dispatch, more especially as he had received all the copy-money by different drafts, a considerable time before he

had finished his task. When the messenger who had carried the last sheet to Millar returned, Johnson asked him 'Well, what did he say?' 'Sir,' answered the messenger, 'he said thank God I have done with him.' 'I am glad,' replied Johnson with a smile, 'that he thanks God for anything.'"²

In March, 1750, he had begun to issue a weekly paper called the *Rambler*, one of those sheets containing moral essays which were so popular during the century. This he continued to publish for two years. Often delaying until nearly time for the copy to go to press, he possessed the ability to turn off material at a surprising speed. Boswell claims that he was forever turning over subjects in his mind and, having reached his conclusions, it was only necessary to set down his thoughts upon paper.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds once asked him by what means he had attained his extraordinary accuracy and flow of language. He told him that he had early laid it down as a fixed rule to do his best on every occasion, and in every company; to impart whatever he knew in the most forcible language he could put it in; and that by constant practice, and never suffering any careless expressions to escape him, or attempting to deliver his thoughts without arranging them in the clearest manner, it became habitual to him."³

Friends of Johnson brought to the attention of the authorities of Oxford the desirability of bestowing a Master's degree upon one of the university's former students, on the eve of the publication of his complete dictionary. Mr. Wise, an Oxford librarian, wrote regarding it: "It is in truth doing ourselves more honour than him, to have such a work done by an Oxford hand, and so able a one too, and will show that we have not lost all regard for good letters, as has been too often imputed to us by our enemies."

That Johnson was gratified by this timely recognition of his literary accomplishment is plain. It set the approval of one of England's two universities upon a labor which had consumed a vast deal of time.

Various comments were made by the scholars of the time regarding this dictionary. Johnson's remark that

"Dictionaries are like watches, the worst is better than none, the best cannot be expected to go quite true" holds good of his own. Boswell, ever loyal to his superior, says: "The definitions have always appeared to me such astonishing proofs of acuteness of intellect and precision of language, as indicate a genius of the highest rank. . . . They who will make the experiment of trying how they can define a few words of whatever nature, will soon be satisfied of the unquestionable justice of this observation."

The year 1758 saw the beginning of another periodical: this time, called the *Idler*, which was issued for two years.

In 1759 occurred the death of Johnson's mother, who had reached ninety years of age. Her son, of whom she had been justly proud, never demanding enough for his literary efforts, found himself in the embarrassing position of being unable to pay her funeral expenses and some small debts she had incurred; whereupon he sat him down and wrote *Rasselas: Prince of Abyssinia*. Had he done nothing else, this book would have given him an enduring place in literature.

The exhilarating effect of argument with his fellow men was as stimulating to Dr. Johnson as wine—which during the greater portion of his life he could not take. Throughout his mature life he was the center of a coterie of admirers who liked nothing better than to listen to his observations and to hear him debate the unpopular side of a question for the sheer joy of argument. The Literary Club, as it afterwards came to be known, grew out of the frequent association of such men as Oliver Goldsmith, Edmund Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds—whose suggestion it had been—and Samuel Johnson. First limited to nine members, it later came to include more than thirty, Garrick, Sheridan and Adam Smith among them. These friends dined together every fortnight and their sociability pointed the way to men's social clubs, which have long been a feature of modern life.

Boswell records that in 1765 the degree of Doctor of Laws was given Johnson by Trinity College, Dublin. This was also granted to him by Oxford in 1775. The letter

wherein this suggestion was made to the Vice-Chancellor said in part:

“The many learned labours which have since that time† employed the attention and displayed the abilities of that great man, so much to the advancement of literature and the benefit of the community, render him worthy of more distinguished honours in the Republic of letters: and I persuade myself that I shall act agreeably to the sentiments of the whole University in desiring that it may be proposed in Convocation to confer on him the degree of Doctor in Civil Law by diploma.”⁴

Johnson claimed that no man would write were he not obliged to do so; it suited him much better to follow his own way through his library and the libraries of his friends. King George III, hearing that he frequently came to Buckingham to make use of its collection of books, gave instruction that he be informed on the occasion of his next visit and unexpectedly gave him an audience—which pleased Dr. Johnson greatly, expressing as it did the sovereign’s recognition of the foremost scholar of his kingdom. When the members of Johnson’s club persuaded him to relate the circumstances of the royal interview, Goldsmith, who was envious of attentions shown to others, was compelled to say that under similar conditions he himself would have been too disconcerted to converse with the king.

The hold which Boswell’s *Johnson* has upon the world is due in a considerable degree to the glimpses which it affords, not only of the figure who dominates the work but of his distinguished contemporaries. The greatest men of the age were his associates. Regarding some, it is true, his prejudices blinded him to the just deserts; Swift offers a striking example. It would have been impossible for him to elicit a word of approval from Johnson. With the exception of a few notable cases, his judgments were not far astray. Few will agree with him concerning Gray’s *Elegy*, which is loved by those who have but scant acquaintance with the learning of Dr. Johnson; in the main, his conclusions, for which he was never indebted to others, bear the stamp of his independent, tolerant mind.

It is not from brief accounts of Johnson's simple living, the enumeration of his writings or observations made concerning him by recent writers that we become acquainted with him, so that his curious and engaging personality will remain forever in our memories, but through his life, as affectionately inscribed by Boswell. The difference between knowing *about* men and *knowing them through their writings* needs constant emphasis. No one who boasts a knowledge of English literature can afford to deprive himself of the tonic which Samuel Johnson's brilliant conversations, therein preserved to us, can administer.

FROM BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON

To write the Life of him who excelled all mankind in writing the lives of others, and who, whether we consider his extraordinary endowments, or his various works, has been equalled by few in any age, is an arduous, and may be reckoned in me a presumptuous task.

Had Dr. Johnson written his own life, in conformity with the opinion which he has given, that every man's life may be best written by himself; had he employed in the preservation of his own history, that clearness of narration and elegance of language in which he has embalmed so many eminent persons, the world would probably have had the most perfect example of biography that was ever exhibited. But although he at different times, in a desultory manner, committed to writing many particulars of the progress of his mind and fortunes, he never had persevering diligence enough to form them into a regular composition. Of these memorials a few have been preserved; but the greater part was consigned by him to the flames, a few days before his death.

As I had the honor and happiness of enjoying his friendship for upwards of twenty years; as I had the scheme of writing his life constantly in view; as he was well apprised of this circumstance, and from time to time obligingly satisfied my inquiries, by communicating to me the incidents of his early years; as I acquired a facility in recollecting, and was very assiduous in recording, his con-

versation, of which the extraordinary vigour and vivacity constituted one of the first features of his character; and as I have spared no pains in obtaining materials concerning him, from every quarter where I could discover that they were to be found, and have been favoured with the most liberal communications by his friends; I flatter myself that few biographers have entered upon such a work as this, with more advantages; independent of literary abilities, in which I am not vain enough to compare myself with some great names who have gone before me in this kind of writing. . . .

Instead of melting down my materials into one mass, and constantly speaking in my own person, by which I might have appeared to have more merit in the execution of the work, I have resolved to adopt and enlarge upon the excellent plan of Mr. Mason, in his *Memoirs of Gray*. Wherever narrative is necessary to explain, connect, and supply, I furnish it to the best of my abilities; but in the chronological series of Johnson's life, which I trace as distinctly as I can, year by year, I produce, wherever it is in my power, his own minutes, letters or conversation, being convinced that this mode is more likely, and will make my readers better acquainted with him, than even most of those were who actually knew him, but could know him only partially; whereas there is here an accumulation of intelligence from various points, by which his character is more fully understood and illustrated.

Indeed I cannot conceive a more perfect mode of writing any man's life, than not only relating all the most important events of it in their order, but interweaving what he privately wrote, and said, and thought; by which mankind are enabled as it were to see him live, and to "live o'er each scene" with him, as he actually advanced through the several stages of his life. Had his other friends been as diligent and ardent as I was, he might have been almost entirely preserved. As it is, I will venture to say that he will be seen in this work more completely than any man who has ever yet lived.

And he will be seen as he really was; for I profess to

write; not his panegyrick, which must be all praise, but his Life; which great and good as he was, must not be supposed to be entirely perfect. To be as he was, is indeed subject of panegyrick enough to any man in this state of being; but in every picture there should be shade as well as light, and when I delineate him without reserve, I do what he himself recommended, both by his precept and his example. . . .

I am fully aware of the objections which may be made to the minuteness on some occasions of my detail of Johnson's conversation, and how happily it is adapted for the petty exercise of ridicule, by men of superficial understanding and ludicrous fancy; but I remain firm and confident in my opinion, that minute particulars are frequently characteristick, and always amusing, when they relate to a distinguished man. I am therefore exceedingly unwilling that anything, however slight, which my illustrious friend thought it worth his while to express, with any degree of point, should perish.

* * * * *

I am now to record a very curious incident in Dr. Johnson's Life, which fell under my own observation; . . . and which I am persuaded will, with the liberal-minded, be much to his credit.

My desire of being acquainted with celebrated men of every description, had made me, much about the same time, obtain an introduction to Dr. Samuel Johnson and to John Wilkes, Esq. Two men more different could perhaps not be selected out of all mankind. They had even attacked one another with some asperity in their writings; yet I lived in habits of friendship with both. I could fully relish the excellence of each; for I have ever delighted in that intellectual chymistry, which can separate good qualities from evil in the same person.

Sir John Pringle, "mine own friend and my Father's friend," between whom and Dr. Johnson I in vain wished to establish an acquaintance, as I respected and lived in intimacy with both of them, observed to me once, very ingeniously, "It is not in friendship as in mathematics,

where two things, each equal to a third, are equal between themselves. You agree with Johnson as a middle quality, and you agree with me as a middle quality; but Johnson and I should not agree." Sir John was not sufficiently flexible; so I desisted; knowing, indeed, that the repulsion was equally strong on the part of Johnson; who, I know not from what cause, unless his being a Scotchman, had formed a very erroneous opinion of Sir John. But I conceived an irresistible wish, if possible, to bring Dr. Johnson and Mr. Wilkes together. How to manage it, was a nice and difficult matter.

My worthy booksellers and friends, Messieurs Dilly in the Poultry, at whose hospitable and well-covered table I have seen a greater number of literary men, than at any other, except that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, had invited me to meet Mr. Wilkes and some more gentlemen on Wednesday, May 15. "Pray (said I), let us have Dr. Johnson."—"What with Mr. Wilkes? not for the world, (said Mr. Edward Dilly): Dr. Johnson would never forgive me."—"Come, (said I), if you'll let me negotiate for you, I will be answerable that all shall go well." DILLY: "Nay, if you will take it upon you, I am sure I shall be very happy to see them both here."

Notwithstanding the high veneration which I entertained for Dr. Johnson, I was sensible that he was sometimes a little actuated by the spirit of contradiction, and by means of that I hoped I should gain my point. I was persuaded that if I had come upon him with a direct proposal, "Sir, will you dine in company with Jack Wilkes?" he would have flown into a passion, and would probably have answered, "Dine with Jack Wilkes, Sir! I'd as soon dine with Jack Ketch." I therefore, while we were sitting quietly by ourselves at his house in an evening, took occasion to open my plan thus:—"Mr. Dilly, Sir, sends his respectful compliments to you, and would be happy if you would do him the honour to dine with him on Wednesday next along with me, as I must soon go to Scotland." JOHNSON: "Sir, I am obliged to Mr. Dilly. I will wait upon him—" BOSWELL: "Provided, Sir, I suppose that the company which he is to have, is agreeable to you." JOHNSON:

“What do you mean, Sir? What do you take me for? Do you think I am so ignorant of the world, as to imagine that I am to prescribe to a gentleman what company he is to have at his table?” BOSWELL: “I beg your pardon, Sir, for wishing to prevent you from meeting people whom you might not like. Perhaps he may have some of what he calls his patriotick friends with him.” JOHNSON: “Well, Sir, and what then? What care *I* for his *patriotick friends*? Poh!” BOSWELL: “I should not be surprized to find Jack Wilkes there.” JOHNSON: “And if Jack Wilkes *should* be there, what is that to *me*, Sir? My dear friend, let us have no more of this. I am sorry to be angry with you; but really it is treating me strangely to talk to me as if I could not meet any company whatever, occasionally.” BOSWELL: “Pray forgive me, Sir, I meant well. But you shall meet whoever comes, for me.” Thus I secured him, and told Dilly that he would find him very well pleased to be one of his guests on the day appointed.

Upon the much-expected Wednesday, I called on him about half an hour before dinner, as I often did when we were to dine out together, to see that he was ready in time, and to accompany him. I found him buffeting his books, as upon a former occasion, covered with dust, and making no preparation for going abroad. “How is this, Sir? (said I). Don’t you recollect that you are to dine at Mr. Dilly’s?” JOHNSON: “Sir, I did not think of going to Dilly’s; it went out of my head. I have ordered dinner at home with Mrs. Williams.” BOSWELL: “But, my dear Sir, you know you were engaged to Mr. Dilly, and I told him so. He will expect you, and will be much disappointed if you don’t come.” JOHNSON: “You must talk to Mrs. Williams about this.”

Here was a sad dilemma. I feared that what I was so confident I had secured would yet be frustrated. He had accustomed himself to shew Mrs. Williams such a degree of humane attention, as frequently imposed some restraint upon him; and I knew that if she should be obstinate, he would not stir. I hastened down stairs to the blind lady’s room, and told her I was in great uneasiness, for Dr. Johnson had engaged to me to dine this day at Mr. Dilly’s, but

that he had told me had forgotten his engagement, and had ordered dinner at home. "Yes, Sir, (said she, pretty peevishly), Dr. Johnson is to dine at home."—"Madam, (said I), his respect for you is such, that I know he will not leave you unless you absolutely desire it. But as you have so much of his compny, I hope you will be good enough to forego it for a day; as Mr. Dilly is a very worthy man, has frequently had agreeable parties at his house for Dr. Johnson, and will be vexed if the Doctor neglects him to-day. And then, Madam, be pleased to consider my situation; I carried the message, and I assured Mr. Dilly that Dr. Johnson was to come, and no doubt he has made a dinner, and invited a company, and boasted of the honour he expected to have. I shall be quite disgraced, if the Doctor is not there." She gradually softened to my solicitations, which were certainly as earnest as most entreaties to ladies upon any occasion, and was graciously pleased to empower me to tell Dr. Johnson, "That all things considered, she thought he should certainly go." I flew back to him, still in dust, and careless of what should be the event, "indifferent in his choice to go or stay;" but as soon as I had announced to him Mrs. Williams' consent, he roared, "Frank, a clean shirt," and was very soon drest. When I had him fairly seated in a hackney-coach with me, I exulted as much as a fortune-hunter who has got an heiress into a post-chaise with him to set out for Gretna-Green.

When we entered Mr. Dilly's drawing room, he found himself in the midst of a company he did not know. I kept myself snug and silent, watching how he would conduct himself. I observed him whispering to Mr. Dilly, "Who is that gentleman, Sir?"—"Mr. Arthur Lee." JOHNSON: "Too, too, too," (under his breath), which was one of his habitual mutterings. Mr. Arthur Lee could not but be very obnoxious to Johnson, for he was not only a *patriot* but an *American*. He was afterwards minister from the United States at the court of Madrid. "And who is the gentleman in lace?"—"Mr. Wilkes, Sir." This information confounded him still more; he had some difficulty to restrain himself, and taking up a book, sat down upon a window-seat and

read, or at least kept his eye upon it intently for some time, till he composed himself. His feelings, I dare say, were awkward enough. But he no doubt recollected his having rated me for supposing that he could be at all disconcerted by any company, and he, therefore, resolutely set himself to behave quite as an easy man of the world, who could adapt himself at once to the disposition and manners of those whom he might chance to meet.

The cheering sound of "Dinner is upon the table," dissolved his reverie, and we *all* sat down without any symptom of ill humour. There were present, beside Mr. Wilkes, and Mr. Arthur Lee, who was an old companion of mine when he studied physick at Edinburgh, Mr. (now Sir John) Miller, Dr. Lettsom, and Mr. Slater the druggist. Mr. Wilkes placed himself next to Dr. Johnson, and behaved to him with so much attention and politeness, that he gained upon him insensibly. No man eat more heartily than Johnson, or loved better what was nice and delicate. Mr. Wilkes was very assiduous in helping him to some fine veal. "Pray give me leave, Sir:—It is better here—a little of the brown—some fat, Sir—a little of the stuffing—some gravy—let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter—allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange; or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest."—"Sir, Sir, I am obliged to you, Sir," cried Johnson, bowing, and turning his head to him with a look for some time of "surly virtue," but, in a short while, of complacency.

Foote being mentioned, Johnson said, "He is not a good mimick." One of the company added, "A merry Andrew, a buffoon." JOHNSON: "But he has wit too, and is not deficient in ideas, or in fertility and variety of imagery, and not empty of reading; he has knowledge enough to fill up his part. One species of wit he has in an eminent degree, that of escape. You drive him into a corner with both hands; but he's gone, Sir, when you think you have got him—like an animal that jumps over your head. Then he has a great range for wit; he never lets truth stand between him and a jest, and he is sometimes mighty coarse. Garrick is under many restraints from which Foote is free." WILKES: "Garrick's wit is more like Lord Chesterfields." JOHNSON:

“The first time I was in company with Foote was at Fitzherbert’s. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back upon my chair, and fairly laugh it out. No, Sir, he was irresistible. He upon one occasion experienced, in an extraordinary degree, the efficacy of his powers of entertaining. Amongst the many and various modes which he tried of getting money, he became a partner with a small-beer brewer, and he was to have a share of the profits for procuring customers amongst his numerous acquaintances. Fitzherbert was one who took his small-beer; but it was so bad that the servants resolved not to drink it. They were at some loss how to notify their resolution, being afraid of offending their master, who they knew liked Foote much as a companion. At last they fixed upon a little black boy, who was rather a favourite, to be their deputy, and deliver their remonstrance; having invested him with the whole authority of kitchen, he was to inform Mr. Fitzherbert, in all their names, upon a certain day, that they would drink Foote’s small-beer no longer. On that day Foote happened to dine at Fitzherbert’s, and this boy served at table; he was so delighted with Foote’s stories, and merriment, and grimace, that when he went down stairs, he told them, ‘This is the finest man I have ever seen. I will not deliver your message. I will drink his small-beer.’”

Somebody observed that Garrick could not have done this. WILKES: “Garrick would have made the small-beer still smaller. He is now leaving the stage; but he will play *Scrub* all his life.” I knew that Johnson would let nobody attack Garrick but himself, as Garrick once said to me, and I had heard him praise his liberality; so to bring out this commendation of his celebrated pupil, I said, loudly, “I have heard Garrick is liberal.” JOHNSON: “Yes, Sir, I know that Garrick has given away more money than any man in England that I am acquainted with, and that not from ostentatious views. Garrick was very poor when he began

life; so when he came to have money, he probably was very unskilful in giving away, and saved when he should not. But Garrick began to be liberal as soon as he could; and I am of opinion, the reputation of avarice which he has had, has been very lucky for him, and prevented his having many enemies. You despise a man for avarice, but do not hate him. Garrick might have been much better attacked for living with more splendour than is suitable to a player: if they had had the wit to have assaulted him in that quarter, they might have galled him more. But they have kept clamouring about his avarice, which has rescued him from much obloquy and envy."

Talking of the great difficulty of obtaining authentick information for biography, Johnson told us, "When I was a young fellow I wanted to write the *Life of Dryden*, and in order to get materials, I applied to the only two persons then alive who had seen him; these were old Swinney, and old Cibber. Swinney's information was no more than this, 'That at Will's coffee-house Dryden had a particular chair for himself, which was set by the fire in winter, and was then called his winter-chair; and that it was carried out for him to the balcony in summer, and was then called his summer-chair.' Cibber could tell no more but 'That he remembered him a decent old man, arbiter of critical disputes at Wills.' You are to consider that Cibber was then at a great distance from Dryden, had perhaps one leg only in the room, and durst not draw in the other." BOSWELL: "Yet Cibber was a man of observation?" JOHNSON: "I think not." BOSWELL: "You will allow his *Apology* to be well done." JOHNSON: "Very well done, to be sure Sir." That book is a striking proof of the justice of Pope's remark:

"Each might his several province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand."

BOSWELL: "And his plays are good." JOHNSON: "Yes; but that was his trade; *l'esprit du corps*; he had been all his life among players and play-writers. I wondered that he had so little to say in conversation, for he had kept the best company, and learnt all that can be got by the ear. He

abused Pindar to me, and then shewed me an Ode of his own, with an absurd couplet, making a linnet soar on an eagle's wing. I told him that when the ancients made a simile, they always made it like something real."

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How very false is the notion which has gone round the world of the rough, and passionate, and harsh manners of this great and good man. That he had occasional sallies of heat of temper, and that he was sometimes, perhaps, too "easily provoked" by absurdity and folly, and sometimes too desirous of triumph in colloquial contest, must be allowed. The quickness both of his perception and sensibility disposed him to sudden explosions of satire; to which his extraordinary readiness of wit was a strong and almost irresistible incitement. To adopt one of the finest images in Mr. Home's *Douglas*,

" — — — — On each glance of thought
Decision followed, as the thunderbolt
Pursues the flash!" — — —

I admit that the beadle within him was often so eager to apply the lash, that the Judge had not time to consider the case with sufficient deliberation.

That he was occasionally remarkable for violence of temper may be granted: but let us ascertain the degree, and not let it be supposed that he was in a perpetual rage, and never without a club in his hand, to knock down every one who approached him. On the contrary, the truth is, that by much the greatest part of his time he was civil, obliging, nay, polite in the true sense of the word; so much so, that many gentlemen, who were long acquainted with him, never received, or even heard a strong expression from him.

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On Sunday evening Sept. 14, I arrived at Ashbourne, and drove directly up to Dr. Taylor's door. Dr. Johnson and he appeared before I had got out of the post-chaise, and welcomed me cordially.

I told them that I had travelled all the preceding night, and gone to bed at Leek in Staffordshire; and that when I rose to go to church in the afternoon, I was informed there had been an earthquake, of which, it seems, the shock had been felt in some degree at Ashbourne. JOHNSON: "Sir, it will be much exaggerated in popular talk: for, in the first place, the common people do not accurately adapt their thoughts to the objects; nor, secondly, do they accurately adapt their words to their thoughts: they do not mean to lie; but, taking no pains to be exact, they give you very false accounts. A great part of their language is proverbial. If anything rocks at all, they say *it rocks like a cradle*; and in this way they go on."

The subject of grief for the loss of relations and friends being introduced, I observed that it was strange to consider how soon it in general wears away. Dr. Taylor mentioned a gentleman of the neighbourhood as the only instance he had ever known of a person who had endeavoured to *retain* grief. He told Dr. Taylor, that after his Lady's death, which affected him deeply, he *resolved* that the grief, which he cherished with a kind of sacred fondness, should be lasting; but that he found he could not keep it long. JOHNSON: "All grief for what cannot in the course of nature be helped, soon wears away; in some sooner, indeed, in some later; but it never continues very long, unless where there is madness, such as will make a man have pride so fixed in his mind, as to imagine himself a King; or any other passion in an unreasonable way: for all unnecessary grief is unwise, and therefore will not be long retained by a sound mind. If, indeed, the cause of our grief is occasioned by our own misconduct, if grief is mingled with remorse of conscience, it should be lasting." BOSWELL: "But, Sir, we do not approve of a man who very soon forgets the loss of a wife or a friend." JOHNSON: "Sir, we disapprove of him, not because he soon forgets his grief, for the sooner it is forgotten the better, but because we suppose, that if he forgets his wife or his friend soon, he has not had much affection for them."

I was somewhat disappointed in finding that the edition of *The English Poets*, for which he was to write Prefaces

and Lives, was not an undertaking directed by him: but he was to furnish a Preface and Life to any poet the book-sellers pleased. I asked him if he would do this to any dunce's works, if they should ask him. JOHNSON: "Yes, Sir; and *say* he was a dunce." My friend seemed now not much to relish talking of this edition.

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After dinner Mrs. Butter went with me to see the silk-mill which Mr. John Lombe had had a patent for, having brought away the contrivance from Italy. I am not very conversant with mechanicks; but the simplicity of this machine, and its multiplied operations, struck me with an agreeable surprize. I had learnt from Dr. Johnson, during this interview, not to think with a dejected indifference of the works of art, and the pleasures of life, because life is uncertain and short; but to consider such indifference as a failure of reason, a morbidness of mind; for happiness should be cultivated as much as we can, and the objects which are instrumental to it should be steadily considered as of importance, with a reference not only to ourselves, but to multitudes in successive ages. Though it is proper to value small parts, as

"Sands make the mountain, moments make the year;" yet we must contemplate, collectively, to have a just estimation of objects. One moment's being uneasy or not, seems of no consequence; yet this may be thought of the next, and the next, and so on, till there is a large portion of misery. In the same way one must think of happiness, of learning, of friendship. We cannot tell the precise moment when friendship is formed. As in filling a vessel drop by drop, there is at last a drop which makes it run over; so in a series of kindnesses there is at last one which makes the heart run over. We must not divide objects of our attention into minute parts, and think separately of each part.

It is by contemplating a large mass of human existence, that a man, while he sets a just value on his own life, does not think of his death as annihilating all that is great and pleasing in the world, as if actually *contained*

in his mind, according to Berkeley's reverie. If his imagination be not sickly and feeble, it "wings its distant way" far beyond himself, and views the world in unceasing activity of every sort. It must be acknowledged, however, that Pope's plaintive reflection, that all things would be as gay as ever, on the day of his death, is natural and common. We are apt to transfer to all around us our own gloom, without considering that at any given point of time there is, perhaps, as much youth and gaiety in the world as at another. Before I came into this life, in which I have had so many pleasant scenes, have not thousands and ten thousands of deaths and funerals happened, and have not families been in grief for their nearest relations? But have those dismal circumstances at all affected *me*? Why then should the gloomy scenes which I experience, or which I know, affect others? Let us guard against imagining that there is an end of felicity upon earth, when we ourselves grow old, or are unhappy.

Dr. Johnson told us at tea, that when some of Dr. Dodd's pious friends were trying to console him by saying that he was going to leave "a wretched world," he had honesty enough not to join in the cant:—"No, no (said he), it has been a very agreeable world to me." Johnson added, "I respect Dodd for thus speaking the truth; for, to be sure, he had for several years enjoyed a life of great voluptuousness."

He told us, that Dodd's city friends stood by him so, that a thousand pounds were ready to be given to the goaler, if he would let him escape. He added, that he knew a friend of Dodd's, who walked about Newgate for some time on the evening before the day of his execution, with five hundred pounds in his pocket, ready to be paid to any of the turnkeys who could get him out: but it was too late; for he was watched with much circumspection. He said, Dodd's friends had an image of him made of wax, which was to have been left in his place; and he believed it was carried into the prison.

Johnson disapproved of Dr. Dodd's leaving the world persuaded that *The Convict's Address to his unhappy Brethren* was of his own writing. "But, Sir, (said I), you

contributed to the deception; for when Mr. Seward expressed a doubt to you that it was not Dodd's own, because it had a great deal more force of mind in it than any thing known to be his, you answered,—‘Why should you think so? Depend upon it, Sir, when a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully.’ ” JOHNSON: “Sir, as Dodd got it from me to pass as his own, while that could do him any good, there was an *implied promise* that I should not own it. To own it, therefore, would have been telling a lie, with the addition of breach of promise, which was worse than simply telling a lie to make it be believed it was Dodd's. Besides, Sir, I did not *directly* tell a lie; I left the matter uncertain. Perhaps I thought that Seward would not believe it the less to be mine for what I said; but I would not put it in his power to say I had owned it.”

He praised Blair's sermons: “Yet,” said he, (willing to let us see he was aware that fashionable fame, however deserved, is not always the most lasting,) “perhaps, they may not be reprinted after seven years; at least not after Blair's death.”

He said, “Goldsmith was a plant that flowered late. There appeared nothing remarkable about him when he was young; though when he had got high in fame, one of his friends began to recollect something of his being distinguished at College. Goldsmith in the same manner recollected more of that friend's early years, as he grew a greater man.”

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1781.—In 1781 Johnson at last completed his *Lives of the Poets*, of which he gives this account: “Some time in March I finished the *Lives of the Poets*, which I wrote in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work, and working with vigour and haste.” In a memorandum previous to this, he says of them: “Written, I hope, in such a manner as may tend to the promotion of piety.”

This is the work which of all Dr. Johnson's writings will perhaps be read most generally, and with most pleasure. Philology and biography were his favourite pursuits,

and those who lived most in intimacy with him, heard him upon all occasions, when there was a proper opportunity, take delight in expatiating upon the various merits of the English Poets: upon the niceties of their characters, and the events of their progress through the world which they contributed to illuminate. His mind was so full of that kind of information, and it was so well arranged in his memory, that in performing what he had undertaken in this way, he had little more to do than to put his thoughts upon paper, exhibiting first each Poet's life, and then subjoining a critical examination of his genius and works. But when he began to write, the subject swelled in such a manner, that instead of prefaces to each poet, of no more than a few pages, as he had originally intended, he produced an ample, rich, and most entertaining view of them in every respect. . . . The booksellers, justly sensible of the great additional value of the copy-right, presented him with another hundred pounds, over and above two hundred, for which his agreement was to furnish such prefaces as he thought fit.

This was, however, but a small recompense for such a collection of biography, and such principles and illustrations of criticism, as, if digested and arranged in one system, by some modern Aristotle or Longinus, might form a code upon that subject, such as no other nation can shew. As he was so good as to make me a present of the greatest part of the original and indeed only manuscript of this admirable work, I have an opportunity of observing with wonder, the correctness with which he rapidly struck off such glowing composition. He may be assimilated to the Lady in Waller, who could impress with "Love at first sight:"

"Some other nymphs with colours faint,
And pencil slow may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy;
She has a stamp, and prints the boy."

That he, however, had a good deal of trouble, and some anxiety in carrying on the work, we see from a series of letters to Mr. Nichols the printer, whose variety of literary

inquiry and obliging disposition, rendered him useful to Johnson. Mr. Steevens appears, from the papers in my possession, to have supplied him with some anecdotes and quotations; and I observe the fair hand of Mrs. Thrale as one of his copyists of select passages. But he was principally indebted to my steady friend Mr. Isaac Reed, of Staple-inn, whose extensive and accurate knowledge of English literary history I do not express with exaggeration, when I say it is wonderful; indeed his labours have proved it to the world; and all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance can bear testimony to the frankness of his communications in private society.

It is not my intention to dwell upon each of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, or attempt an analysis of their merits, which, were I able to do it, would take up too much room in this work; yet I shall make a few observations upon some of them, and insert a few various readings.

The Life of COWLEY he himself considered as the best of the whole, on account of the dissertation which it contains on the *Metaphysical Poets*. Dryden, whose critical abilities were equal to his poetical, had mentioned them in his excellent Dedication of his Juvenal, but had barely mentioned them. Johnson has exhibited them at large, with such happy illustration from their writings, and in so luminous a manner, that indeed he may be allowed the full merit of novelty, and to have discovered to us, as it were, a new planet in the poetical hemisphere. . . .

In the Life of WALLER, Johnson gives a distinct and animated narrative of publick affairs in that variegated period, with strong yet nice touches of character; and having a fair opportunity to display his political principles, does it with an unqualified manly confidence, and satisfies his readers how nobly he might have executed a *Tory History* of his country.

So easy is his style in these Lives, that I do not recollect more than three uncommon or learned words; one, when giving an account of the approach of Waller's mortal disease, he says, "he found his legs grow *tumid*"; by using the expression his legs swelled, he would have avoided this; and there would have been no impropriety in its being fol-

lowed by the interesting question to his physician, "What that *swelling* meant"? Another, when he mentions that Pope had *emitted* proposals; when *published* or *issued* would have been more readily understood; and a third, when he calls Orrery and Dr. Delany, writers both undoubtedly *veracious*; when *true*, *honest*, or *faithful*, might have been used. Yet, it must be owned, that none of these are *hard* or *too big* words; that custom would make them seem as easy as any others; and that a language is richer and capable of more beauty of expression, by having a greater variety of synonymes.

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About this time it was much the fashion for several ladies to have evening assemblies, where the fair sex might participate in conversation with literary and ingenious men, animated by a desire to please. These societies were denominated *Blue-stocking Clubs*, the origin of which title being little known, it may be worth while to relate it. One of the most eminent members of those societies, when they first commenced, was Mr. Stillingfleet, whose dress was remarkably grave, and in particular it was observed, that he wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation, that his absence was felt as so great a loss, that it used to be said, "We can do nothing without the *blue stockings*"; and thus by degrees the title was established. Miss Hannah More has admirably described a *Blue-stocking Club*, in her *Bas Bleu*, a poem in which many of the persons who were most conspicuous there are mentioned.

Johnson was prevailed with to come sometimes into these circles, and did not think himself too grave even for the lively Miss Monckton (now Countess of Corke), who used to have the finest *bit of blue* at the house of her mother, Lady Galway. Her vivacity enchanted the Sage, and they used to talk together with all imaginable ease. A singular instance happened one evening, when she insisted that some of Sterne's writings were very pathetick. Johnson bluntly denied it. "I am sure, (said she,) they have affected *me*." "Why, (said Johnson, smiling, and rolling himself about,) that is, because, dearest, you're a dunce." When she some

time afterwards mentioned this to him, he said with equal truth and politeness, "Madam, if I had thought so, I certainly should not have said it."

4. SATIRE IN PROSE

Dryden and Pope satirized in verse; yet their sharpest shafts fall short of those shot forth in relentless succession by Jonathan Swift. The key-note of his strange attitude toward life is often sought in that revealing confession he once made to Pope: "I heartily hate and detest that animal called man." We are forced to conclude that he stated but a half truth and that a complete confession—although one he would never have made—would have carried with it some such explanation as this: "because from childhood I have felt that I had not a fair chance; my ambitions have been thwarted and I attribute this largely to human injustice."

Swift's father and uncles supported the Stuarts and, after loss of property and fortunes, left England to start life anew in Ireland. His father died some months before his birth and his uncle became responsible for him. It is plain that his boyhood was unhappy; he was sent to Kilkenny, the best Grammar school of Ireland, and later attended Trinity College, Dublin, where his restive disposition brought him into conflict with the authorities. While Swift blamed the instructors at Trinity and expressed contempt for his uncle's provision for him, it seems reasonable to believe that the delay in obtaining his degree resulted from his own failure to make the most of his opportunities.

At the age of twenty-two he became private secretary to Sir William Temple, a distant family connection, who stood high in state and literary affairs. Swift found much to complain about in the treatment meted out to him at Temple's estate, yet in the absence of any conclusive evidence, it would seem that his extreme egotism led him to this attitude, his patron on several occasions doing all for him that it was in his way to do. It was largely due to his influence that Oxford conferred a degree upon Swift. He was entrusted by Sir William Temple to negotiate a mission with King William III. It is probable that the various disappointments which he experienced and a seriously



VOYEUSE CHAIR, PERIOD OF LOUIS XVI

This was designed for the dandies of the period, who sat astride it, resting the arms on the padded back. Thus they could display their gorgeous coat-tails and watch the inevitable card-game.

affected ear, which finally brought on brain trouble resulting in madness, embittered him and led him to see life in a distorted way. Bitterness and rage inclined him to view the sordid aspects of human existence in exaggerated form. The early eighteenth century was a period of political corruption and graft; it was a time of injustice and greed; but not every public man exhibited these qualities. It is the part of the satirist to treat of the abuses and inequalities of society, holding them up to the clear light of day and so, indirectly, hastening their correction. In Swift's case, he never saw the other side of the picture—never sought to discover features which might ameliorate the situation. While his earlier writings were characterized by a certain humor and an unfailing sense of the ridiculous, his later efforts are permeated with scathing irony that flays whatever it assails.

Swift's literary career was largely over before Samuel Johnson began to write; Johnson could never tolerate him and unquestionably displayed toward him a prejudice unusual in him. Nevertheless, it seemed to the younger man—for Johnson was born in 1709, forty years later than Swift—that the satirist wrote with the pen of one unbalanced, whose venomous stings had no place in a rational world.

The *Battle of the Books* was the first writing to bring Jonathan Swift into general notice. It was his contribution to a futile argument then being waged as to the superiority of ancient over modern writings or the reverse. Temple had already taken some part in the agitation and Swift came to his support, although he turned the question into ridicule instead of attempting to elucidate it.

The *Tale of a Tub* was published at first anonymously. Its name was found in an old sea fable that, in order to divert the attention of a whale from their ship, which it threatened to overturn, sailors once tossed out a tub to attract its attention. The book satirized the differences among the Catholic, Established, and dissenting churches. Whatever other effects it may have had, it terminated the author's possibilities for advancement in the Church, which he had entered for its promise of promotion. His brilliant

qualities would doubtless have won for him a bishopric had not his ridicule of religious matters aroused a question of his sincerity and orthodoxy. As it was, the deanship of St. Patrick's, Dublin, was the highest appointment he received. This compelled him to live in Ireland, which served further to intensify his antipathy toward men.

The writing by which Dean Swift is best known is *Gulliver's Travels*, an allegory. Because it is ordinarily treated as an attractive story, full of amusing conceits, it has found a place among children's classics. Certainly the writer never conceived any such rôle for it. The first part, *Gulliver among the Lilliputians*, is the more adapted for young readers, who find the contrasts between an average human being and the tiny inhabitants of a world reduced for their convenience, thoroughly entertaining. Gulliver's experiences among the giants is also exhilarating to minds eager for new adventure; while the sarcasm and irony that rises to ferocity ere the end, are wholly lost upon most readers.

Since literary critics have found the character of Dean Swift baffling in the extreme and express the most conflicting opinions concerning him, it is idle for us to attempt to accord him full justice. If there was ever an age that justified his savage satire, it was surely the eighteenth century. He died in 1745 and did not live to witness the revolting cruelties of an industrial transformation which ended in the firm establishment of the factory system. He belongs to those years wherein it was the boast of England's earliest prime minister that every man had his price; when money purchased what influence could not command. The rank injustice of such a state of affairs was enough to unsettle the reason of one who brooded continually upon it.

Although he came to be possessed of a fair competence, Swift was always penurious and it was in keeping with his distorted interpretation of life that he denied himself many pleasures which comfort might have given and in the end left fifty thousand pounds for the establishment of a lunatic asylum.

His letters to "Stella," his name for Esther Johnson, a beautiful woman of his acquaintance for whom he prob-

ably entertained thoughts of friendship longest, are very elucidating for his biography and changing opinions. Some of his comments conveyed in these epistles are highly penetrating and amusing; for example, he writes to Stella that he has not contributed nor given heed to Addison's *Spectator*—"let him 'fair sex' it to the world's end." No reader familiar with Addison's reiteration of the expression can fail to understand Swift's disgust for its over-employment.

Swift was closely allied with the Tory party during Queen Anne's reign; her death terminated his political influence, wielded through numerous pamphlets.

It is certain that the evolution of society, gradually working out the salvation of mankind, has been accompanied with inevitable injury to the individual. The army of human misfits, born out of time or misunderstood by the more aggressive, finds an articulate voice in Jonathan Swift, whose story is one of earth's tragedies.

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT

The first request I made after I had obtained my liberty, was, that I might have licence to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the Emperor easily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice by proclamation of my design to visit the town. The wall which encompassed it, is two foot and an half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers at ten foot distance. I stepped over the great Western Gate, and passed very gently, and sideling through the two principal streets, only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers, that might remain in the streets, although the orders were very strict, that all people should keep in their houses, at their own peril. The garret windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators, that I thought in all my travels I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred foot long. The two great streets, which

run cross and divide it into four quarters, are five foot wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls. The houses are from three to five stories. The shops and markets well provided.

The Emperor's palace is in the centre of the city, where the two great streets meet. It is inclosed by a wall two foot high, and twenty foot distant from the buildings. I had his Majesty's permission to step over this wall; and the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square of forty foot, and includes two other courts: in the inmost are the royal apartments, which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult; for the great gates, from one square into another, were but eighteen inches high, and seven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at least five foot high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. at the same time the Emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park, about an hundred yards distant from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three foot high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace, with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand: this I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eight foot wide. I then stept over the buildings very conveniently from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court; and lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. There I saw the

Empress and the young Princes, in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her Imperial Majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.

But I shall not anticipate the reader with farther descriptions of this kind, because I reserve them for a greater work, which is now almost ready for the press, containing a general description of this empire, from its first erection, through a long series of princes, with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning, and religion: their plants and animals, their peculiar manners and customs, with other matters very curious and useful; my chief design at present being only to relate such events and transactions as happened to the public, or to myself, during a residence of about nine months in that empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, principal Secretary (as they style him) of private Affairs, came to my house attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality and personal merits, as well as the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down, that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty; said he might pretend to some merit in it: but, however, added, that if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. For, said he, as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labor under two mighty evils; a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion by a most potent enemy from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand, that for about seventy moons past there have been two struggling parties in this empire, under the names of *Tramecksan* and *Slamecksan*, from the high and low heels on their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alleged indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution: but however this be, his Majesty hath determined to make use of only low

heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the Crown, as you cannot but observe; and particularly, that his Majesty's Imperial heels are lower at least by a *drurr* than any of his court; (*drurr* is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch). The animosities between these two parties ran so high, that they will neither eat nor drink, nor talk with each other. We compute the *Tramecksan*, or High-Heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his Imperial Highness, the Heir to the Crown, to have some tendency towards the High-Heels; at least we can plainly discover one of his heels higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait. Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets, we are threatened with an invasion from the Island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his Majesty. For as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars; because it is certain, that an hundred mortals of your bulk would, in a short time, destroy all the fruits and cattle of his Majesty's dominions. Besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions, than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu. Which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six and thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion. It is allowed on all hands, that the primitive way of breaking eggs before we eat them, was upon the larger end: but his present Majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the Emperor his father published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us there have been six rebellions raised on that account; wherein one Emperor lost his life, and another his crown. These civil commotions were con-

stantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed, that eleven thousand persons have, at several times, suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy; but the books of the Big-Endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these troubles, the Emperors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion, by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral (which is their Alcoran). This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text: for the words are these; *That all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end*: and which is the convenient end, seems, in my humble opinion, to be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine. Now the Big-Indian exiles have found so much credit in the Emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war has been carried on between the two empires for six and thirty moons with various success; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his Imperial Majesty, placing great confidence in your valour and strength, has commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you.

I desired the Secretary to present my humble duty to the Emperor, and to let him know, that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders.

A VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections, when one of the reapers approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping-hook. And therefore when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me. Whereupon the huge creature trod short, and looking about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered a while with the caution of one who endeavours to lay hold on a small dangerous animal in such a manner that it shall not be able either to scratch or bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England. At length he ventured to take me up behind by the middle between his forefinger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind, that I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air about sixty foot from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise my eyes towards the sun, and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in an humble melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in. For I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal which we have a mind to destroy. But my good star would have it, that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the mean time I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my sides; letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for, lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer having (as I supposed by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which it seems he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hairs aside to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and asked them (as I afterwards learned) whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me. He then placed me softly on the ground upon all four, but I got immediately up, and walked slowly backwards and forwards, to let those people see I had no intent to run away. They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could: I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it close to his eye, to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin (which he took out of his sleeve), but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I then took the purse, and opening it, poured all the gold into his palm. There were six Spanish pieces of four pistoles each, beside twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another, but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and the purse again into my pocket, which after offering to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer by this time was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me, but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered as loud as I could, in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me, but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his left hand, which he placed

flat on the ground, with the palm upwards, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey, and for fear of falling, laid myself at length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for further security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife, and showed me to her; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider. However, when she had a while seen my behaviour, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of an husbandman) in a dish of about four-and-twenty foot diameter. The company were the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were sat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty foot high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram cup, which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily, that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cyder, and was not unpleasant. Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher side; but as I walked on the table, being in great surprise all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm out of good manners) and waving it over my head, made three huzzas, to show

I had got no mischief by my fall. But advancing forwards toward my master (as I shall henceforth call him) his youngest son who sat next him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air, that I trembled every limb; but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear, as would have felled an European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy dogs, I fell on my knees, and pointing to the boy, made my master to understand, as well as I could, that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again; whereupon I went to him and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

* * * * *

The King, who, as I before observed, was a prince of excellent understanding, would frequently order that I should be brought in my box, and set upon the table in his closet. He would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box, and sit down within three yards distance upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had several conversations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his Majesty, that the contempt he discovered towards Europe, and the rest of the world, did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of the mind he was master of. That reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body: on the contrary, we observed in our country, that the tallest persons were usually least provided with it. That among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more industry, art and sagacity, than many of the larger kinds. And that, as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his Majesty some signal service. The King heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before. He desired I would give him as exact an account of the government

of England as I possibly could; because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs (for so he conjectured of other monarchs, by my former discourses), he should be glad to hear of any thing that might deserve imitation.

Imagine with thyself, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praise of my own dear native country in a style equal to its merits and felicity.

I began my discourse by informing his Majesty that our dominions consisted of two islands, which composed three mighty kingdoms under one sovereign, beside our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil, and the temperature of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English Parliament, partly made up of an illustrious body called the House of Peers, persons of the noblest blood, and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies. I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counsellors born to the king and kingdom; to have a share in the legislature; to be members of the highest Court of Judicature, from whence there could be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valour, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honour had been the reward of their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons, as part of that assembly, under the title of Bishops, whose peculiar business it is to take care of religion, and of those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and sought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counsellors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their lives, and the depth of their erudition; who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the Parliament consisted of an assembly called the House of Commons, who were all principal gentlemen, freely picked and culled out by the people themselves, for their great abilities and love of their coun-

try, to represent the wisdom of the whole nation. And these two bodies make up the most august assembly in Europe, to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then descended to the Courts of Justice, over which the Judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided, for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice, and protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury; the valour and achievements of our forces by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect, or political party among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular which I thought might redound to the honour of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about an hundred years past.

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours, and the King heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of what questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discourses, his Majesty in a sixth audience consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections, upon every article. He asked what methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives. What course was taken to supply that assembly when any noble family became extinct. What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords: whether the humour of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady, or a prime minister, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be motives in those advancements. What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort. Whether they were always so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that

a bribe, or some other sinister view, could have no place among them. Whether those holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters, and the sanctity of their lives, had never been compliers with the times, while they were common priests, or slavish prostitute chaplains to some nobleman, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow after they were admitted into that assembly.

He then desired to know what arts were practised in electing those whom I called commoners: whether a stranger with a strong purse might not influence the vulgar voters to chose him before their own landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighbourhood. How it came to pass, that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expense, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension: because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his Majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere: and he desired to know whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at, by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince in conjunction with a corrupted ministry. He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head, proposing numberless enquiries and objections, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat.

Upon what I said in relation to our Courts of Justice, his Majesty desired to be satisfied in several points: and this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in chancery, which was decreed for me with costs. He asked, what time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expense. Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive. Whether party in religion or politics were observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice. Whether those pleading orators were persons educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs. Whether they or their judges had

any part in penning those laws which they assumed the liberty of interpreting and glossing upon at their pleasure. Whether they had ever at different times pleaded for and against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions. Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation. Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading or delivering their opinions. And particularly, whether they were ever admitted as members in the lower senate.

He fell next upon the management of our treasury; and said, he thought my memory had failed me, because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a year, and when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted to more than double; for the notes he had taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations. But, if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of its estate like a private person. He asked me, who were our creditors; and where we should find money to pay them. He wondered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars; that certainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbours, and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings. He asked what business we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet. Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army in the midst of peace, and among a free people. He said, if we were governed by our own consent in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight; and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not better be defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half a dozen rascals picked up at a venture in the streets, for small wages, who might get an hundred times more by cutting their throats.

He laughed at my odd kind of arithmetic (as he was pleased to call it) in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation drawn from the several sects among us

in religion and politics. He said, he knew no reason, why those who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public, should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second: for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials.

He observed, that among the diversions of our nobility and gentry, I had mentioned gaming. He desired to know at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed; whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes; whether mean vicious people, by their dexterity in that art, might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions, wholly take them from the improvement of their minds, and force them, by the losses they have received, to learn and practise that infamous dexterity upon others.

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century, protesting it was only an heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, or ambition, could produce.

His Majesty, in another audience, was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions he made with the answers I had given; then taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: My little friend Grildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved that ignorance, idleness and vice are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator: that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which in its original might have been tolerable, but these half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and

blotted by corruptions. It does not appear from all you have said, how any one virtue is required towards the procurement of any one station among you; much less that men are ennobled on account of their virtue, that priests are advanced for their piety or learning, soldiers for their conduct or valour, judges for their integrity, senators for the love of their country, or counsellors for their wisdom. As for yourself (continued the King), who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth.

¹ Trial: *Social England*, V, p. 614.

² Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, I, p. 332.

³ Ibid., I, p. 236.

⁴ Ibid., II, p. 379.

Note: The pages herein cited are found in the Bigelow, Brown publication, edited by Hill.

† 1755, when the earlier degree was given.



they brought the secret to England with them. So France was deprived of her best customer, and England enriched. Clock-making was another industry of which Louis's bigotry robbed his country. In 1657 a Dutchman, Christian Huygens, settled in Paris. He was of a scientific turn of mind and applied Galileo's mathematical laws of the pendulum to clock-making. This quickly became a profitable industry, but as nearly all the French clock-makers were Protestants, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes sent them to Geneva and London. So it was with the beaver-hat makers and the manufacturers of sail-cloth, but the severest blow to French prosperity was that to the silk-industry. Through long experiment and government patronage, the silks of Lyons had become the wonder of the world—but the Huguenots were the wonder-workers and their departure ruined the French workshops. They settled in Spitalfield of London and England gained what France lost.

Perhaps nothing better illustrates the gap between seventeenth century standards and our own than the enlightened Locke's proposal that children of the laboring classes should be put to work at three. Under the Domestic, or "Putting Out," system this was less of an evil than under the factory regime, for the little folk worked with their parents, in rural cottages, with free access to the open country. But few of us can think of three-year-olds earning their own living except as an outrage against childhood—in fact, this custom paved the way for the blackest pages of child labor in the mines and factories.

The schools would also strike us as barbarous, though the people of the time had other standards. A lady from Wales told proudly that her son was "under the lash of the Westminster School." Not any very large proportion of the population had any educational advantages beyond a short period in the village "dame-schools." However, at the famous "public schools" such as Westminster, Eton and Winchester, as at the universities, the student body was more representative of various classes than is the case today. Then the prosperous tradesman, the yeoman and the noble alike had no difficulty in securing entrance for their sons. Today it is common to send in a boy's application for Eton when he is born.

The Renaissance tradition of learning as a proper ornament for aristocratic ladies still survived to a degree. Elizabeth, it will be remembered, read Greek for amusement, and spoke several languages fluently. Lady Jane Grey and Sir Thomas More's daughters were also highly educated. In Stuart days also, various ladies of the higher class, such as Evelyn's daughter Mary and Lady Mary Astley, added knowledge to their charms. Marriage, however, was a woman's sole career, and many an anxious day the marriageable girl spent, lest she should have to end her career as the spinster dependent upon some rich relative.

Thus seventeenth century England made possible the advances of science, the development of parliamentary government, the rise of the middle classes, and the later industrial supremacy of England. The modern capitalist system had not yet entirely replaced the regulated industry of the guilds but many factors were hastening that change—science, overseas investments, and the Huguenots' new industries.

*The Delphian Society,
Chicago, Illinois*

(Nations of Today—6)



The Development of Modern Society

Sixth Program

*To be used exclusively
By Delphians*

We may state in general that "modern" society grew out of the substitution (1) of nationalism for feudalism; (2) of free competition for the regulated industry of the guilds; (3) of the authority of scientific experiment for that of traditional belief. Each of these substitutions involved numerous social and political changes, and each was involved in those general human ideals mentioned earlier: "Gospel, glory and gold." Stuart England affords an excellent field for studying how these changes, motivated by those three "G's," affected the life and thought of the people, as well as the fortunes of monarchs and political rights of various classes.

Our last program touched upon the political complications which attended the changing the English government from a feudal association of king and barons to that of a representative one and we noted that "Gospel, glory and gold" were inextricably bound together. Social life of Stuart time presents a similarly inter-related picture.

The social classes of England continue to this day to preserve a certain degree of feudalism. For example, the term "peer" is retained for those whose title is duke, marquis, earl, viscount or baron. Originally the "peer" was the equal of the king. Indeed the latter was at first only the elected leader of his peers. Next to the feudal peer came the knight whose title was "Sir," the peers being "my Lord." Attendant upon the knight and eligible for knighthood was the squire, and then there were the "gentlemen at arms." Today approximately the same classes make up the "gentry" of England. Since only the eldest son inherits the title, and all the rest rank as commoners, it is evident that the "squire" may be of as ancient and distinguished lineage as the viscount.

Though the social lines remain, the social prestige is not quite what it was in Stuart times. Books of etiquette were largely devoted to telling people how to behave in the presence of their betters. Though the deference accorded the important of Stuart days seems excessive to modern readers, it is plain that England was very lax indeed, compared to the Continent. A writer of the period says: "Some have become so refined in foreign parts that they will not sit with their backs toward the picture of an eminent person."

In the days of handicraft manufacture, clothes marked one's social position. Gentlemen wore embroidered coats, while the yeoman was recognized by his fustian garments. The man in a blue costume might be either a butcher or a tallow chandler; the parson wore black; and the Lancashire farmer made himself some durable breeches out of two calve skins. Silk stockings were as expensive as in Elizabeth's day, and fringe gloves cost fifteen shillings a pair. However, though the original outfit was high, clothes were not a bad investment, for they were almost indestructible. One knight of Sussex recorded that he made "the library carpet besides my waistcoat of scarlet serge at 15s." Perhaps it sho



The Development of Modern Society

*To be used exclusively
By Delphians*

Fourth Program

To find any parallel to Elizabethan literature, one must go back to the Athens of Pericles. There have been other eras which have, perhaps, done more to influence human life than these two, but these two ages, nearly two thousand years apart, have yet to be matched in their contributions to the supremely great literature of the world. If we examine the conditions which produced these two eras, we may, perhaps, understand why they are unique in their cultural greatness.

We have seen that a nation cannot be made out of bringing various territories under one government and one system of laws. This is, no doubt, because the state is "the family, writ large." Bringing several families under one roof does not unite them into one household or even into one clan. Kinship, a common heritage, common interests, and common ideals are needed to make family life or clan unity. Both the Greeks of the Fifth Century B. C. and the English of the Sixteenth Century A. D. had these essentials. In both cases their traditions of freedom in government and religions were challenged by a world power. In both cases the superior courage, patriotism, and nautical skill of the tiny country defeated the greatest empire of the day. In both cases the struggle was that of a people's government against an absolute monarchy. Victory did not mean acquiring loot of the enemy's land, but saving a way of life, a civilization. To win such a struggle was to experience an exaltation that no mere acquisition of territories could provide.

Besides this consciousness of having saved a government which was not simply that of the rulers but the citizens' own, both Greece and England were inspired by the faith that Providence had been on their side. Religion was, as has been stated, woven into the warp and woof of life for the Elizabethans, as for the Athenians; and that consciousness of being a part of a divine plan imparts a dignity to life, and a significance to living that automobiles, radio, airplanes, and vacuum cleaners are powerless to create. The Elizabethans and the Athenians produced a great literature because both had a vast spiritual horizon, a perspective including heaven itself, and they saw their great achievement of saving their country as a part of this perspective. This does not mean that either the Fifth Century Athenians, or the Elizabethans were models of what we consider virtue and good morals. The unimaginative and basically irreligious Romans were, as a class, far better husbands, fathers, and citizens than the brilliant Greeks. The average Englishman of today is a far kinder, more industrious, more temperate, and generally dependable person than the Elizabethan. But he does not have anything like so great an "inner life."

With this realization of the Elizabethan spirit, and also with the memory of all the belief in magic, fairies, ghosts, and monsters which prevailed, we may appreciate something of the spirit and content of Elizabethan literature.

Today when we see the first incandescent electric light bulbs which Edison laboriously devised, we admire them not because they are as good as those we have, but because they made those we have possible; they were the beginning of something new in illumination. In the same way it is somewhat difficult for us to appreciate the contributions Francis Bacon made to modern thinking and to modern style in writing, because his ideas have been adopted long ago, and we are accustomed to that clear, precise yet elegant style. Science has long ago adopted his principles of investigation too, so that we have forgotten that they were ever non-existent.

Bacon, like most philosophers from Plato onward, described an imaginary Utopia—the *New Atlantis*. He had borrowed the idea and the name from Roger Bacon, the thirteenth century thinker. In this new ideal society on an island in the South Atlantic, there was an institution called “the House of Solomon.” Here a group of scientists devoted themselves to experimentation, and the results of their science were applied to the improvement of living conditions for the whole community. When the Royal Society was founded long after Bacon died, it was modeled upon the organization of this imaginary scientific centre. We have something like Bacon’s House of Solomon in our Bureau of Standards and our experimental stations under the Department of Agriculture. In every good essay writer of our time we have Bacon’s literary principles exemplified. And finally those essays themselves are no small literary heritage.

We do not, in our time, expect to find poets, essayists, or scientific writers in political positions, but that is less because we have different ideas of literature and politics than because we have a different and more highly specialized social life. Our political writing is done by newspapers, by weekly journals, and even by monthly magazines. None of those things existed in Elizabethan times. Further there were no political parties in our sense of that term. It was indeed rather like that state of affairs described by Lenin for Russia. “There can be any number of political parties in Russia provided the Communist party is in power and the others are in jail.” Politics were dynastic or religious in Elizabethan days. People supported Elizabeth as the heir of the throne, or they opposed her as ineligible on account of her mother. The other issue was Anglicanism against Catholicism or Calvinism, as presented by the Puritans. If the Catholics and Calvinists were not “in jail,” they were decidedly limited in their political privileges.

Though there was, thus, no “party” writing to be done, literature was most useful to rulers, since through it the literate minority, who were also the minority with influence, could be impressed with the greatness, the learning, and the generally exalted character of the monarch. Thus it was that literary folk expected public favor. The book-publishing trade was not yet great enough to support an author, because the number of readers was too few. From the days when the king paid his own minstrel to sing for his entertainment and glory, the tradition of royal support for the writer continued until well into the eighteenth century. Thus Spenser had a right to expect some favor from Elizabeth.

It is probable that no other era of English history could have produced *The Faerie Queene*. It is certain that no other era could have read it so eagerly. Poets still love it and read it diligently, but the rank and file of us prefer the lyrics and sonnets of this gifted era, or even the plays of the lesser dramatists, not to mention the timeless works of

Shakespeare. If we can understand why Spenser's poem took England by storm, why every learned gentleman, every young gallant, every courtier, and every aspirant for literary fame read this as eagerly and far more attentively than we do the latest "best seller" in fiction, we shall have some understanding of that brilliant yet somehow strange era.

In this poem the Elizabethans saw the allegory of all that was most sacred and most inspiring in their thrilling time. To us Elizabeth may be only a shrewd, courageous, brilliant politician, a rather heartless woman of dubious morals and shocking manners, but to the rank and file of English citizenry, she was the Virgin Queen, defender of their chosen faith, symbol of the chivalry which still dominated social codes, exemplar of the new learning which was revealing the charms of "the golden world." All medieval chivalry, all religious devotion, all classic learning, and all Celtic fairy lore are tied together in that epic, and tied with such verbal music as the Elizabethans particularly appreciated. For every well-brought-up young man read music and made verses as our year book tells us. Otherwise, something was amiss in his training.

The allegory which bores the scientific, and which confuses even the average reader because it is itself confused, did not trouble the Elizabethans for they had been bred up on allegories, and they were, besides, used to accepting the supernatural and the impossible as "natural." Modern science has put Fairyland to shame with its miracles, and the psychologists have sternly discouraged any indulgence in "wishful thinking," but if we can defy them, and deliberately make an excursion into Spenser's realm of Faerie, we may have a delightful diversion; but not every one of us can take pleasure there. Not all of us can find our way in the Elizabethan world, through this allegory of its faith and its dreams.

One cannot read the Elizabethan lyrics without feeling that somehow the world in which those songsters lived was different from ours. They often say just what we think or feel, but yet we are haunted with the conviction that those words had for them a significance which eludes us. Is not this partly explained by that vaster spiritual horizon which they possessed? Besides being founded upon a basic conviction of the vast significance of individual life those songs reflect a realm of imagination to which science had not set restraining bounds. The lover knew nothing of psychoses, neuroses, and complexes, so he poured out his feelings freely and without restraint. He had never heard of the equality of the sexes, and consequently he addressed his lady-love with the reverent devotion of chivalry, or sought the bar maid's favor with unchivalric tavern-catches.

Streams, woods, flowers, seas, storms, and peaceful meadows delighted the Elizabethans more than they do us for several reasons. Most of us have never looked at these except as objects beautiful in and of themselves, or as pleasant for certain associations of a historical or personal nature. But nature had other aspects to the writers of such lyrics as "I walked along a stream for clearness rare."

To begin with houses in general and castles in particular were not such warm, light, comfortable places as are ours, so that summer with its sun and brightness and flowers meant much more than it does to us. Then the medieval mind had found in all natural phenomena a symbol of some divine idea that gave storms, clouds, and any unusual happening a special significance. The Renaissance had awakened interest in nature and delight in it for its own sake, and that was a new and inspiring

thought to any writer. That same movement had associated nymphs, dryads, fauns, and all the creatures of Greek mythology with the natural world; and though the Elizabethans did not believe in these, yet with their minds full of these charming old stories, they saw their own lovely island as a place these beauteous beings might well inhabit. You will find gods, goddesses, nereids, and nymphs in growing numbers in the poetry of the next two centuries.

It was because Italy was the home of the Renaissance, the seat of famous universities—the source of knowledge of Greek and Roman literature, and the land of romance generally, that the Italian sonnet became the favorite poetic form. In fondness for this the Elizabethans were very like writers of other centuries. Wordsworth, Rossetti, Edna St. Vincent Millay are only a few of those whose work, though not on a par with that of Shakespeare and Milton in this form, yet is a contribution to the poetry of our tongue. We must thank the Elizabethans who added the sonnet to the forms of English poetry. Even more we must thank them for a collection of songs whose beauty and depth of feeling makes them neither Elizabethan nor modern, but simply “English literature”—which is also American literature. For be it remembered that the founders of America were all born subjects of Queen Elizabeth.

When we read about shepherds making up poems in Elizabethan England, such as Spenser's *Thenot and Cuddie*, we may conclude that the writer is simply copying Vergil and Theocritus, who had their shepherds thus spending time. However, if Spenser had had his shepherds piping old songs which someone else had made up, that would have been quite a realistic picture. There has been a great interest lately in the songs American cow-boys sing, or used to sing in the days of the open range. They sometimes made these up, or adapted them from older songs, or simply borrowed them from the current music hall successes and changed them slightly. Probably the songs the English shepherds sang were more like genuine folk-songs, but their origins were somewhat similar.

In spite of the general joyous spirit of the Elizabethan age, the time had its dark aspects, and literature reflects these too. Spenser's disappointment, his unhappiness in Ireland are not without effect upon his work, and Sir Walter Raleigh's famous “Go Soul, the body's warrant” is as bitter a protest against injustice as our own age can supply; but it is less personal, more universal—in short great literature instead of simply a great protest.

Elizabethan literature is not a subject for a program nor for a year of programs. The most we can hope for is to find some links between the authors' works and the spirit of their time, so that we can make their experience our own, their literature a part of our mental possessions. The way to do this is not to do a lot of reading for this one program, and then lay these lyrics aside forever. Instead they should be treated like loved pieces of music, which we play over and over and make permanent parts of our repertoire. We should never say we have “had” Beethoven, Bach, or Mozart, and therefore do not play them or listen to them any longer. Poetry is also music and will yield enjoyment in proportion as we treat it so.

